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THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS



THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. VII





THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED

WITH NOTES

BY S. W. SINGER, F.S.A.

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KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.













## KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**I**T was the opinion of Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, that this play was written a short time before the death of Queen Elizabeth, which happened on the 24th of March, 1602-3. The eulogium on King James, which is blended with the panegyric of Elizabeth in the last scene, they think a subsequent insertion, after the succession of the Scottish monarch to the throne: and that Shakespeare was too well acquainted with courts to compliment, in the lifetime of Queen Elizabeth, her presumptive successor: of whom, history informs us, she was not a little jealous. To me it seems somewhat strange, that any one acquainted with the character of Elizabeth should think that a license could have been then obtained for a piece, which on many accounts would have been exceedingly obnoxious to her. It is much more probable that it was produced soon after the accession of James; perhaps at first in a less perfect form, as a vehicle for the pageantry and show attendant upon a coronation. The unusual long and mimic stage-directions for the vision and for the procession at the christening, give some colour to this supposition, and the entry upon the Stationers' books of an "Enterlude of King Henry VIII." which I shall shortly mention, may refer to this piece, and not to the farcical performance of Samuel Rowley.

It appears at least certain, that it was played, in 1613, under the title of "All is True," when the Prologue and Epilogue may have been added: and that it was performed on the very day, being St. Peter's, on which the Globe Theatre was burnt down. The fire was occasioned, as it is said, by the discharge of some small pieces of ordnance called *chambers* in the scene where King Henry is represented as arriving at Cardinal Wolsey's gate at Whitehall, one of which, being injudiciously managed, set fire to the thatched roof of the theatre\*. Dr. Johnson first suggested

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\* The circumstance is recorded by the continuator of Stowe;  
VII.

that Ben Jonson might have supplied the Prologue and Epilogue to the play upon the occasion of its revival. Dr. Farmer, Steevens, and Malone, support his opinion; and even attribute to him some of the passages of the play.

Mr. Roderick, in his notes appended to Edwards's *Canons of Criticism*, was the first to point out the peculiarities in the versification of this play. He observes that there are many more verses in it which end with a redundant or eleventh syllable than in any other play of Shakespeare's, in the proportion of two to one; that the pauses are thrown nearer to the end of the verse, and that the emphasis, arising from the sense of the verse, very often clashes with the cadence that would naturally result from the metre. Mr. Roderick adds that though he confesses himself ignorant of what Shakespeare intended by this peculiarity, that it is evidently done by him advertently.

Mr. Courtenay\* after noticing this says, "How Shakespeare came thus to vary his measure I cannot guess, but that it is *his* measure, I see not the slightest reason for doubting. I know that even in prose the construction of sentences, and (if I may say so) *the air* is much affected by the tone of the writer's mind at the moment, and by the nature of the subject." Of Mr. Roderick's last observation respecting the emphasis clashing with the metre Mr. Courtenay justly observes, "that it gives too much importance to *quantity*, which scarcely prevails in English," nor does he think it borne out.

Very recently two gentlemen have simultaneously entered at

and in a MS. Letter of Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated London, *this last of June*, 1613, it is thus mentioned: "No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his company were acting at the Globe the play of Henry VIII. and there, shooting of certayne hambers in way of triumph, the fire caught," &c.—MS. Harl. 702.

So in a letter from John Chamberlaine to Sir Ralph Winwood, dated London, 8th July, 1613:—"But the burning of *the Globe*, or *Playhouse*, on the Bankside, on St. Peter's day, cannot escape you; which fell out by a peale of *chambers* (that I know not upon what occasion were to be used in the play), the tampion or stopple of one of them lighting in the thatch that covered the house, burn'd it to the ground in less than two hours, with a dwelling-house adjoining; and it was a great marvaile and faire grace of God that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out at."—*Winwood's Memorials*, vol. iii. p. 469.

The event is also recorded by Sir Henry Wotton, in his letter of the 2nd of July, 1613, where he says it was at "a new play, acted by the king's players at the Bank's Side, called *All is True*,

\* *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*. Vol. ii. p. 172.

large upon the question of the authorship of this play, Mr. Spedding in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1851, and Mr. Hickson in *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. p. 198; vol. iii. p. 33. They have both fixed upon certain scenes which they think bear strong marks of being the production not of Shakespeare but of Fletcher. They ground their opinion on the structure of the verse, and on the recurrence of certain words and phrases, which they think peculiar to Fletcher.

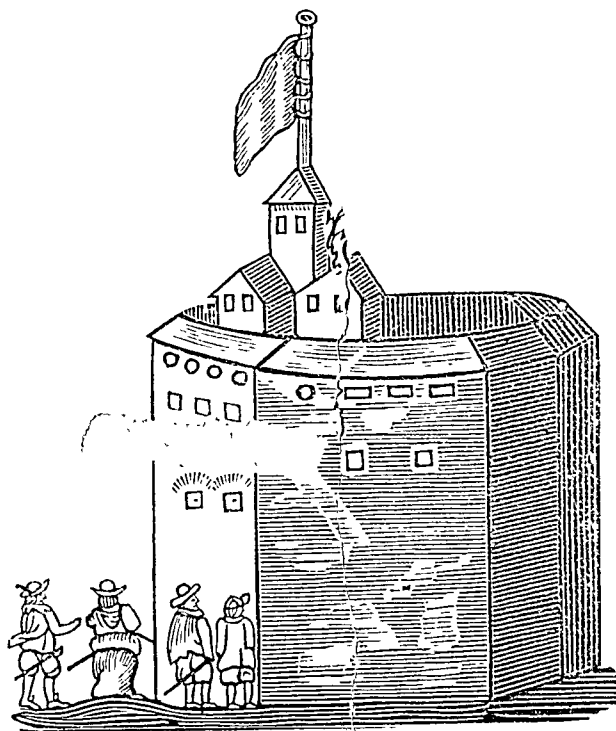
I must confess that I have no faith in the deductions from the structure of the verse: Shakespeare is so varied in this respect, that upon the same ground other portions of his works might be brought in question.

The peculiarities of language too are pretty uniformly distributed, and some of them will be found in those scenes which Mr. Hickson and Mr. Spedding have given to Shakespeare. That

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representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth."—*Reliquiæ Wotton*, p. 425, Ed. 2d.

So much having been said of the Globe Theatre, the reader will not be displeased to see a rude picture of it from the old Long View of London, printed at Antwerp in the reign of Elizabeth.



there may be traces of a play by some other hand, and that the author of it may have been Fletcher, I think quite possible; but that the whole organization of the drama is Shakespeare's, I see no reason to doubt.

Gifford has decided that Jonson was not the author of the Prologue and Epilogue, and thinks the play which was performed under the title of *All is True* was a distinct performance, and not Shakespeare's Henry the Eighth. To this it has been answered, "That the Prologue, which has always accompanied Shakespeare's drama from its first publication in 1623, manifestly and repeatedly alludes to the title of the play which was represented on the 29th of June, 1613, and which we know to have been founded on the history of King Henry the Eighth, affords a strong proof of their identity, as appears by the following passages:—

'Such, as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find *truth* too,' &c.

'Gentle readers know  
To rank our *chosen truth* with such a show  
As fool and fight is,' &c.

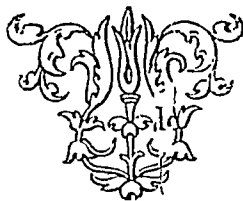
'To make that only *true* we now intend.'

And though Sir Henry Wotton mentions it as a new play, we have Stow and Lorkin who call it "*The play of Henry the Eighth.*"

I have no hesitation in subscribing to the opinion of Mr. Boswell, who says, "That the Prologue and Epilogue were not written by Shakespeare is, I think, clear from internal evidence;" but there is not the slightest ground for attributing them to Ben Jonson. It was Mr. Boswell's opinion that there was no intention of covertly sneering at Shakespeare's other works in this prologue; but that this play is opposed to a rude kind of farcical representation on the same subject by Samuel Rowley (see the first note on the Prologue). This play, or interlude, was printed in 1605, and it has been thought that the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company refers to it:—"Nathaniel Butter, Feb. 12, 1604, That he get good allowance for the *Enterlude of King Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it; and with the warden's hand to sayt, he is to have the same for his copy." By this entry it is evident that doubts were entertained whether a license would even then be obtained; how much more improbable it would have been at the close of the reign of Elizabeth, when Steevens and Malone would place the date of Shakespeare's drama. Stow has observed that "Robert Greene had written somewhat on the same story;" but there is no evidence that it was in a dramatic form: it may have been something historical, and not by the dramatic poet of that name; as Stow cites the authority of Robert Greene, with Robert Brunne, Fabian, &c. in other places of his Chronicle.

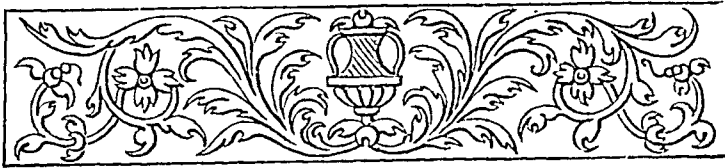
This historical drama comprises a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry VIII. (1521), and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. The poet has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Katharine did not die till 1536. In constructing his scenes he has availed himself largely of the interesting narrative of Wolsey's faithful servant and biographer, George Cavendish, as copied by the Chronicles; and indeed the pathos of the Cardinal's dying scene is almost as effective in the simple narrative of Cavendish as in the play. The fine picture which the poet has drawn of the suffering and defenceless virtue of Queen Katharine, and the just and spirited, though softened, portrait he has exhibited of the impetuous and sensual character of Henry, are above all praise. It has been justly said that "this play contains little action or violence of passion, yet it has considerable interest of a more mild and thoughtful cast, and some of the most striking passages that are to be found in the poet's works."

There is no earlier edition of this play than that of the folio 1623.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.  
 CARDINAL WOLSEY. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.  
 CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V*  
 CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.  
 DUKE of NORFOLK. DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.  
 DUKE of SUFFOLK. EARL of SURREY.  
 LORD CHAMBERLAIN. LORD CHANCELLOR.  
 GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.  
 BISHOP of LINCOLN. LORD ABERGAVENNY. LORD SANDS  
 SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. SIR THOMAS LOVELL.  
 SIR ANTHONY DENNY. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.  
 Secretaries to Wolsey.  
 CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*  
 GRIFFITH, *Gentleman Usher to Queen Katharine.*  
 Three other Gentlemen.  
 DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*  
 Garter, *King at Arms.*  
 Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.  
 BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.  
 Door-keeper of the Council Chamber. Porter, and his Man.  
 Page to Gardiner. A Crier.  
 QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*  
 ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour; afterwards Queen.*  
 An old Lady, *Friend to Anne Bullen.*  
 PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*  
 Several Lords and Ladies in the *Dumb Shows*; Women at-  
 tending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her;  
 Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.  
 SCENE—chiefly in London and Westminster: once, at  
 Kimbolton.



## PROLOGUE.

**C**OME no more to make you laugh ; things  
now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present. Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;  
The subject will deserve it, Such, as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree,  
The play may pass ; if they be still, and willing,  
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they,  
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,  
A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat, guarded<sup>1</sup> with yellow,

<sup>1</sup> *Guarded*, i. e. *faced* or *trimmed*. This long motley coat was the usual dress of a fool. See Mr. Douce's dissertation on the Fools of Shakespeare.

The Prologue and Epilogue to this play are supposed not to be by the hand of Shakespeare. They have been attributed to Ben Jonson ; but this opinion is ably controverted by Gifford, indeed they more nearly resemble the style of Fletcher. The intention of the writer, says Boswell, was to contrast the historical truth and taste displayed in the present play with the performance of a contemporary dramatist, "When you see me you know me, or the famous Chronicle of King Henry the Eighth, &c. by Samuel Rowley," in which Will Summers, the jester, is a principal cha-



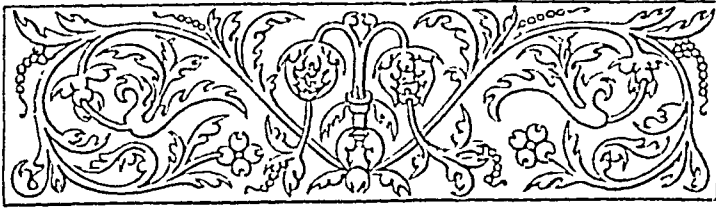
Will be deceiv'd : for, gentle hearers, know,  
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
 As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting  
 Our own brains, and the opinion<sup>2</sup> that we bring,  
 (To make that only true we now intend),  
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.  
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known  
 The first and happiest<sup>3</sup> hearers of the town,  
 Be sad, as we would make ye : Think, ye see  
 The very persons of our noble story,  
 As they were living ; think, you see them great,  
 And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,  
 Of thousand friends ; then in a moment, see  
 How soon this mightiness meets misery !  
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,  
 A man may weep upon his wedding day.

racter. There are other incidents in this "*merry bawdy play*," besides the perversion of historical facts, which make it more than probable that it is here alluded to.

<sup>2</sup> *Opinion* here has much the same meaning as in King Henry IV. Part 1. Act v. Sc. 4 :—"Thou hast redeemed thy lost *opinion*." The next line explains it—viz. *to make that we now intend, only true*.

<sup>3</sup> *Happiest* being here used in a Latin sense for *propitious* or *favourable*. "*Sis bonus o felixque tuis!*" was one reason for attributing this Prologue to Jonson ; but Shakespeare, in common with his contemporaries, often uses words in a Latin sense





# THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and the LORD ABERGAVENNY*<sup>1</sup>.

*Buckingham.*



GOOD morrow, and well met. How have  
ye done,  
Since last we saw y'in France?  
*Nor.* I thank your grace:  
Healthful; and ever since <sup>rich</sup> fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An is timely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my<sup>1</sup> chamber, when  
Those suns of glory<sup>2</sup>, those <sup>two</sup> lights of men,  
Met in the vale of Ardren.<sup>3</sup>

*Nor.* 'T<sup>s</sup>ixt Guynes and Arde<sup>3</sup>:

<sup>1</sup> George Nevill, who married Mary, daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham.

<sup>2</sup> Pope has borrowed this phrase in his *Imitation of Horace's* Epistle to Augustus, ver. 22:—

"Those suns of glory please not till they set."

<sup>3</sup> *Guynes* then belonged to the English, and *Arde* (*Ardres*) to the French; they are towns of Picardy: the valley where Henry VII. and Francis I. met lies between them.

I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;  
Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement, as<sup>4</sup> they grew together ;  
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have  
weigh'd

Such a compounded one ?

*Buck.*

All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.*

Then you lost

The view of earthly glory : Men might say,  
Till this time, pomp was single ; but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders its<sup>5</sup> : to-day, the French,  
All clinquant<sup>6</sup>, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English : and, to-morrow, they  
Made Britain, India : every man, that stood,  
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,  
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labour  
Was to them as a painting : now this mask  
Was cry'd incomparable ; and the ensuing night  
Made it a fool, and be<sup>le</sup>ar. The two kings,

<sup>4</sup> *As for as if.* We have<sup>A</sup> the same image in Shakespeare's  
Venus and Adonis :—

"A sweet embrace

Incorporate then they<sup>6</sup> ; *face grows to face.*"

<sup>5</sup> *Dies diem docet.* Every body learned something from the preceding, till the concluding did collected all the splendour of all the former shows. This passage affords one of the very few instances in which the possessive pronoun *its* occurs. In the folios it is printed *wonders, it's*.

<sup>6</sup> *Clinquant*, i. e. *glittering, shining*, the sense of *jingling* being included. Clarendon uses the word in his description of the Spanish *Juegos de Toros*. And in a Memorable Masque, &c. performed before King James at Whitehall, in 1613, at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth :—

"His buskins *clinquant* as his other attire."

Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
 As preséncé did présent them ; him in eye,  
 Still him in praise : and, being present both,  
 'Twas said, they saw but one ; and no discernor  
 Durst wag his tongue in censure<sup>7</sup>. When these suns  
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd  
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
 Beyond thought's compass ; that formerfabulous story,  
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
 That Bevis<sup>8</sup> was believ'd.

*Buck.*

O ! you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing  
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal ;  
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
 Order gave each thing view ; the office did  
 Distinctly his full function<sup>9</sup>.

*Buck.*

Who did guide,

I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
 Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

*Nor.* One, certes, that promises no element<sup>11</sup>  
 In such a business.

<sup>7</sup> *Censure*, i. e. in *judgment*, which had the noblest appearance  
 So Dryden.

"Two chiefs . . . .

So match'd as each seem'd worthiest when alone."

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *the old romantic legend of Bevis of Hampton*. This Bevis  
 (or Beavois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created Earl of South-  
 ampton by William the Conqueror. See Camden's *Britannia*.

<sup>9</sup> The course of these triumphs, however well related, must  
 lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were  
 expressed in the real action. The commission for regulating them  
 was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person  
 and action the proper place. In the folio from "All was royal"  
 down to "Distinctly his full function," forms part of Buckingham's  
 speech. Theobald disposed it, and with great propriety.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *no initiation, no previous practice*. *Elements* are the first  
 principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here  
 applied, not without a catachresis, to a person.

*Buck.*

I pray you, who, my lord?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discretion  
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed  
From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce<sup>12</sup> vanities? I wonder,  
That such a keech<sup>13</sup> can with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.*

Surely, sir,

There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;  
For, being not propp'd by ancestry (whose grace  
Chalks successors their way), nor call'd upon  
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied  
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web,—O! it<sup>14</sup> gives us note,  
The force of his own merit makes his way;  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.

*Aber.*

I cannot tell

<sup>12</sup> Johnson remarks that *fierce* is here used, like the French *fier*, for *proud*; and Steevens observes that the Puritan, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, says, the hobby-horse "is a *fierce* and rank idol." Our ancestors appear to have used the word in the sense of *arrogant*, *outrageous*: and the use of the Latin *ferox* is as likely to have suggested it as the French *fier*. The word has a different meaning in the passage cited from *Timon of Athens*, Act iv. Sc. 4. See note there. In the *Rape of Lucrece* we have:—

"Thy violent vanities can never last."

<sup>13</sup> *Keech*, i. e. a round lump of fat. The Prince calls Falstaff *tallow-keech* in the First Part of *King Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 4. It has been thought that there was some allusion here to the Cardinal, being reputed the son of a butcher. We have "Good-wife *Keech*, the butcher's wife," mentioned by Dame Quickly, in *King Henry IV.* Part ii. Act ii. Sc. 1.

<sup>14</sup> The first folio has "O give us note." The second folio, "O! gives us note." Steevens and Malone print:—

"Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note."

But it is much more probable that there was a word omitted after O.

What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye  
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?  
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;  
Or has given all before; and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*Buck.* Why the devil,  
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint  
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file<sup>15</sup>  
Of all the gentry; for the most part such too,  
Whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,  
The honourable board of council out,  
Must fetch him in he papers<sup>16</sup>.

*Aber.* I do know  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.* O, many  
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them  
For this great journey<sup>17</sup>. What did this vanity,

<sup>15</sup> *File*, i. e. list.

<sup>16</sup> *He papers*, a verb; i. e. his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers down. Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the king at this interview, and addressed his letters to them. See Hall and Holinshed, or Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. xiii.

<sup>17</sup> In the ancient Interlude of Nature, blk. l. no date, apparently printed in the reign of King Henry VIII. a similar stroke is aimed at this expensive expedition:—

“*Pryde*. I am unhappy, I se it wel,  
For the expence of myne apparell  
Towardys this vyage—  
What in horses and other aray,  
Hath compelled me for to lay  
All my land to mortgage.”

So in King John, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

“Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs”

But minister communication of  
A most poor issue?

*Nor.* Grievingly I think,  
The peace between the French and us not values  
The cost that did conclude it.

*Buck.* Every man,  
After the hideous storm that follow'd<sup>19</sup>, was  
A thing inspir'd: and, not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on't.

*Nor.* Which is budded out;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.

*Aber.* Is it therefore  
The ambassador is silenc'd<sup>20</sup>?

*Nor.* Marry, is't.

*Aber.* A proper title of a peace<sup>21</sup>, and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate!

*Buck.* Why, all this business  
Our reverend cardinal carried.

*Nor.* 'Like it your grace,  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you  
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety), that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency

And Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, ed. 1634, p. 482:—  
"Tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand okes, or an hundred  
oxen, into a sute of apparell, to weare a whole manor on his back."

<sup>19</sup> "Monday the xviii of June was such an *hideous* storme of  
winde and weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate  
trouble and hatred shortly after to follow between princes."—  
*Holinshed*.

<sup>20</sup> The French ambassador, being refused an audience, may be  
said to be silenc'd.

<sup>21</sup> *A proper title of a peace*, i. e. *a fine name of a peace*: this is  
ironically said. So in *Macbeth*:—"O proper stuff!"

Together : to consider further, that  
 What his high hatred would effect, wants not  
 A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
 That he's revengeful ; and I know, his sword  
 Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and 't may be said,  
 It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,  
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,  
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo ! where comes that rock,  
 That I advise your shunning.

*Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY (the purseborne before him),  
 certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with pa-  
 pers. The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye  
 on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both  
 full of disdain.*

*Wol.* The duke of Buckingham's surveyor ? ha !  
 Where's his examination ?

*1 Secr.* Here, so please you.

*Wol.* Is he in person ready ?

*1 Secr.* Ay, please your grace.

*Wol.* Well, we shall then know more ; and Buck-  
 ingham

Shall lessen this big look.

*[Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.]*

*Buck.* This butcher's cur<sup>22</sup> is venom-mouth'd, and I  
 Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore, best  
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
 Out-worths a noble's blood<sup>23</sup>.

*Nor.* What, are you chaf'd ?  
 Ask God for temperance ; that's th' appliance only,

<sup>22</sup> The common rumour ran that Wolsey was the son of a butcher ; but his faithful biographer Cavendish says nothing of his father being in trade : he tells us that he was " an honest poor man's son."

<sup>23</sup> A beggar's book out-worths a noble's blood, that is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness.



Which your disease requires.

*Buck.* I read in's looks  
Matter against : e : and his eye revidl'  
Me, as his obj'ct object : at this instant  
He bores<sup>24</sup> me with some trick : He's gone to the king  
I'll follow, and outstare him.

*Nor.* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,  
Requires slow pace at first : anger is like  
A full hot horse ; who, being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him<sup>25</sup>. Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you : be to yourself  
As you would to your friend.

*Buck.* I'll to the king ;  
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down  
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim,  
There's difference in no persons.

*Nor.* Be advis'd ;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun,  
By violent swiftuess, that which we run at,  
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,  
The ure, that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advis'd :  
I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself ;  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion<sup>26</sup>.

<sup>24</sup> *He bores me with some trick, i. e. he stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction.*

<sup>25</sup> Thus in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat* :—

“ Let passion work, and, like a hotreiv'd horse  
“ Twill quietly tire itself.”

And Shakespeare again in *The Rape of Lucrece* :—

“ Till, like a *jaule*, *self-will* himself doth *tire*.”

<sup>26</sup> So in *Hamlet* :—

“ Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience.”

*Buck.*

Sir,

I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along  
 By your prescription : but this top-proud fellow,  
 (Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
 From sincere motions<sup>27</sup>), by intelligence,  
 And proofs as clear as founts in Júly, when  
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.*

Say not, treasonous.

*Buck.* To the king I'll say't ; and make my vouch  
 as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
 Or wolf, or both (for he is equal<sup>28</sup> rav'nous,  
 As he is subtle ; and as prone to mischief,  
 As able to perform't : his mind and place  
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally),  
 Only to show his pomp as well in France  
 As here at home, suggests<sup>29</sup> the king our master  
 To this last costly treaty, th'interview,  
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
 Did break i' the rinsing.

*Nor.*

'Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning  
 cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,  
 As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratified,  
 As he cried, Thus let be : to as much end,  
 As give a crutch to the dead : But our count cardinal  
 Has done this, and 'tis well : for worthy Wolsey,  
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows  
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
 To the old dam, treason),—Charles the emperor,

<sup>27</sup> *From sincere motions*, i. e. *honest indignation, warmth of integrity.*

<sup>28</sup> *Equal* for *equally*.

<sup>29</sup> *Suggests*, i. e. *incites*, or *tempts*.

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,  
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came  
 To whisper Wolsey), here makes visitation:  
 His fears were, that the interview, betwixt  
 England and France, might, through their amity,  
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league  
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily  
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,  
 Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor  
 Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,  
 Ere it was ask'd; but when the way was made,  
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—  
 That he would please to alter the king's course,  
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know  
 (As soon he shall by me), that thus the cardinal  
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases<sup>30</sup>,  
 And for his own advantage.

*Nor.* I am sorry  
 To hear this of him; and could wish, he were  
 Something mistaken in't.

*Buck.* No, not a syllable;  
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,  
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and  
 two or three of the guard.*

*Bran.* Your office, sergeant; execute it.

*Serg.* Sir,  
 My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl  
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I  
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
 Of our most sovereign king.

<sup>30</sup> To *buy and sell* was a proverbial expression for *treacherously betraying*. It occurs in *King Richard III.* and in *King Henry VI. Part I.*—"From *bought and sold* Lord Talbot." Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*:—"It would make a man as mad as a buck to be so *bought and sold*."

*Buck.* Lo you, my lord !  
The net has fall'n upon me ; I shall perish  
Under device and practice<sup>31</sup>.

*Bran.* I am sorry  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,  
You shall to the Tower.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing,  
To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me,  
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of  
heaven

Be done in this and all things ! I obey.  
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company.—The  
king [To ABERGAVERNNY.  
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

*Aber.* As the duke said,  
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
By me obey'd.

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
The king, to attach Lord Montacute<sup>32</sup>, and the bodies  
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car<sup>33</sup>,  
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

*Buck.* So, so ;  
These are the limbs of the plot : no more, I hope ?

*Bran.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buck.* O ! Nicholas Hopkins<sup>34</sup> ?

<sup>31</sup> *Practice*, i. e. *treachery* or *unfair stratagem*. This word has already been amply illustrated.

<sup>32</sup> This was Henry Pole, grandson to George Duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had married Lord Abergavenny's daughter. Though restored to favour at this juncture, he was executed for another alleged treason in this reign.

<sup>33</sup> The name of this monk of the Chartreux was John de la Car, alias de la Court. See Holinshed, p. 863.

<sup>34</sup> Nicholas Hopkins, another monk of the same order, belong-

*Bran.*

*He*

*ardinal*

*ready :*

*Buck.* My surveyor is false, the o'ergreat  
Hath show'd him gold : my life is spann'd al  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham ;  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts ou<sup>t</sup><sub>well</sub>.  
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lords, farey<sup>well</sup>.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Council Chamber.*

*Cornets.* Enter KING HENRY, leaning on the <sup>shoulder</sup> of CARDINAL WOLSEY, the Lords of the <sup>Council,</sup> <sub>adants.</sub>  
SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Atten<sup>t</sup> of it,

*K. Hen.* My life itself, and the best hear<sup>le</sup> level,  
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i' th<sup>ks</sup>  
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thar<sup>e</sup> us  
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd befor<sup>n</sup>  
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in perso<sup>n</sup>  
I'll hear him his confessions justify ;  
And point by point the treasons of his mast<sup>er</sup>  
He shall again relate.

he is called  
ing to a religious house called Henton beside Bristow ; *ounellor* in-  
Michael by mistake in the folios, and Gilbert Peck a  
stead of *chancellor*.

<sup>33</sup> The old copies read "puts on." Johnson propos<sup>ed</sup> to read  
"puts out," which gives a clear sense, and which is Fawnia, a  
by the following passage in Greene's *Dorastus* and ane envious  
book with which Shakspeare was acquainted : "Fortrkened their  
of such happie successe,—turned her wheele, and *damnishap* and  
*bright sunne* of prosperitie with the mistie *cloudes* of the shadow  
miserie." The meaning is clearly this :—"I am but of this sha-  
of poor Buckingham ; and even the figure or outline ; impending  
dow begins to fade away, being extinguished by this my clear  
cloud, which darkens, or interposes between me an  
sun ; that is, the favour of my sovereign." *line with it*

<sup>1</sup> To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a  
mouth, so as to be hit by the shot :—

"Not a heart which in his *level* came  
Could scape the hail of his all hurting aim." *lunt.*  
*Lover's Comp*

*The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.*

*A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

*Q. Kath.* Nay, we must longer kneel : I am a suitor.

*K. Hen.* Arise, and take place by us. Half your  
suit

Never name to us ; you have half our power :  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;  
Repeat your will, and take it.

*Q. Kath.* Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself ; and, in that love,  
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

*K. Hen.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Q. Kath.* I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance : there have been commissions  
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart  
Of all their loyalties : wherein, although,  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master  
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil !) even he  
escapes not

Language unmannerly ; yea, such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appears,

It doth appear ; for, upon these taxations,

The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
 The many to them 'longing, have put off  
 The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
 Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
 And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
 Daring th' event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
 And danger serves among them<sup>2</sup>.

*K. Hen.* Taxation!  
 Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,  
 You that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
 Know you of this taxation?

*Wol.* Please you, sir,  
 I know but of a single part, in aught  
 Pertains to the state; and front but in that file  
 Where others tell steps with me.

*Q. Kath.* No, my lord,  
 You know no more than others: but you frame  
 Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome  
 To those which would not know them, and yet must  
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
 Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,  
 The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,  
 They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer  
 Too hard an exclamation.

*K. Hen.* Still exaction!  
 The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,  
 Is this exaction?

*Q. Kath.* I am much too venturous  
 In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd

<sup>2</sup> Warburton is full of admiration at this sudden rising of the poet "to a height truly sublime!" where by the noblest stretch of fancy Danger is personified as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. Gower, Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser have also personified Danger. It was here however suggested by an expressive personification by one of the ring-leaders in Holingshed, p. 709.

Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from each  
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay: and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold  
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them; their curses now  
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass  
That<sup>a</sup> tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incensed will. I would, your highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer business<sup>3</sup>.

*K. Hen.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this, than by  
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but  
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am  
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know  
My faculties, nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing, let me say,  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake<sup>4</sup>  
That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope<sup>5</sup> malicious censurers; which ever,  
As ravenous fishes do a vessel follow  
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further  
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,

<sup>a</sup> The old copies have "*This tractable obedience.*"

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads "there is no primer *buseness*." Warburton made the alteration. In my mind, whoever looks at the whole tenor of the speech will not only think it a necessary but an imperative correction.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *thicket of thorns*.

<sup>5</sup> *To cope*, i. e. *to engage with, to encounter*. Thus in *As You Like It* :—

"I love to *cope* him in these sullen fits."



By sick interpreters, once<sup>6</sup> weak ones, is  
 Not ours. or not allow'd<sup>7</sup>; what worst, as oft,  
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
 State statues only.

*K. Hen.* Things done well,  
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;  
 Things done without example, in their issue  
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.  
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
 A trembling contribution<sup>8</sup>! Why, we take,  
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;  
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,  
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with  
 Free pardon to each man that has denied  
 The force of this commission; Pray, look to't;  
 I put it to your care.

*Wol.*

A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*]

Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons  
 Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,  
 That, through our intercession, this revokement

<sup>6</sup> *Once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime*, or at one time or other. Thus Drayton in his Thirteenth Idea:—

“This diadem shall *once* consume to dust.”

And in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—

“I pray thee *once* to-night give my sweet Nan this ring.”

<sup>7</sup> *Allow'd*, i. e. *approved*. Vide *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. Sc. 2, note 19.

<sup>8</sup> By a *trembling contribution*, a *fearful* one is probably meant, one that makes the subject tremble.

And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you  
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*]

*Enter Surveyor*<sup>9</sup>.

*Q. Kath.* I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham  
Is run in your displeasure.

*K. Hen.* It grieves many :  
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker<sup>10</sup>,  
To nature none more bound ; his training such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see  
When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find  
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear  
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him  
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practices ; whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what  
you,  
Most like a careful subject, have collected  
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

*K. Hen.* Speak freely.

<sup>9</sup> Holinshed says that this surveyor's name was Charles Knyvet.

<sup>10</sup> It appears from the prologue to the *Romance of the Knight of the Swanne*, that it was translated from the French at the request of this unfortunate nobleman. Copland, the printer, says, "Helyas the Knight of the Swanne, from whom lineally is descended my said lord." The duke was executed on Friday the 17th of May, 1521. The book has no date.

*Surv.* First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech,—That if the king  
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so  
To make the sceptre his.—These very words  
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
Lord Abergavenny; to whom by oath he menac'd  
Revenge upon the cardinal.

*Wol.* Please your highness, note  
This dangerous conception; in this point  
Not friended by his wish; to your high person  
His will is most malignant; and it stretches  
Beyond you, to your friends.

*Q. Kath.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*K. Hen.* Speak on:  
How grounded he his title to the crown,  
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak aught?

*Surv.* He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins<sup>11</sup>.

*K. Hen.* What was that Hopkins?

*Surv.* Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
His confessor; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*K. Hen.* How know'st thou this?

*Surv.* Not long before your highness sped to France,  
The duke being at the Rose<sup>12</sup>, within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey. I replied,  
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,

<sup>11</sup> In the old copy he is here called Nicholas *Henton*, a name by which he was also known from the Convent of Henton near Bristol, to which he belonged.

<sup>12</sup> *The Rose*. This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the Merchant Tailors' Company, and is now the Merchant Tailors' School, in Suffolk-lane.

To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
 Said, 'twas the fear indeed ; and that he doubted,  
 'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
 Spoke by a holy monk : *That oft, says he,  
 Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
 John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour  
 To hear from him a matter of some moment :  
 Whom after under the confession's seal*<sup>13</sup>  
*He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,  
 My chaplain to no creature living, but  
 To me, should utter, with demure confidence  
 This pausingly ensued,—Neither the king, nor his heirs  
 (Tell you the duke), shall prosper : bid him strive  
 To gain*<sup>14</sup> *the love of the commonalty ; the duke  
 Shall govern England.*

*Q. Kath.* If I know you well,  
 You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
 On the complaint o' the tenants : take good heed,  
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
 And spoil your nobler soul ! I say, take heed ;  
 Yes, heartily beseech you.

*K. Hen.* Let him on :—  
 Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
 I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions  
 The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas dang'rous  
 for him<sup>15</sup>  
 To ruminate on this so far, until  
 It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,  
 It was much like to do : He answer'd, *Tush !*

<sup>13</sup> The old copy has "*commission's seal.*" The emendation is Theobald's, and is warranted as well by the context as by a passage in Holinshed.

<sup>14</sup> The word *gain* omitted in the earlier copies is supplied by the fourth folio.

<sup>15</sup> *This* is misprinted for *him* in the old copies. Rowe corrected it.

*It can do me no damage :* adding further,  
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone on.

*K. Hen.* Ha! what, so rank<sup>16</sup>? Ah, ha!  
There's mischief in this man :——Canst thou say  
further?

*Surv.* I can, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,  
After your highness had reprov'd the duke  
About Sir William Blomer<sup>17</sup>,—

*K. Hen.* I remember  
Of such a time : Being my sworn servant,  
The duke retain'd him his.——But on ; What hence?

*Surv.* *If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,  
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard : who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in his presence ; which if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him*<sup>18</sup>.

*K. Hen.* A giant traitor !

*Vol.* Now, madam, may his highness live in free-  
dom,  
And this man out of prison ?

<sup>16</sup> *Rank weeds* are weeds grown up to great height and strength.  
“What,” says the king, “was he advanced to this pitch?”

<sup>17</sup> Sir William Blomer (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*) was reprimanded by the king in the Star Chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the king's service for the Duke of Buckingham's.

<sup>18</sup> The accuracy of Holinshed, from whom Shakespeare took his account of the accusations and punishment, together with the qualities of the Duke of Buckingham, is proved in the most authentic manner by a very curious report of his case in East. Term. 13 Hen. VIII. in the year-books published by authority edit. 1597, f. 11, 12.

*Q. Kath.* God mend all !

*K. Hen.* There's something more would out of thee ;  
What say'st ?

*Surv.* After—the duke his father,—with the knife,—  
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenour  
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would outgo  
His father, by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

*K. Hen.* There's his period,  
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd ;  
Call him to present trial : if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,  
Let him not seek't of us : By day and night<sup>19</sup>,  
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt*

### SCENE III. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and LORD SANDS<sup>1</sup>.*

*Cham.* Is't possible, the spells of France should  
juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries<sup>2</sup> ?

*Sands.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our English

<sup>19</sup> *By day and night.* Steevens takes unnecessary pains to explain this phrase. How could he doubt that it was an adjuration ? Horatio, in *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 5, says :—

“ O day and night, but this is wond'rous strange.”

<sup>1</sup> The poet has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Earl of Worcester was then lord chamberlain, and continued in the office until his death, in 1526. But Cavendish, from whom this was originally taken, places this event at a later period, when Lord Sands himself was chamberlain. Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, Hants, was created a peer in 1524. He succeeded the Earl of Worcester as chamberlain.

<sup>2</sup> *Mysteries are arts, and here artificial fashions.*

Have got by the late voyage, is but merely  
 A fit or two o' the face<sup>3</sup>; but they are shrewd ones;  
 For when they hold them, you would swear directly,  
 Their very noses had been counsellors  
 To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

*Sands.* They have all new legs, and lame ones; one  
 would take it,

That never saw them pace before, the spavin,  
 A springhalt<sup>4</sup> reign'd among them.

*Cham.* Death! my lord,  
 Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
 That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How now?  
 What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

*Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

*Lov.* 'Faith, my lord,  
 I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
 That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

*Cham.* What is't for?

*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
 That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*Cham.* I am glad, 'tis there: now I would pray our  
 monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,  
 And never see the Louvre.

*Lov.* They must either  
 (For so run the conditions) leave those remnants  
 Of fool, and feather<sup>5</sup>, that they got in France,

<sup>3</sup> A *fit of the face* seems to be a *grimace*, an *artificial cast of the countenance*. Fletcher has more plainly expressed the same thought in *The Elder Brother*:—

“Learn new tongues—

To vary his face as seamen do their compass.”

<sup>4</sup> The *springhalt* or *stringhalt* is a disease incident to horses, which makes them limp in their paces. It is a humorous comparison of the mincing gait of the Frenchified courtiers to this convulsive motion. Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, uses it:—

“Poor soul, she has had a *stringhalt*.”

<sup>5</sup> The text may receive illustration from Nashe's *Life of Jacke*

With all their honourable points of ignorance,  
 Pertaining thereunto (as fights, and fireworks;  
 Abusing better men than they can be,  
 Out of a foreign wisdom), renouncing clean  
 The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
 Short blister'd breeches<sup>6</sup>, and those types of travel,  
 And understand again like honest men;  
 Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,  
 They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
 The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*Sands.* 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases  
 Are grown so catching.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
 Will have of these trim vanities!

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
 There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons  
 Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;  
 A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

*Sands.* The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're  
 going  
 (For, sure, there's no converting of them): now  
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,  
 And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,

Wilton, 1594:—"At that time (viz. in the court of King Henry VIII.) I was no common squire, no undertrodden torchbearer, *I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop*, my French doublet gelte in the belly, as though (lyke a pig readie to be spitted) all my guts had beene pluckt out, a paire of side paned hose that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses, my *long stock* that sate close to my dock,—my rapier pendant, like a round sticke, &c. my blacke cloake of cloth, overspreading my backe lyke a thornbacke or an elephant's eare; and in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a more French*," &c. Mr. Douce justly observes that Sir Thomas Lovell's is an allusion to the feathers which were formerly worn by fools in their caps, as may be seen in a print of Jordan's after Voert; and which is alluded to in the Ballad of News and no News:—

"And feathers wagging in a fool's cap."

<sup>6</sup> *Blistered breeches*, i. e. *breeches puffed or swelled out like blisters*



Hold<sup>7</sup> current music too.

*Cham.* Well said, Lord Sands :  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

*Sands.* No, my lord ;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a going ?

*Lov.* To the cardinal's ;  
Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* O, 'tis true :  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies ; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;  
His dews fall every where.

*Cham.* No doubt, he's noble ;  
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

*Sands.* Hemay, my lord, he has wherewithal ; in him,  
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :  
Men of his way should be most liberal,  
They are set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so :  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays<sup>8</sup> ;  
Your lordship shall along :—Come, good Sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else : which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.* I am your lordship's.  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> *Hold* current music too. *Held* is the reading of the first folio, an evident misprint.

<sup>8</sup> The speaker is now in the king's palace at *Bridewell*, from whence he is proceeding by water to York Place (Cardinal Wolsey's house), now Whitehall.

SCENE IV. *The Presence Chamber in York Place.*

*Hautboys.* A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. *Enter at one door ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.*

*Guild.* Ladies, a general welcome from his grace Salutes ye all : This night he dedicates To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes, In all this noble bevy<sup>1</sup>, has brought with her One care abroad : he would have all as merry As first, good company, good wine, good welcome, Can make good people.—O, my lord! you are tardy ;

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

*Cham.* You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal  
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,  
I think, would better please them : By my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

*Lov.* O, that your lordship were but now confessor  
To one or two of these !

*Sands.* I would, I were ;

They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* 'Faith, how easy ?

<sup>1</sup> A *bevy* is a *company*. In the curious catalogue of "The companies of bestys and foules" in the Book of St. Albans, it is said to be the proper term for a company of ladies, of roes, and of quails. Its origin is yet to seek. Spenser and Milton both use it.

*Sands.* As easy as a down bed would afford it.

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,  
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this :  
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze ;  
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather :  
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking ;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,  
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies :  
[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN and  
another Lady.*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir?

*Sands.* O! very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :  
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*

*Cham.* Well said, my lord.—  
So, now y'are fairly seated :—Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended ;  
and takes his state.

*Wol.* Y'are welcome, my fair guests ; that noble  
lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome ;  
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

*Sands.* Your grace is noble ;  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My Lord Sands,

I am beholding<sup>2</sup> to you : cheer your neighbours.  
 Ladies, you are not merry :—Gentlemen,  
 Whose fault is this ?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
 In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have them  
 Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You are a merry gamester, my Lord Sands.

*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play<sup>3</sup>.——  
 Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,  
 For 'tis to such a thing,—

*Anne.* You cannot show me.

*Sands.* I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets within : Chambers<sup>4</sup>*  
*discharged.*

*Wol.* What's that ?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit a Servant.*

*Wol.* What warlike voice ?

And to what end is this ? Nay, ladies, fear not ;  
 By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

<sup>2</sup> *Beholding.* Boswell has cited a passage from Butler's English Grammar, 1623, which vindicates this form of the word upon principles which he explains, and adds "yet some now-a-days had rather write it—*beholden*."

<sup>3</sup> *Yes, if I make my play*, i. e. *if I may choose my game*.

<sup>4</sup> *Chambers* are *short pieces of ordnance*, standing almost erect upon their breechings, chiefly used upon festive occasions, being so contrived as to carry great charges, and make a loud report. They had their name from being little more than mere *chambers* to lodge powder ; that being the technical name for that cavity in a gun which contains the powder or combustible matter. Cavendish, describing this scene as it really occurred, says that against the king's coming "were laid charged many *chambers*, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder." So in a *New Trick to Cheat the Devil*, 1636 :—

"I still think o' the Tower ordnance,  
 Or of the peal of *chambers*, that's still fired  
 When my lord mayor takes his barge."

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Cham.* How now ? what is't ?

*Serv.* A noble troop of strangers ;  
For so they seem : they've left their barge, and landed :  
And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes.

*Wol.* Good lord chamberlain,  
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French  
tongue ;

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them  
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

*[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise,  
and Tables removed.]*

You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.  
A good digestion to you all : and, once more,  
I shower a welcome on ye ; Welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the King, and Others, as Maskers,  
habited like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamber-  
lain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and  
gracefully salute him.*

A noble company ! what are their pleasures ?

*Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus they  
pray'd

To tell your grace ; That, having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks ; and under your fair conduct,  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with them.

*Wol.* Say, lord chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace ; for which I pay  
them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses*

ANNE BULLEN.

*K. Hen.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty!  
Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*

*Wol.* My lord,—

*Cham.* Your grace?

*Wol.* Pray, tell them thus much from me :  
There should be one amongst them, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty  
I would surrender it.

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the Company, and returns.*

*Wol.* What say they?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace  
Find out, and he will take it.

*Wol.* Let me see then.—

[*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen; Here I'll make  
My royal choice.

*K. Hen.* You have found him, cardinal<sup>6</sup>:  
[*Unmasking.*

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord :  
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal.  
I should judge now unhappily<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> Cavendish, from whom Stow and Holinshed copied their account, says that the cardinal pitched upon "Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any other," upon which "the king plucked down his visor and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant cheer and countenance, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much."

<sup>7</sup> *Unhappily, waggishly, i.e. mischievously.* Thus in *Andromana*, Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. xi. p. 49:—

Wol.

I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen.

My lord chamberlain,

Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bul-  
len's daughter,—

The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women

K. Hen. By heaven! she is a dainty one. Sweet-  
heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,

And not to kiss you<sup>a</sup>.—A health, gentlemen,

Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
I' the privy chamber?

Lov.

Yes, my lord.

Wol.

Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated<sup>a</sup>.

“ Answer me not in words, but deeds,  
I know you always talk'd *unhappily*.”

<sup>a</sup> A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. Thus in A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie, blk. l. printed by John Alde, no date:—

“ But some reply, what foole would daunce  
If that when daunce is doon  
He may not have at ladyes lips  
That which in daunce he wooon.”

The custom is still prevalent among country people in many parts of the kingdom.

<sup>9</sup> According to Cavendish, the king, on discovering himself, being desired by Wolsey to take his place under the state or seat of honour, said “ that he would go first and shift his apparel, and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where a great fire was made and prepared for him, and there new appa-  
relled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken up, and the tables spread with new and sweet perfumed cloths.—  
Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but set still as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose were served two hundred dishes or above. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banquetting,” &c.

*K. Hen.* I fear, too much.

*Wol.* There's fresher air, my lord,  
In the next chamber.

*K. Hen.* Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet  
partner,

I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry ;  
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead them once again ; and then let's dream  
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it<sup>10</sup>.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. A Street.

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1 *Gentleman.*

**W**HITHER away so fast ?

2 *Gent.*

O,—God save you !

Even to the hall to hear what shall become  
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you  
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there ?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gent.* Pray speak what has happen'd.

1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty ?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon de-

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't. *error*

1 *Gent.* So are a number *astified*

<sup>10</sup> Thus in Antonio and Mellida :—, 1521)

" *Fla.* Faith the song will seem to come off hardly, 1527.

*Catz.* Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off <sup>ce</sup> person

*Fla.* Pert Catzo, knock it then "



2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,  
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The king's attorney, on the contrary,  
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd  
To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face:  
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;  
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,  
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,  
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That was he,  
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent.* The same.  
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain  
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:  
And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life: but all  
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten<sup>1</sup>.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, to  
hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd  
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,

And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:

1 But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,

2 In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

*Gent.* Sure, he does not,

7 However was so womanish; the cause  
an enemy a little grieve at.

<sup>8</sup> The s,

whence he either pitied in him or forgotten, i. e. either produced no  
sey's house, produced only ineffectual pity.

2 *Gent.* Certainly,  
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,  
By all conjectures : First, Kildare's attainder,  
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,  
Earl Surrey was sent thithe , and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state  
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,  
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally : whoever the king favours,  
The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much  
They love and dote on ; call him, bounteous Bucking-  
ham,  
The mirror of all courtesy<sup>2</sup> ;—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; Tipstaves  
before him, the axe with the edge towards him ; hal-  
berds on each side : accompanied with SIR THOMAS  
LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM  
SANDS<sup>3</sup>, and common People.*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

*Buck.* All good people,

<sup>2</sup> The report in the Old Year Book, referred to above, thus describes him :—" Car il fut tres noble prince et prudent, *et mirror de tout courtesie.*"

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads "Sir *Walter.*" The correction is justified by Holinshed. Sir William Sands was at this time (May, 1521) only a knight, not being created Lord Sands till April 27, 1527. Shakespeare probably did not know that he was the same person

<sup>6</sup> Johnson observes with great truth, that these lines are remarkably tender and pathetic.

If ever any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,  
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;  
There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me, that I can not take peace with : no black  
envy

Shall mark<sup>7</sup> my grave. Commend me to his grace ;  
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him  
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers  
Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake,  
Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years !  
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !  
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

*Lov.* To the water side I must conduct your grace  
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there !  
The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;  
And fit it with such furniture, as suits  
The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, Sir Nicholas,  
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.  
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,  
And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun<sup>8</sup>:

<sup>7</sup> The folio has "*make my grave.*" *Envy* is used by Shakespeare and his cotemporaries for *malice* or *hatred*. With Warburton we read "*mark my grave ;*" a very plausible emendation of an error easily made ; and which has indeed happened in an instance in King Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 2, where the old copy erroneously reads :—

"To *make* the full fraught man, and best endued  
With some suspicion."

<sup>8</sup> *Edward Bohun*. The name of the Duke of Buckingham most generally known was *Stafford* : it is said that he affected the surname of *Bohun*, because he was lord high constable of England

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
 That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it<sup>9</sup>;  
 And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.  
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
 And without trial fell : God's peace be with him !  
 Henry the Seventh, succeeding, truly pitying  
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
 Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father :  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;  
 A most unnatural and faithless service !  
 Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain :  
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,  
 Be sure, you be not loose<sup>10</sup> ; for those you make friends,  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye ; the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.

by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns. Shakespeare follows Holinshed.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *I now seal my truth, my loyalty with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan.*

<sup>10</sup> *Be sure you be not loose.* This expression occurs in Othello :—

“ There are a kind of men so *loose* of soul

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.”

Farewell !

And when you would say something that is sad<sup>11</sup>,  
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and *Train*.]

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity ! Sir, it calls,  
I fear, too many curses on their heads,  
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,  
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling  
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us !  
What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
A strong faith<sup>12</sup> to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it  
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident :  
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing, of a separation  
Between the king and Katharine ?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held<sup>13</sup> not :  
For when the king once heard it, out of anger  
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight  
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now ; for it grows again

<sup>11</sup> Thus also in King Richard II :—

“ Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.”

<sup>12</sup> *A strong faith*, i. e. *great fidelity*.

<sup>13</sup> Steevens erroneously explains this passage, saying to *hold* is to *believe* : “ *it held not*” here rather means “ *it did not sustain itself*,” the rumour did not *prove true*. So in King Richard III. Act ii. Sc. 2 :—

“ Doth the news *hold* of good king Edward’ death ? ”

Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain  
 The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
 Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
 To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
 That will undo her : to confirm this too,  
 Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;  
 As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal ;  
 And merely to revenge him on the emperor,  
 For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
 The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark : but is't  
 not cruel,  
 That she should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal  
 Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful.  
 We are too open here to argue this ;  
 Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.*

*Cham.* My lord, the horses your lordship sent for,  
 with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and  
 furnished. They were young, and handsome ; and of  
 the best breed in the north. When they were ready to  
 set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by com-  
 mission and main power, took 'em from me ; with this  
 reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if  
 not before the king : which stopped our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed : Well, let him have them :  
 He will have all, I think.

*Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

*Nor.* Well met, my lord chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good day to both your graces.

*Suf.* How is the king employ'd ?

*Cham.* I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.* What's the cause ?

*Cham.* It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.

*Suf.* No, his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.

*Nor.* 'Tis so ;  
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

*Suf.* Pray God, he do ! he'll never know himself else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business !  
And with what zeal ! For, now he has crack'd the  
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great ne-  
phew,

He dives into the king's soul ; and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage :  
And, out of all these to restore the king,  
He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her,  
That, like a jewel<sup>1</sup>, has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;  
Of her, that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with ; even of her  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the king. And is not this course pious ?

*Cham.* Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis  
most true,  
These news are every where ; every tongue speaks  
them,

<sup>1</sup> See *The Winter's Tale*, Act i. Sc. 2.



And every true heart weeps for't : All, that dare  
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—  
The French king's sister.<sup>2</sup> Heaven will one day open  
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray,  
And heartily, for our deliverance ;  
Or this imperious man will work us all  
From princes into pages : all men's honours  
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords,  
I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed :  
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings  
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.  
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him  
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

*Nor.* Let's in ;  
And, with some other business, put the king  
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon  
him :

My lord, you'll bear us company ?

*Cham.* Excuse me ;  
The king hath sent me other-where : besides,  
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :  
Health to your lordships.

*Nor.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.  
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

<sup>2</sup> It was the main *end* or *object* of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister, the Duchess of Alencon.

NORFOLK *opens a folding door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively*<sup>3</sup>.

*Suf.* How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

*K. Hen.* Who is there ? ha !

*Nor.* 'Pray God, he be not angry.

*K. Hen.* Who's there, I say ? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha !

*Nor.* A gracious king, that pardons all offences  
Malice ne'er meant ; our breach of duty, this way,  
Is business of estate ; in which, we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Ye are too bold ;  
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha !—

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

Who's there ? my good lord cardinal ? O ! my Wolsey,  
The quiet of my wounded conscience,  
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To CAMPEIUS.*

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom ;

<sup>3</sup> The stage-direction in the old copy is singular—"Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively."—This was calculated for the state of the theatre in Shakespeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of that time was, to place such person in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered (as Henry in the present case), drew back just at the proper time. Norfolk has just said "Let's in ;" and therefore should himself do some act in order to visit the king. This indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was not attended to ; the king very civilly discovering himself. See Malone's account of the Old Theatres in Mr Boswell's edition, vol. ii.

Use us, and it.—My good lord, have g<sup>reat care</sup>  
I be not found a talker<sup>4</sup>. [To WOLSEY.]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.

[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though<sup>5</sup>, for his place:

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one have at him<sup>6</sup>.

Suf.

I another.

[Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:  
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?  
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
'The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,  
Have their free voices—Rome, the nurse of judgment,  
Invited by your noble self, hath sent<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Thus in King Richard III.—

“We will not stand to prate,  
Talkers are no great doers.”

<sup>5</sup> i. e. so sick as he is proud.

<sup>6</sup> *I'll venture one have at him.* Steevens reads “one heave at him;” but surely without necessity. To *have* at any thing or person, meant to *attack* it, in ancient phraseology. Surrey afterwards says:—

“*Have at you,*

First that without the king,” &c.

The phrase is derived (like many other old popular phrases) from gaming: “to *have at all*” was to throw for all that was staked on the board, adventuring on the *cast* an equal stake.

<sup>7</sup> The word *sent* by the poet's freedom of construction refers both to *have* and *hath*

One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;  
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

*K. Hen.* And, once more, in mine arms I bid him  
welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;  
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

*Cam.* Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'  
loves,

You are so noble: To your highness' hand  
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,  
(The court of Rome commanding), you, my lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,  
In the impartial judging of this business.

*K. Hen.* Two equal men. The queen shall be ac-  
quainted

Forthwith, for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?

*Wol.* I know, your majesty has always lov'd her  
So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
A woman of less place might ask by law,  
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

*K. Hen.* Ay, and the best, she shall have; and  
my favour

To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;  
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.]

*Re-enter* WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

*Wol.* Give me your hand: much joy and favour  
to you;

You are the king's now.

*Gard.*

But to be commanded

For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

[*Aside.*]

*K. Hen.* Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Cam.* My lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then  
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How! of me?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say, you envied him;  
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,  
That he ran mad, and died<sup>s</sup>.

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him!  
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers,  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;  
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment;  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*K. Hen.* Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit* GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,  
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd! O, my lord!  
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,  
O! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>s</sup> "Aboute this time the king received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the room of Doctor Pace, the which being continually abrode in ambassades, and the same oftentimes not much necessarie, by the Cardinales appointment, at length he toke such greefe therwith, that he fell out of his right wittes."—*Holinshed.*

SCENE III. *An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.*

*Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.*

*Anne.* Not for that neither ;—Here's the pang that pinches :

His highness having liv'd so long with her : and she  
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing ; O ! now, after  
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which  
To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter, than  
'Tis sweet at first t'acquire ; after this process,  
To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* O, God's will ! much better  
She ne'er had known pomp : though it be temporal,  
Yet, if that quarrel fortune, do divorce<sup>1</sup>  
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging  
As soul and body's severing<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I incline to Hanmer's view of this passage ; but would consider *quarrel* as used for *quarrellous*, like the French *querelle* for *querelleuse*. We have elsewhere "*that false huswife fortune*," "*that strumpet fortune*," "*chiding fortune*," and many other passages where it is thus personified. I am confirmed in this opinion by part of a beautiful passage in *Philaster*, Act v. Sc. 3.

"*Never-pleased fortune* shot up shrubs,

Base under-brambles, *to divorce* these branches."

Warburton would consider *quarrel* to signify an *arrow* metaphorically applied to fortune. Mr. Collier's folio would substitute *cruel*.

<sup>2</sup> Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—

"The soul and body rive not more at parting  
Than greatness going off."

To *pang* is used as a verb active by Skelton, in his book of Philip Sparrow, 1568, sig. R v.—

"What heaviness did me *punge*."

*Old L.* Alas, poor lady!  
She's a stranger now again<sup>3</sup>.

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
'Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old L.* Our content  
Is our best having<sup>4</sup>.

*Anne.* By my troth, and maidenhead,  
I would not be a queen.

*Old L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts  
(Saving your mincing) the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril<sup>5</sup> conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth,—

*Old L.* Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be  
a queen?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heaven.

*Old L.* 'Tis strange; a threepence bowed would hire  
me,

<sup>3</sup> The revocation of her husband's love has reduced her to the condition of an unfriended stranger. Thus in *Lear*:—

"Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath.

<sup>4</sup> *Our best having*, i. e. *our best possession*. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii. Sc. 2, note 5.

<sup>5</sup> *Cheveril* is *kid leather*, which, being of a soft yielding nature, is often alluded to in comparisons for anything *pliant* or *flexible*. We have this epithet applied in the same way in *Histriomastix* 1610:—

"The *cheveril* conscience of corrupted law."

Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,  
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little;  
I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to: if your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How you do talk!  
I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an emballing: I myself  
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd  
No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes here?

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth  
to know  
The secret of your conference?

*Anne.* My good lord,  
Not your demand; it values not your asking:  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women: there is hope,  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now I pray God, amen!

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion to you<sup>6</sup>, and

<sup>5</sup> The old copy reads:—"Commends his good opinion of you to



Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know,  
What kind of my obedience I should tender;  
More than my all is nothing<sup>7</sup>: nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and  
wishes,  
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;  
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,  
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit<sup>8</sup>,  
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well;  
[*Aside.*

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,  
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,  
But from this lady may proceed a gem,  
To lighten all this isle<sup>9</sup>? I'll to the king,

*you,*" which is evidently corrupt. I cannot but be surprised that  
Malone should have made any difficulty about the reading:—

"The king's majesty

*Commends his good opinion to you.*"

It is one of the most common forms of epistolary and colloquial  
*compliment* of our ancestors, whose letters frequently terminate  
with "and so I *commend* me to you," or begin with "After my  
hartie commendacions to you."

<sup>7</sup> *More than my all is nothing*, i. e. *not only my all is nothing*;  
but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing. Thus in  
Macbeth:—

"More is thy due than more than all can pay."

<sup>8</sup> *To approve* is not, as Johnson explains it, here to *strengthen*  
*by commendation*, but to *confirm* (by the report he shall make) the  
*good opinion* the king has formed. "*To approve or confirm*, *Ratum*  
*habere aliquid.*"—*Baret.*

<sup>9</sup> The carbuncle was supposed by our ancestors to have intrinsic  
light, and to shine in the dark: any other gem may reflect

And say, I spoke with you.

*Anne.*

My honour'd lord.

[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.]

*Old L.* Why, this it is ; see, see !

I have been begging sixteen years in court  
(Am yet a courtier beggarly), nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,  
For any suit of pounds : and you, (O fate !)  
A very fresh-fish here, (fye, fye, fye upon  
This compell'd fortune !) have your mouth fill'd up,  
Before you open it.

*Anne.*

This is strange to me.

*Old L.* How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence<sup>10</sup>, no.  
There was a lady once ('tis an old story),  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Egypt<sup>11</sup> : Have you heard it ?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.*

With your theme, I could  
O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke !  
A thousand pounds a year ! for pure respect ;  
No other obligation : By my life,  
That promises more thousands : Honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,

light, but cannot give it. Thus in a Palace described in *Amadis de Gaule*, 1619, fol. p. 5 :—" In the rooffe of a chamber hung two lampes of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchafed two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light."

<sup>10</sup> *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager. Thus in *The Story of King Darius*, an interlude :—

" Nay, that I will not for *forty pence*."

Again in *The Longer thou Livest the more Fool Thou art*, 1570 :

" I dare *wage* with any man *forty pence*."

Money was then reckoned by *pounds*, *marks*, and *nobles*. Forty pence, or three and fourpence, is half a noble, and is still an established legal fee.

<sup>11</sup> The fertility of Egypt is derived from the mud and slime of the Nile.

I know, your back will bear a duchess.—Say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.*

Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,  
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver  
What here you have heard, to her.

*Old L.*

What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Hall in Black-Friars.*

*Trumpets sennet<sup>1</sup>, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars<sup>2</sup>; after*

<sup>1</sup> This word *sennet*, about which there has been so much discussion to little purpose, is nothing more than the *senne* of the old French, or the *segno* or *segnata* of the Italians, a *signal* given by sound of trumpet—"signum dare buccina." We find it spelt *signate*, *signet*, and even *synnet* or *cynet*. It was distinct from a *flourish*, with which Malone and others have confounded it, as appears from Decker's *Satiromastix*, in which one of the stage directions is, "Trumpets sound a *flourish*, and then a *sennet*." Some have derived it from the Italian *sonata*; and to this etymology, the following passage of *Berni* may give some colour:—

"Senza indugiar si mette a bocca il corno  
Per far la terza et ultima *sonata*."

*Orl. Inam.* lib. i. c. xxiv. st. 62.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *Ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals.* This explanatory stage-direction is from the folio.

*them, side by side, the two Cardinals [WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS]; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. [Then enter the King and Queen, and their Trains.] The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*K. Hen.* What's the need?  
It hath already publickly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd;  
You may then spare that time.

*Wol.* Be't so: Proceed.

*Scribe.* Say, Henry king of England, come into the  
court.

*Crier.* Henry king of England, &c.

*K. Hen.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Katharine queen of England, come  
into the court.

*Crier.* Katharine queen of England, &c.

*[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks<sup>3</sup>.]*

*Q. Kath.* Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice<sup>4</sup>;  
And to bestow your pity on me: for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,

<sup>3</sup> "Because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet," &c.—*Cavendish's Life of Wolsey*, vol. i. p. 149, ed. 1825.

<sup>4</sup> This speech is taken from Holinshed (who copies from Caven-

Born out of your dominions ; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas ! sir  
In what have I offended you ? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,  
I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable :  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,  
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine  
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you : If, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatch'd wit and judgment : Ferdinand,  
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one

dish) with the most trifling variations. Hall has given a different report of the queen's speech, which, he says, was made in French and translated by him from notes taken by Campeggio's secretar



I am about to weep ; but, thinking that  
 We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain,  
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.*

Be patient yet.

*Q. Kath.* I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,  
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
 You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge<sup>7</sup>,  
 You shall not be my judge : for it is you  
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,  
 Which God's dew quench ! Therefore, I say again,  
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,  
 Refuse you for my judge<sup>8</sup> ; whom, yet once more,  
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
 At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.*

I do profess,

You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet  
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me  
 wrong :  
 I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice  
 For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,  
 Or how far further shall, is warranted  
 By a commission from the consistory,  
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,  
 That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :  
 The king is present : if it be known to him,  
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falsehood ; yea, as much

<sup>7</sup> *Challenge* here, says Johnson, is a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says "I *challenge* him."

<sup>8</sup> These are not the mere words of passion, but technical terms of the canon law : *detestor* and *recuso*. The former, in the language of canonists, signifies no more than I *protest* against.—*Blackstone*.

As you have done my truth. If he know  
That I am free of your report, he knows,  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies to cure me ; and the cure is, to  
Remove these thoughts from you : The which before  
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble mouth'd ;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming<sup>9</sup>,  
With meekness and humility ; but your heart  
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride. -  
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
Where powers are your retainers, and your wards<sup>10</sup>,  
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *You show in appearance meekness and humility, as a token or outward sign of your place and calling ; but your heart is crammed with arrogance, &c.*

<sup>10</sup> The old copy reads :—

“Where *powers* are your retainers ; and your *words*,  
Domesticks to you,” &c.

I read with Mr. Tyrwhitt *wards* instead of *words*. It will however be seen that by the omission of the semicolon at retainers, I take a different view of the passage, and make the *powers* Wolsey has obtained by his elevation the ministers to his will. The harsh metaphor of making his *words* his domestics whose office he *pronounces* seems to me very incongruous. The following accusation urged against Wolsey, does however in some degree countenance Mr. Tyrwhitt's literal acceptance of the meaning of *wards* :—

“I must have notice where their *wards* must dwell ;  
I car'd not for the gentry, for I had  
Young nobles of the land,” &c.

*Storer's Metrical Life of Wolsey, 1599.*

*Retainers* signifies that they were in his retinue, *retained* by him.



You tender more your person's honour, than  
 Your high profession spiritual: That again  
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

*Cam.* The queen is obstinate,  
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
 Disdainful to be tried by it; 'tis not well.  
 She's going away.

*K. Hen.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Katharine queen of England, come into the  
 court.

*Gent. Ush.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Q. Kath.* What need you note it? pray you, keep  
 your way:

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help!  
 They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:  
 I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,  
 Upon this business, my appearance make  
 In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, GRIFFITH, and  
 other Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Go thy ways, Kate:  
 That man i' the world, who shall report he has  
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
 For speaking false in that; Thou art, alone,  
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out<sup>11</sup>)

<sup>11</sup> If thy several qualities had tongues capable of speakin  
 thy merits, i. e. of doing them extensive justice. In Cymb  
 we have a similar expression:—

“You speak him far  
 . . . although not there.”

Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

*Wol. Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina  
serenissima,—*

*Q. Kath.* O, good my lord, no Latin<sup>4</sup>;  
I am not such a truant since my coming,  
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, sus-  
picious;

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,  
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;  
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord Car-  
dinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,  
May be absolv'd in English.

*Wol.* Noble lady,  
I am sorry, my integrity should breed  
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,  
And service to his majesty and you<sup>5</sup>.  
We come not by the way of accusation,  
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;  
You have too much, good lady: but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
Between the king and you; and to deliver,  
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,  
And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* Most honour'd madam,  
My lord of York, out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;  
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure

<sup>4</sup> "Then began my lord to speak to her in Latin.—'Nay, good my lord,' quoth she, 'speak to me in English, I beseech you, though I understand Latin.'"—*Cavendish*.

<sup>5</sup> This line stands so awkwardly, and out of its place, in the old copies, that I have adopted Edwards's proposition to transpose it.

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness<sup>13</sup>,  
 Scruple, and prick<sup>13</sup>, on certain speeches utter'd  
 By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;  
 Who had been hither sent on the debating  
 A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and  
 Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,  
 Ere a determinate resolution, he  
 (I mean the bishop) did require a respite ;  
 Wherein he might the king his lord advèrtise  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook  
 The bosom of my conscience<sup>14</sup>, enter'd me,  
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
 The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,  
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,  
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,  
 I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had  
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
 If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should  
 Do no more offices of life to't, than  
 The grave does to the dead : for her male issue  
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
 This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought,  
 This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,

<sup>13</sup> The words of Cavendish are — "The special cause that moved me hereunto was a scrupulosity that *pricked my conscience*." See also *Holinshed*, p. 907.

<sup>14</sup> Theobald thought we should read "The *bottom* of my conscience." Thus *Holinshed*, whom the poet follows pretty accurately :—"Which words, once conceived within the secret *bottom* of my *conscience*, ingendred such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinently accombred and vexed, and disquieted."—*Henry VIII.* p. 907.

Shakespeare uses the phrase in *King Henry VI. Part I.*

"The very *bottom* and the soul of hope."

It is repeated in *King Henry VI. Part II.* ; in *Measure for Measure* ; *All's Well that Ends Well* ; *Coriolanus*, &c.

Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not  
 Be gladdened in't by me : Then follows, that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me  
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling<sup>15</sup> in  
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
 Now present here together ; that's to say,  
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which  
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
 And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private  
 With you, my lord of Lincoln ; you remember  
 How under my oppression I did reek<sup>16</sup>,  
 When I first mov'd you.

*Lin.*

Very well, my liege.

*K. Hen.* I have spoke long ; be pleas'd yourself to say  
 How far you satisfied me.

*Lin.*

So please your highness,  
 The question did at first so stagger me,—  
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,  
 And consequence of dread,—that I committed  
 The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt ;  
 And did entreat your highness to this course,  
 Which you are running here.

*K. Hen.*

I then mov'd you,  
 My lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave  
 To make this present summons. ' Unsolicited  
 I left no reverend person in this court ;  
 But by particular consent proceeded,  
 Under your hands and seals : therefore, go on :

<sup>15</sup> *Thus hulling in the wild sea of my conscience.* The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull* when she is dismasted, and only her *hull* or *hulk* is left at the direction and mercy of the waves. Thus in *The Alarm for London*, 1602 :—

"And they lye *hulling up* and down the stream."

<sup>16</sup> *i. e.* *Waste, or wear away*

For no dislike i' the world against the person  
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
 Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward :  
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,  
 And kingly dignity, we are contented  
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,  
 Katharine our queen, before the primest creature  
 That's paragon'd<sup>17</sup> o' the world.

*Cam.* So please your highness,  
 The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
 That we adjourn this court till further day :  
 Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
 Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
 She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

*K. Hen.* I may perceive, [*Aside*  
 These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor  
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
 My learn'd and well beloved servant, Cranmer,  
 Pr'ythee return<sup>18</sup> ! with thy approach, I know,  
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court :  
 I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

<sup>17</sup> Shakespeare uses the verb to *paragon* both in *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Othello* :—

“If thou with Cæsar *paragon* again  
 My man of men.”

“A maid

That *paragons* description and wild fame.”

<sup>18</sup> This is only an apostrophe to Cranmer, then absent on an embassy.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment.*

*The Queen, and some of her Women, at work<sup>1</sup>.*

*Queen Katharine.*

**T**AKE thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad  
 with troubles ;  
 Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst : leave  
 working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
 And the mountain tops, that freeze,  
 Bow themselves, when he did sing :  
 To his musick, plants and flowers  
 Ever sprung ; as sun and showers  
 There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,  
 Even the billows of the sea,  
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
 In sweet musick is such art ;  
 Killing care, and grief of heart,  
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Q. Kath.* How now !

*Gent.* An't please your grace, the two great cardinals

<sup>1</sup> Cavendish, who appears to have been present at this interview of the cardinal with the queen, says, "She came out of her privy chamber with a skein of white thread about her neck into the chamber of presence." A subsequent speech of the queen is nearly conformable to what is related in Cavendish, and copied by Holinshed.

Wait in the presence<sup>2</sup>.

*Q. Kath.* Would they speak with me?

*Gent.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Q. Kath.* Pray their graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?  
I do not like their coming; now I think on't,  
They should be good men; their affairs<sup>3</sup> as righteous:  
But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness!

*Q. Kath.* Your graces find me here part of a housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw  
Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Q. Kath.* Speak it here;  
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
Deserves a corner: 'would, all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!  
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy  
Above a number), if my actions  
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,  
Envy and base opinion set against them,  
I know my life so even: If your business

<sup>2</sup> *The presence, i. e. presence chamber.*

<sup>3</sup> "Being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods make not monks." In allusion to the Latin proverb—*Cucullus non facit monachum*, to which Chaucer also alludes:—

"*Habite ne maketh monke ne frere;*  
But a clene life and devotion,  
Maketh gode men of religion."

Remember in my prayers.

*K. Hen.*

Charles, good night.

[*Exit* *SUFFOLK.*]

*Enter* *SIR ANTONY DENNY*<sup>10</sup>.

Well, sir, what follows?

*Den.* Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,  
As you commanded me.

*K. Hen.* Ha! Canterbury?

*Den.* Ay, my good lord.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

*Den.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Bring him to us.

[*Exit* *DENNY.*]

*Lov.* This is about that which the bishop spake:  
I am happily<sup>11</sup> come hither.

[*Aside.*]

*Re-enter* *DENNY, with* *CRANMER.*

*K. Hen.*

Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL seems to stay.*]

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!—

[*Exeunt* *LOVELL and* *DENNY.*]

*Cran.* I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?  
Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

*K. Hen.* How now, my lord? You do desire to  
know

Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cran.*

It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

[*Kneels.*]

*K. Hen.*

'Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;

<sup>10</sup> The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs, &c. 1563.

<sup>11</sup> *Happily*, i. e. *luckily, opportunely*. Vide note 2, p. 102.



Both of his truth and him (which was too far),  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
His service and his counsel.

*Q. Kath.* To betray me. [*Aside.*  
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,  
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)  
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,  
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour  
(More near my life, I fear), with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking  
Either for such men, or such business.  
For her sake that I have been<sup>6</sup> (for I feel  
The last fit of my greatness), good your graces,  
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;  
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with these  
fears;  
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Q. Kath.* In England,  
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure  
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest),  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh<sup>7</sup> out my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
In mine own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would, your grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

<sup>6</sup> *For her sake that I have been, i. e. for the sake of that royalty which I have heretofore possessed.*

<sup>7</sup> *Weigh out for out-weigh. In Macbeth we have overcome for come over.*

*Q. Kath.*

How, sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's protection ;

He's loving, and most gracious ; 'twill be much  
Both for your honour better, and your cause ;  
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,  
You'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wol.*

He tells you rightly.

*Q. Kath.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my  
ruin :

Is this your Christian counsel ? out upon ye !  
Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a judge,  
That no king can corrupt.

*Cam.*

Your rage mistakes us.

*Q. Kath.* The more shame for ye ! holy men I  
thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues :  
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye :  
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?  
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady ?  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
I have more charity : But say, I warn'd ye ;  
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once  
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction ;  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Q. Kath.* Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,  
And all such false professors ! Would ye have me  
(If you have any justice, any pity ;  
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?  
Alas ! he has banish'd me his bed already ;  
His love too long ago : I am old, my lords,  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
Is only my obedience. What can happen

To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies  
Make me a curse like this.

*Cam.* Your fears are worse

*Q. Kath.* Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak  
myself,

Since virtue finds no friends), a wife, a true one?

A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory),

Never yet branded with suspicion?

Have I with all my full affections

Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd  
him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?

Almost forgot my prayers to content him?

And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.

Bring me a constant woman to her husband,

One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;

And to that woman, when she has done most,

Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title

Your master wed me to: nothing but death

Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* 'Pray, hear me.

*Q. Kath.* 'Would I had never trod this English  
earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces<sup>8</sup>, but heaven knows your hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?

I am the most unhappy woman living.

Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her Women.*

<sup>8</sup> This is an allusion to the old jingle of *Angli* and *Angeli*. Thus Nashe in his *Anatomy of Absurdity*, 1589:—"For my part I meane to suspend my sentence, and let an author of late memorie be my speaker; who affirmeth that they carry *angels* in *their faces*, and *devils* in *their devices*."

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
 No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me,  
 Almost, no grave allow'd me. Like the lily,  
 That once was mistress of the field<sup>9</sup>, and flourish'd,  
 I'll hang my head, and perish.

*Vol.*

If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
 You'd feel more comfort : why should we, good lady,  
 Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas ! our places,  
 The way of our profession is against it ;  
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.  
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;  
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly  
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage  
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
 So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits,  
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms<sup>10</sup>.  
 I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,  
 A soul as even as a calm : pray, think us  
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your  
 virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,  
 As yours was put into you, ever casts  
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves  
 you ;

Beware, you lose it not : For us, if you please  
 To trust us in your business, we are ready  
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

<sup>9</sup> "The lily lady of the flow'ring field."

*Spenser, F. Q. b. ii. c. vi. st. 16.*

<sup>10</sup> It was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex, by his ungrateful kinsman Sir Francis Bacon, when that nobleman, to the disgrace of humanity, was obliged by a junto of his enemies to kneel at the end of the council table for several hours, that in the letter written during his retirement in 1598 to the lord keeper, he had said, "There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince."

*Q. Kath.* Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray  
 forgive me,  
 If I have us'd myself unmannerly;  
 You know, I am a woman, lacking wit  
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
 Pray, do my service to his majesty:  
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,  
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,  
 Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,  
 That little thought, when she set footing here,  
 She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Antechamber to the King's Apartment.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints  
 And force<sup>1</sup> them with a constancy, the cardinal  
 Cannot stand under them: If you omit  
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise,  
 But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
 With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
 To meet the least occasion, that may give me  
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
 To be reveng'd on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
 Have unctemn'd gone by him, or at least  
 Strangely neglected? when did he regard  
 The stamp of nobleness in any person,

<sup>1</sup> *Force* is *enforce*, *urge*. So in *Measure for Measure*:—

“Has he affections in him  
 That thus can make him bite the law by the nose  
 When he would *force* it.”

Out of himself ?

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures.  
What he deserves of you and me, I know ;  
What we can do to him (though now the time  
Gives way to us), I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the king in his tongue.

*Nor.* O, fear him not ;  
His spell in that is out : the king hath found  
Matter against him, that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*Sur.* Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true.  
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,  
As I would wish mine enemy.

*Sur.* How came  
His practices to light ?

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* O, how ? how ?

*Suf.* The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,  
And came to the eye o' the king : wherein was read,  
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgment o' the divorce : For if  
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*  
*My king is tangled in affection to*  
*A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.*

*Sur.* Has the king this ?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work ?

*Cham.* The king in this perceives him, how he  
coasts,

And hedges, his own way<sup>2</sup>. But in this point  
 All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick  
 After his patient's death : the king already  
 Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* 'Would he had !

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord !  
 For, I profess, you have it.

*Sur.* Now all my joy  
 Trace<sup>3</sup> the conjunction !

*Suf.* My amen to't !

*Nor.* All men's.

*Suf.* There's order given for her coronation :  
 Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
 To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,  
 She is a gallant creature, and complete  
 In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her  
 Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
 In it be memoriz'd<sup>4</sup>.

*Sur.* But, will the king  
 Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?  
 The Lord forbid !

*Nor.* Marry, amen !

*Suf.* No, no ;  
 There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,  
 Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
 Is stollen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;

<sup>2</sup> To *coast* is to *hover about*, to *pursue a sidelong course about a thing*. To *hedge* is to *creep along by the hedge*, not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions.

<sup>3</sup> May all the joy I now feel attend upon this union. To *trace* is to *follow*. Thus in Macbeth :—

“ All unfortunate souls  
 That *trace* him in his line.”

The form of Surrey's wish had been anticipated by Richmond in King Richard III. *sc.* ult.—

“ Smile he *aven* upon this fair conjunction !”

<sup>4</sup> To *memorize* is to *make memorable*. Thus in Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 2 :—

“ Or *memorize* another Golgotha.”

Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and  
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you  
The king cried Ha ! at this.

*Cham.* Now, God incense him,  
And let him cry Ha, louder !

*Nor.* But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer ?

*Suf.* He is return'd, in his opinions ; which  
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom<sup>5</sup> : Shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Katharine no more  
Shall be call'd queen ; but princess dowager,  
And widow to Prince Arthur.

*Nor.* This same Cranmer's  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the king's business.

*Suf.* He has : and we shall see him  
For it, an archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so.

The cardinal—

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

*Nor.* Observe, observe, he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king ?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o' the inside of the paper ?

<sup>5</sup> As the passage stands, Suffolk seems to say, Cranmer is returned in his opinions, i. e. with the same sentiments which he entertained before he went abroad, which (sentiments) have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges referred to on the occasion. Or perhaps we should read "*with his opinions.*" But as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, it may mean, He is returned in effect, having sent his opinions, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him.



*Crom.* Presently  
He did unseal them ; and the first he view'd,  
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed  
Was in his countenance : You, he bade  
Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready  
To come abroad ?

*Crom.* I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me a while. [*Exit CROMWELL.*]  
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,  
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.  
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :  
There is more in't than fair visage.—Bullen !  
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish  
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke !

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the king  
Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,  
Lord, for thy justice !

*Wol.* The late queen's gentlewoman ; a knight's  
daughter,  
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !  
This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;  
Then, out it goes. What though I know her virtuous,  
And well deserving ? yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of  
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up  
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer ; one  
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,  
And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He is vex'd at something.

*Sur.* I would 'twere something that would fret the  
string,  
The master-cord of his heart !

*Enter the King, reading a Schedule<sup>6</sup>; and Lovell.*

*Suf.* The king, the king.

*K. Hen.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour  
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,  
Does he rake this together ! Now, my lords ;  
Saw you the cardinal ?

*Nor.* My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him : Some strange commotion  
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight  
Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again<sup>7</sup>,  
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts  
His eye against the moon : in most strange postures  
We have seen him set himself.

*K. Hen.* It may well be ;  
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I requir'd : And, wot you what I found  
There ; on my conscience, put unwittingly ?  
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which  
I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks  
Possession of a subject.

*Nor.* It's heaven's will ;  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,

<sup>6</sup> That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakespeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See the story related of Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, in Holinshed, p. 796 and 797.

<sup>7</sup> Sallust, describing the disturbed state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance :—"Citius modo, modo tardus incessus."

To bless your eye withal.

*K. Hen.* If we did think

His contemplation were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL,  
*who goes to* WOLSEY.

*Wol.* Heaven forgive me!

Ever God bless your highness!

*K. Hen.* Good my lord,  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind; the which  
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,  
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

*Wol.* Sir,

For holy offices I have a time; a time  
To think upon the part of business, which  
I bear i' the state; and nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendance to.

*K. Hen.* You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your highness yoke together,  
As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well saying!

*K. Hen.* 'Tis well said again;  
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:  
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:  
He said he did; and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you<sup>s</sup>. Since I had my office,

<sup>s</sup> So in Macbeth:—"To crown my thoughts with acts.

I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
But par'd my present havings, to bestow  
My bounties upon you.

*Wol.* What should this mean ?

*Sur.* The Lord increase this business ! [*Aside.*

*K. Hen.* Have I not made you  
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,  
If what I now pronounce, you have found true :  
And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us or no. What say you ?

*Wol.* My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
My studied purposes requite ; which went  
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires,  
Yet, filed with my abilities<sup>9</sup>: Mine own ends  
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person, and  
The profit of the state. For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;  
My prayers to heaven for you ; my loyalty,  
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
Till death, that winter, kill it.

*K. Hen.* Fairly answer'd ;  
A loyal and obedient subject is  
Therein illustrated. The honour of it  
Does pay the act of it : as, i' the contrary,  
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,  
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more  
On you, than any ; so your hand and heart,  
Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,

<sup>9</sup> Yet filed with my abilities, i. e. equalled or kept pace with. The folio reads erroneously *fill'd*.

As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.* I do profess,  
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own; that I am true, and will be<sup>10</sup>  
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul: though perils did  
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and  
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty  
(As doth a rock against the chiding flood,)  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours<sup>11</sup>.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis nobly spoken:  
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this;  
[*Giving him papers.*]

And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with  
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon CARDINAL WOLSEY:  
the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whis-  
pering.*]

<sup>10</sup> The folio reads:— "I do professe  
That for your Highnesse good, I ever labour'd  
More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be  
(Though all the world should cracke their duty to you.)"

This last line being made the commencement of an unconscionably long parenthesis ending with the word *horrid*. All have concurred in treating the passage as corrupt; but no remedy has been proposed that could be entertained for a moment. The printer or transcriber mistook the word *true* for *haue*, and omitted *I* before *am*. The correction of this palpable error redeems a fine passage hitherto entirely unintelligible. It should be remarked that in the old copy there is no stop at *will be*, where in most modern editions we have a period, unequivocally showing that the old parenthesis was an absurd mistake.

<sup>11</sup> "Ille velut pelagi rupes remota, resistit."—*Æn.* vii. 586.  
Thus in Shakespeare's 116th Sonnet:—

"It is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken."  
The *chiding* flood is the resounding flood. To *chide*, to *bubble*,  
and to *brawl*, were synonymous.

*Wol.* What should this mean?  
 What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?  
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
 Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion  
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;  
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;  
 I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;  
 This paper has undone me: 'Tis the account  
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,  
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil  
 Made me put this main secret in the packet  
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
 No new device to beat this from his brains?  
 I know 'twill stir him strongly: yet I know  
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*  
 The letter, as I live, with all the business  
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness<sup>12</sup>;  
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK<sup>13</sup> and SUFFOLK,  
 the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you

<sup>12</sup> Thus in Marlowe's *King Edward II.*—

"Base fortune, now I see that in thy wheel  
 There is a point to which when men aspire  
 They tumble headlong down. *That point I touch'd;*  
 And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,  
 Why should I grieve at my declining fall?"

<sup>13</sup> The time of this play is from 1521, just before the Duke of Buckingham's commitment, to 1533, when Elizabeth was born

To render up the great seal presently  
 Into our hands ; and to confine yourself  
 To Asher-house<sup>14</sup>, my Lord of Winchester's,  
 Till you hear further from his highness.

*Wol.*

Stay,

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry  
 Authority so weighty.

*Suf.*

Who dare cross them?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

*Wol.* Till I find more than will, or words to do it<sup>15</sup>

(I mean your malice), know, officious lords,

I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,

As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton

Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!

Follow your envious courses, men of malice;

You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal

You ask with such a violence, the king

and christened. The Duke of Norfolk, therefore, who is introduced in the first scene of the first act, or in 1522, is not the same person who here, or in 1529, demands the great seal from Wolsey; for the former died in 1525. Having thus made two persons into one, so the poet has on the contrary made one person into two. The Earl of Surrey here is the same who married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, as he himself tells us: but Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, who married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, was at this time the individual above mentioned, Duke of Norfolk. Cavendish, and the chroniclers who copied from him, mention only the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk being sent to demand the great seal. The reason for adding a third and fourth person is not very apparent.

<sup>14</sup> *Asher* was the ancient name of *Esher*, in Surrey. Shakespeare forgot that Wolsey was himself Bishop of Winchester, having succeeded Bishop Fox in 1528, holding the see in commendam. *Esher* was one of the episcopal palaces belonging to that see. Some portion of the building still exists.

<sup>15</sup> That is, *Till I find more than* (your malicious) *will and words to do it, I dare and must deny it.*

(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me :  
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters patents : Now, who'll take it ?

*Sur.* The king that gave it.

*Wol.* It must be himself then.

*Sur.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest ;  
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals  
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)  
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !  
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;  
Far from his succour, from the king, from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;  
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolv'd him with an axe.

*Wol.* This, and all else  
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer, is most false. The duke by law  
Found his deserts : how innocent I was  
From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,  
You have as little honesty as honour ;  
That I<sup>16</sup>, in the way of loyalty and truth  
Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
And all that love his follies.

<sup>16</sup> *I*, which is necessary to the sense of the passage, is not in the old copy, it was added by Theobald. Two lines lower, to *mate*, is to *equal*.



*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou should'st  
feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded<sup>17</sup> by a piece of scarlet,  
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap, like larks<sup>18</sup>.

*Wol.* All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets,  
You writ to the pope, against the king : your goodness,  
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.  
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state  
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,  
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life.—I'll startle you  
Worse than the sacring bell<sup>19</sup>, when the brown wench

<sup>17</sup> i. e. *overcrowded, overmastered*. The force of this term may be best understood from a proverb given by Cotgrave, in v. Rosse, a *jade*. “Il n'est si bon cheval qui n'en deviendrait *rosse* : It would anger a saint, or *crestfall* the best man living to be so used.” Thus in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 1.—

“The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia

We have *jaded* out o' the field.”

<sup>18</sup> *And dare us with his cap, like larks*. A cardinal's hat is scarlet, and the method of daring larks is by small mirrors on scarlet cloth, which scaring the birds makes them crouch while the fowler draws his nets over them. The same thought occurs in Skelton's *Why come ye not to Court?* a satire on Wolsey:—

“The red hat with his lure

Bringeth all things under cure.”

<sup>19</sup> The little bell which is rung to give notice of the elevation

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal<sup>20</sup>.

*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise this  
man,

But that I am bound in charity against it !

*Nor.* Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :  
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.* So much fairer,  
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,  
When the king knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you ;  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,  
You'll show a little honesty.

*Wol.* Speak on, sir :  
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,  
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I'd rather want those, than my head. Have  
at you.

First, that without the king's assent, or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*Nor.* Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*  
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king  
To be your servant.

*Suf.* Then, that, without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went

of the Host, and other offices of the Romish Church, is called the *sacring* or consecration bell. Thus in Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584 ;—"He heard a little *sacring bell* ring to the elevation of a to-morrow mass."

<sup>20</sup> The amorous propensities of Cardinal Wolsey, who left two natural sons, are much dwelt upon in Roy's *Satire* against him, printed in the Supplement to Mr. Park's edition of the *Harleian Miscellany*. But it was a common topic of invective against the clergy ; all came under the censure, and many no doubt richly deserved it.

Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,  
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

*Suf.* That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin<sup>21</sup>.

*Sur.* Then, that you have sent innumerable substance

(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience),

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities; to the mere<sup>22</sup> undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.* O my lord,  
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:  
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,  
Because all those things, you have done of late  
By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*<sup>23</sup>;  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,

<sup>21</sup> "This was one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege. See Snelling's View of the Silver Coin of England."—*Douce*.

<sup>22</sup> *Mere*, i. e. *absolute*.

<sup>23</sup> The judgment in a writ of *præmunire* (a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*) is, that the defendant shall be out of the king's protection; and his lands and tenements, goods and chattels

Chattels<sup>24</sup>, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the king's protection :—This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
About the giving back the great seal to us,  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank  
you.

So fare you well, my little-good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*

*Wol.* So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
This is the state of man ; To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him<sup>25</sup>  
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;  
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory ;  
But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;  
I feel my heart new open'd. O ! how wretched  
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

forfeited to the king ; and that his body shall remain in prison  
at the king's pleasure.

<sup>24</sup> The folio erroneously prints *castles*. The mistake was easy  
in the passage of Holinshed which Shakespeare seems to have  
used the word is spelt *cattels*.

<sup>25</sup> Thus in Shakespeare's twenty-fifth Sonnet :—

“ Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,  
But as the marigold in the sun's eye ;  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.”

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin<sup>26</sup>,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again<sup>27</sup>.

*Enter CROMWELL, amazedly*<sup>28</sup>.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.* What ! amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,  
 A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,  
 I am fallen indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace ?

*Wol.* Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
 I know myself now ; and I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities,  
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,  
 I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
 A load would sink a navy,—too much honour :  
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,  
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

*Crom.* I am glad, your grace has made that right  
 use of it.

<sup>26</sup> *Their ruin is their displeasure*, producing the downfall and ruin of him on whom it lights. Thus in a former passage :—

“ He parted frowning from me as if ruin  
 Leap'd from his eyes.”

<sup>27</sup> Thomas Storer, in his *Metrical Life of Wolsey*, 1599, has a similar image :—

“ If once we fall, we fall Colossus-like,  
 We fall at once, like pillars of the sunne.”

And Churchyard, in his *Legend of Cardinal Wolsey*, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587 :—

“ Your fault not half so great as was my pride,  
 For which offence fell *Lucifer* from the skies.”

<sup>28</sup> The old stage-direction is *standing amazed*.

*Wol.* I hope I have : I am able now, methinks  
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),  
To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer<sup>29</sup>.  
What news abroad ?

*Crom.* The heaviest and the worst  
Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him !

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden :  
But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears<sup>30</sup> wept on 'em !  
What more ?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,  
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed !

*Crom.* Last, that the Lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was view'd in open<sup>31</sup>, as his queen,  
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now

<sup>29</sup> So in King Henry VI. Part II.—

“ More can I bear, than you dare execute.”  
And in Othello :—

“ Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,  
As I have to be hurt.”

<sup>30</sup> The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. Steevens has adduced an Epigram of Martial, in which the Heliades are said to “weep a tomb of tears” over a viper. v. Lib. iv. Epig. 59. Drummond, in his Teares for the Death of Moeliades, has the same conceit :—

“ The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their teares  
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appears.”

There is a similar thought in King Richard II. Act iii. Sc. 3.

<sup>31</sup> In open is a Latinism. “ Et castris in aperto positus.” Liv. i. 33 ; i. e. in a place exposed on all sides to view

Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell !

The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever :  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles<sup>32</sup>. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;  
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master : Seek the king ;  
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him  
What, and how true thou art : he will advance  
thee ;

Some little memory of me will stir him  
(I know his noble nature) not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not , make use<sup>33</sup> now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

*Crom.*

O, my lord,

Must I then leave you ? Must I needs forego  
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.  
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers  
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

<sup>32</sup> The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the authentic copy of Cavendish, was *five hundred*. Cavendish's work, though written soon after the death of Wolsey, was not printed till 1641, and then in a most unfaithful and garbled manner, the object of the publication having been to render Laud odious, by showing how far church power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. In that spurious copy we read that the number of his household was *eight hundred* persons. In other MSS. and in Dr. Wordsworth's edition, we find it stated at *one hundred and eighty* persons.

<sup>33</sup> *Use*, i. e. *interest*. So in *Much Ado About Nothing* :—

“ I gave him *use* for it.”

In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;  
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee ;  
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in ;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition<sup>34</sup> ;  
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?  
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate  
     thee ;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues : be just, and fear not :  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-  
     well,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;  
 And——Pr'ythee, lead me in :  
 There take an inventory of all I have<sup>35</sup>,  
 To the last penny : 'tis the king's : my robe,  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

<sup>34</sup> *Ambition* here means a *criminal and inordinate ambition*, that endeavours to obtain honours unsuited to the state of a subject. Wolsey does not mean to condemn every kind of ambition, for in a preceding line he says he will instruct Cromwell how to *rise*.

<sup>35</sup> This inventory still exists among the Harleian MSS. No. 599. Some of the particulars may be seen in Stow's Chronicle, p. 546, ed. 1631. See also Mr Ellis's Historical Letters, vol. ii p. 15.



I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies <sup>36</sup>

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewell  
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *A Street in Westminster.*

*Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.*

*1 Gentleman.*

**Y**OU are well met once again.

*2 Gent.*

So are you.

*1 Gent.* You come to take your stand here,  
and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

<sup>36</sup> This was actually said by the cardinal when on his death-bed in a conversation with Sir William Kingston. The whole of which is very interesting:—"Well, well, Master Kingston," quoth he, "I see the matter against me how it is framed, but *if I had served my God as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs.* Howbeit this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do him service; only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty."

When Samrah, deputy governor of Bassorah, was deposed by Moawryah, the sixth caliph, he is reported to have expressed himself in the same manner:—"If I had served God so well as I served him, he would never have condemned me to all eternity." A similar sentiment also occurs in *The Earle of Murton's Tragedie*, by Churchyard, 1593. Antonio Perez, the disgraced favourite, made the same complaint. Mr. Douce has also pointed out a remarkable passage in Pittscottie's *History of Scotland*, p. 261, edit. 1788, in which there is a great resemblance to these pathetic words of the cardinal. James V. imagined that Sir James Hamilton addressed him thus in a dream:—"Though I was a sinner against God, I failed not to thee. Had I been as good a servant to the Lord my God as I was to thee, I had not died that death."

2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,  
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true : but that time offer'd sorrow ;  
This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well : The citizens,  
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds<sup>1</sup>,  
(As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward)  
In celebration of this day with shows,  
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater,  
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand ?

1 *Gent.* Yes ; 'tis the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day,  
By custom of the coronation.  
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high steward ; next, the duke of Norfolk,  
He to be earl marshal : you may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir ; had I not known those  
customs,  
I should have been beholding<sup>2</sup> to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager ? how goes her business ?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Ampthill, where the princess lay ; to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not :  
And, to be short, for not appearance, and  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent

<sup>1</sup> *Royal* minds are minds well affected to the king. So in King Henry IV. Part II. Act iv. Sc. 1. "*Royal* faith" for loyalty or faith due to a king. See vol. v. p. 226, note 25.

<sup>2</sup> See note 2, Act i. Sc. 4 of this Play.

Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,  
 And the late marriage<sup>3</sup> made of none effect :  
 Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,  
 Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady ! [*Trumpets.*  
 The trumpets sound ; stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

*A lively flourish of Trumpets ; [then enter]*

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [*Musick.*
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter,*  
*in his coat of arms, and on his head he wore a*  
*gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head*  
*a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of*  
*Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove,*  
*crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on*  
*his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-*  
*steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with*  
*the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head.*  
*Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports ; under*  
*it, the Queen in her robe ; in her hair richly adorn-*  
*ed with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the*  
*Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold,*  
*wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of*  
*gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me. These I know ;  
 Who's that, that bears the sceptre ?

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the marriage lately considered as valid.

1 *Gent.* Marquess Dorset :  
And that the earl of Surrey with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman : That should be  
The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same ; high steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk ?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee ! [*Looking on the Queen.*  
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—  
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;  
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,  
And more, and richer, when he strains<sup>4</sup> that lady ;  
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear  
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons  
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all, are  
near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,  
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars,  
indeed ;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of  
Trumpets.*<sup>5</sup>

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

God save you, sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

<sup>4</sup> *Strain* is here used in the sense of the Latin *comprimere* :  
"Virgo ex eo compressu gravida facta est." So Chapman in his  
version of the Twenty-first Iliad :—

"Bright Peribœa, whom the flood, &c.

*Compress'd.*"

<sup>5</sup> In the folio the stage-direction follows the description of the  
procession, thus, "Exeunt, first passing over the stage in order  
and state, and then a great flourish of trumpets."

3 *Gent.* Among the<sup>n</sup> she was divorc'd,  
                   finger                   made of none effect :  
 Could not be wedg'd in m<sup>e</sup>ed to Kimbolton,  
 With the mere rankness of th<sup>e</sup>.

2 *Gent.*   lady ! [*Trumpets.*  
 The ceremony ?                                   Queen is coming.

3 *Gent.*                   That I did.

1 *Gent.*   How was it ?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.*   Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream<sup>6</sup>  
 Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen  
 To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off  
 A distance from her ; while her grace sate down  
 To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,  
 In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
 The beauty of her person to the people.  
 Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
 That ever lay by man : which when the people  
 Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
 As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
 As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks  
 (Doublets, I think) flew up ; and had their faces  
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
 I never saw before. Great bellied women,  
 That had not half a week to go, like rams<sup>7</sup>  
 In the old time of war, would shake the press<sup>8</sup>,  
 And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living

<sup>6</sup> "Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis  
 Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam."

*Virg. Georg.* ii. 461.

"Foribus cum immissa superbis  
 Unda fremit vulgi."

*Stat. Theb.* v. 223.

Thus in Timon of Athens:—

"This *confluence*, this great *flood* of visitors.

<sup>7</sup> *Rams*, i. e. *battering rams*:—

"Labat *ariete* crebro  
 Janua . . . ."

<sup>8</sup> The *press*, i. e. the *crowd* formerly spelt *prease*.

Could say, *This is my wife*, there ; all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.*

But what follow'd ?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest  
paces

Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and, saintlike,  
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.  
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :  
When by the archbishop of Canterbury  
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;  
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,  
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,  
And with the same ful. state pac'd back again  
To York Place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.*

Sir, you

Must no more call it York Place, that is past :  
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost ;  
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 *Gent.*

I know it ;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name  
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.*

What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one, of Win-  
chester

(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary),  
The other, London.

2 *Gent.*

He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.*

All the land knows that .

However, yet there's no great breach ; when it comes,  
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may<sup>t</sup> that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell ;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly

A worthy friend. The king

Has made him master o<sup>t</sup> the jewel-house,

And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which

Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests ;

Something I can command. As I walk thither,

I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II<sup>1</sup>. Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick ; led between*

*GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.*

*Grif.* How does your grace ?

*Kath.* O, Griffith, sick to death :

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burden : Reach a chair ;

So, now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,

That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,

Was dead ?

*Grif.* Yes, madam ; but, I think, your grace,

Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

*Kath.* Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> This scene, says Johnson, is above any other part of Shakespeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet ; tender and pathetic, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantic circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation and without any throes of tumultuous misery.

<sup>2</sup> *Happily* is sometimes used by Shakespeare for *happily, peradventure* ; as in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv. Sc. 4. :—

For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam :  
For after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward  
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,  
He could not sit his mule<sup>3</sup>.

*Kath.* Alas ! poor man !

*Grif.* At last, with easy rodes<sup>4</sup>, he came to Leicester,  
Lodg'd in the Abbey ; where the reverend abbot,  
With all his convent, honourably received him ;  
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*  
*An old man, broken with the storms of state,*  
*Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;*  
*Give him a little earth for charity !*

So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness  
Pursued him still ; and, three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight (which he himself  
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

*Kath.* So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !  
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity,—He was a man

“ Old Gremio is heark'ning still,  
And *happily* we might be interrupted.”

But it here more probably means *opportunistly*.

<sup>3</sup> Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark perhaps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey “rode like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups.” And Roy, in the Satire already quoted, says:—

“Doth he then use on mules to ride?  
Ye, and that with so shameful pride  
That to tell it is not possible.”

*Rodes*, here, is the same as *courses*, *stages*, or *journeys*. It is the past participle of *ride*, from whence also was formed out-*rodes*, in-*rodes*, &c.



Of an unbounded stomach<sup>5</sup>, ever ranking  
 Himself with princes, one, that by suggestion  
 Tithed all the kingdom; His own opinion was his law<sup>6</sup>; simony was fair play;  
 He would say untruths; and be ever double,  
 Both in his words and meaning: He was never,  
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:  
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
 Of his own body he was ill<sup>7</sup>, and gave  
 The clergy ill example.

I'll tell ye more

Noble madam,

*Both.*

Ministers live in brass; their virtues  
 are in brass;—I beseech your highness  
 speak his good now?

*Kath.*

Yes, good Griffith,

I were malicious else.

*Grif.*

This cardinal,

<sup>5</sup> *Of an unbounded stomach, i. e. of unbounded pride or haughtiness.* Thus Holinshed—"This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he computed himself equal with princes, and by crafty suggestions got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simony, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evil example." Ed. 1587, p. 922.

<sup>6</sup> The old copy has:—

"One that by suggestion

*Ty'd* all the kingdom.

*Suggestion* here, I think, means wicked *prompting*. It is used in this sense in *The Tempest*. I have no doubt that we should read *tyth'd* instead of *ty'd*, as Dr. Farmer proposed, and as the passage quoted from Holinshed warrants. The word *tythes* was not exclusively used to signify the emoluments of the clergy. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*:—

"Why, sir, the kingdom's his; and no man now

Can come to Corinth, or from Corinth go,

Without his license; he puts up *the tithes*

*Of every office* through Achaia."

<sup>7</sup> To be ill, evil, or naught of body, was to be addicted to women to be lewd in life and manners.

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle<sup>8</sup>.  
 He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one ;  
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :  
 Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;  
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer  
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting  
 (Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,  
 He was most princely : Ever witness for him  
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,  
 Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,  
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it<sup>9</sup> ;  
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;  
 And not till then, he felt himself,  
 And the blessedness of being little :  
 And greater honours to his age  
 Could give him, he died, fearing God<sup>10</sup>.

This passage has been absurdly pointed in the Variorum and most modern editions. Though Theobald had long since reformed it:—

“ This cardinal, &c.

Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle  
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.”

<sup>9</sup> *Unwilling to outlive the good that did it.*

*Good* here stands for *goodness*, as in the passage just above:—

“ May it please your highness

To hear me speak his *good* now ? ”

<sup>10</sup> This speech is formed on the following passage in Holinshed :—“ This cardinal (as Edmund Campion in his *Historie of Ireland* described him) was a man undoubtedly born to honour ; I think (saith he) some prince's bastard, no butcher's sonne ; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie, loftie to his enemies, were they never so bigge, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous ; a ripe schooleman, thrall to affections, brought a bed with flatterie ; insaciable to get, and more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
 No other speaker of my living actions,  
 To keep mine honour from corruption,  
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,  
 Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—  
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:  
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,  
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

*Sad and solemn musick.*

*Grif.* She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down  
 quiet,  
 For fear we wake her:—Softly, gentle Patience.

*The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curt'sies; then the two that held the garland, deliver the*

with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth, for an house of studentes (considering all the appurtenances) incomparable throughout Christendome.—He held and enjoied at once the bishoprickes of Yorke, Duresme, and Winchester, the dignities of lord cardinall, legatt, and chancellor, the abbaie of St. Albans, diverse priories, sundrie fat benefices *in commendam*; a great prefferer of his servants, an advauncer of learning, stoute in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow: wherin he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed.”  
 We have a similar thought in *Macbeth*:—

“Nothing in his life  
 Became him like the leaving it.”

*same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.*

*Kath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye<sup>11</sup>?

*Grif.* Madam, we are here.

*Kath.* It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

*Grif.* None, madam,

*Kath.* No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
They promis'd me eternal happiness;  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,  
Assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy.

*Kath.* Bid the musick leave,  
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*

*Pat.* Do you note,  
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,  
And of an earthly color? Mark her eyes!

*Grif.* She is going, wench; pray, pray.

*Pat.* Heaven comfort her!

<sup>11</sup> Gray had probably this passage in his mind when he made his bard exclaim on a similar occasion:—

“Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn  
Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn.”

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* An't like your grace,—

*Kath.* You are a saucy fellow:  
Deserve we no more reverence?

*Grif.* You are to blame,  
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel<sup>12</sup>.

*Mess.* I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;  
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

*Kath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow  
Let me ne'er see again.

*[Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.]*

*Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

*Cap.* Madam, the same, your servant.

*Kath.* O my lord,  
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely  
With me, since first you knew me: But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me

<sup>12</sup> Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, and the Pope's curse stuck up at Dunkirk, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as *queen* but as *princess dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants. See Hall's Chronicle, fol. 219. Bishop Burnet says that all the women about her still called her queen.—*Hist. of the Reformation*, p. 162.

Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Kath.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;  
'Tis like a pardon after execution :  
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me  
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his highness ?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Kath.* So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom ! Patience, is that letter,  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

*Pat.* No, madam.

[*Giving it to KATHARINE.*

*Kath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king<sup>13</sup>.

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Kath.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model<sup>14</sup> of our chaste loves, his young daughter<sup>15</sup> :  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !

<sup>13</sup> "Perceiving hir selfe to waxe verie weake and feeble, and to feele death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto hir ; and further desired him to have consideration of hir gentlewomen that had served hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further, that it would please him to appoint that hir servants might have their due wages, and a yeares wages beside."—*Holinshed*, p. 939. This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Vergil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history. Lord Herbert has given a translation of it in his *History of King Henry VIII.*

<sup>14</sup> *Model*, it has been already observed, signified, in the language of our ancestors, a *representation* or *image*. Thus in *The London Prodigal*, 1609 :—

"Dear copy of my husband ! O let me kiss thee !

[*Kissing a picture.*

How like him is this *model* ?"

See note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv. Sc. 3, and *King John*, Act v. Sc. 7.

<sup>15</sup> *His young daughter*, afterwards *Queen Mary*.

Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding  
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;  
I hope, she will deserve well) ; and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
Is that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow  
(And now I should not lie), but will deserve,  
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty, and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be<sup>16</sup> a noble ;  
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.  
The last is, for my men : they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw them from me ;  
That they may have their wages duly paid them,  
And something over to remember me by ;  
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,  
And able means, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole contents ; And, good my lord,  
By that you love the dearest in this world,  
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,  
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
To do me this last right.

*Cap.*

By heaven, I will ;

Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

*Kath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
In all humility unto his highness ;  
Say, his long trouble now is passing  
Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,  
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,  
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ;  
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,

<sup>16</sup> *Let him be, i. e. even if he should be.*


Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over  
 With maiden-flowers, that all the world may know  
     was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,  
 Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like  
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
 I can no more.      [*Exeunt, leading KATHARINE*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Gallery in the Palace.*

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with  
 a Torch before him.*

*Gardiner.*

 T'S one o'clock, boy, is't not ?

*Boy.*

It hath struck.

*Gar.* These should be hours for necessities,  
 Not for delights<sup>1</sup> : times to repair our nature  
 With comforting repose, and not for us  
 To waste these times.

*Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas !

Whither so late ?

*Lov.* Came you from the king, my lord ?

*Gar.* I did, Sir Thomas ; and left him at primero<sup>2</sup>  
 With the duke of Suffolk.

*Lov.*

I must to him too,

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

<sup>1</sup> Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delights at which he hints seem to be the king's diversions, which keep him in attendance.

<sup>2</sup> *Primero, prime, or primavista.* A game at cards, said by some writers to be one of the oldest known in England. It is described by Duchat in his notes on Rabelais, Mr. Daines Barrington in the *Archæologia*, vol. viii. p. 132, and more fully by Mr. Nares in his Glossary, and in an Essay on the Origin of Playing Cards, 1816.



*Gar.* Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?

It seems, you are in haste : an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
Some touch<sup>3</sup> of your late business : Affairs, that walk  
(As they say, spirits do) at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature, than the business  
That seeks despatch by day.

*Lov.* My lord, I love you ;  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,

They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd,  
She'll with the labour end.

*Gar.* The fruit, she goes with,  
I pray for heartily ; that it may find  
Good time, and live ; but for the stock, Sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks I could  
Cry the amen ; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gar.* But, sir, sir,—  
Hear me, Sir Thomas : You are a gentleman  
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,  
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,  
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Some touch*, i. e. *some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late.*

<sup>4</sup> The folio erroneously has "is made master," and a few lines lower *time* for *time*.

O' the rolls, and the king's secretary : further, sir,  
 Stands in the gap and trade<sup>5</sup> of more preferments,  
 With which the time will load him : The archbishop  
 Is the king's hand and tongue ; And who dare speak  
 One syllable against him ?

*Gar.* Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
 There are that dare ; and I myself have ventur'd  
 To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day,  
 Sir (I may tell it you), I think, I have  
 Incens'd<sup>6</sup> the lords o' the council, that he is  
 (For so I know he is, they know he is)  
 A most arch heretick, a pestilence  
 That does infect the land : with which they, moved,  
 Have broken<sup>7</sup> with the king ; who hath so far  
 Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace  
 And princely care ; foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
 Our reasons laid before him), hath commanded  
 To-morrow morning to the council board  
 He be convented<sup>8</sup>. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,  
 And we must root him out. From your affairs,

<sup>5</sup> *Trade*, i. e. *course* or *way*. "*Iter pro incepto et instituto, a way, trade, or course.*"—*Cooper*. Again, in *Udal's Apothegms*, p. 75, "Althoughe it repent them of the *trade* or way that they have chosen." So in a letter from the Earl of Leicester to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, among the Conway Papers:—"But methinks she had rather you followed the *trade* you take, and did what you with your credit might." See King Richard II. Act iii Sc. 3:—

"Some way of common *trade*."

<sup>6</sup> *Incens'd* or *insensed* in this instance, and in some others, only means *instructed*, *informed* : still in use in Staffordshire. It properly signifies *to infuse into the mind*, to *prompt* or *instigate*. *Invidia stimulo mentes Patrum fodit Saturnia : Juno incenseth the senators' minds with secret envy against,*" &c.—*Cooper*.

<sup>7</sup> *Broken*, that is, *have broken silence ; told their minds to the king*. So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :—

"I am to *break* with thee of some affairs."

<sup>8</sup> *Convented*, i. e. *summoned*, *convened*. Thus in *Coriolanus* :—

"We are *convented*  
 Upon a pleasing treaty."

I hinder you too long : good night, Sir 'Thomas.

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord : I rest your servant.  
[*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the King, and the  
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.*

*K. Hen.* Charles, I will play no more to-night ;  
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*K. Hen.* But little, Charles ;  
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.  
Now Lovell, from the queen what is the news ?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman  
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks  
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness  
Most heartily to pray for her.

*K. Hen.* What say'st thou ? ha !  
To pray for her ? what, is she crying out ?

*Lov.* So said her woman ; and that her sufferance  
made  
Almost each pang a death<sup>9</sup>.

*K. Hen.* Alas, good lady !

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burden, and  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir !

*K. Hen.* 'Tis midnight, Charles,  
Pr'ythee, to bed ; and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone ;  
For I must think of that, which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night, and my good mistress will

<sup>9</sup> We have almost the same sentiment before in Act ii. Sc. 3 :—

“ It is a sufferance panging  
As soul and body's severing.”

— Queen of earthly queens :—She is noble born ;  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself towards me.

*Wol.* Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require your highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,  
There must I be unloos'd ; although not there  
At once and fully satisfied), whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your highness ; or  
Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
Induce you to the question on't ? or ever  
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might  
Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
Or touch of her good person ?

*K. Hen.* My lord cardinal,  
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,  
I free you from't. You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these  
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd :  
But will you be more justified ? you ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never  
Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
The passages made toward it. On my honour,  
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point<sup>12</sup>,  
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,  
I will be bold with time, and your attention :  
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ; give  
heed to't :—

<sup>12</sup> The king, having first addressed Wolsey, breaks off ; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question ; and clears him from any attempt or wish to stir that business.

I have news to tell you : Come, come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows :  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you : which, being consider'd,  
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us ; where, I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till further trial, in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower : You a brother of us<sup>12</sup>,  
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran.* I humbly thank your highness ;  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know,  
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,  
Than I myself, poor man. [*Kneels again*]

*K. Hen.* Stand up, good Canterbury  
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted  
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up :  
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,  
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd  
You would have given me your petition, that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you  
Without indurance<sup>13</sup>, further.

<sup>12</sup> *You a brother of us*, i. e. *you being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred.*

<sup>13</sup> *Indurance*, which Shakespeare found in Fox's narrative, means here *durance, imprisonment* : "one or two of the chiefest of the council, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his

*Cran.* Most dread liege,  
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty ;  
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh<sup>14</sup> not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

*K. Hen.* Know you not how  
Your state stands i' the world, with the whole world ?  
Your enemies are many, and not small : their prac-  
tices

Must bear the same proportion : and not ever<sup>15</sup>  
The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
The due o' the verdict with it : At what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you ? such things have been done.  
You are potently opposed ; and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween<sup>16</sup> you of better luck,  
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your Master,  
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd  
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to ;  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* God, and your majesty,  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me !

*K. Hen.* Be of good cheer ;  
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.  
Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see

*indurance*, it was rather meant for his trial and his purgation—  
than for any malice conceived against him."

<sup>14</sup> *I weigh not*, i. e. *have no value for*. Thus in Love's Labour's  
Lost :—

"You weigh me not,—O that you care not for me."

<sup>15</sup> *Not ever* is an uncommon expression, and here means not  
*always*.

<sup>16</sup> *To ween* is to *think* or *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the  
word was common to all our ancient writers. *Overweening*, its  
derivative, is still retained in the modern vocabulary.

<sup>18</sup> The humour of this passage consists in the talkative old lady, who in her hurry said it was a boy, adding *bless her* before she corrects her mistake.

*Re-enter Lovell.*

*Lov.*

Sir,

*K. Hen.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. *[Exit King.]*

*Lady.* An hundred marks! By this light I'll have more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this, the girl was like to him?

I will have more, or else unsay't: and now

While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Lobby before the Council Chamber.*

*Enter CRANMER; Servants, Doorkeeper, &c. attending.*

*Cran.* I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?

Hoa!

Who waits there?—Sure you know me?

*D. Keep.*

Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.*

Why?

*D. Keep.* Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

*Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.*

*Cran.*

So.

*Butts.* This is a piece of malice. I am glad,  
I came this way so happily. The king  
Shall understand it presently. *[Exit BUTTS.]*

*Cran. [Aside.]*

'Tis Butts,

The king's physician: As he past along,



<sup>2</sup> *Parted, i. e. shared, possessed*

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.  
 By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery :  
 Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close<sup>3</sup> ;  
 We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as Secretary.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, master secretary :  
 Why are we met in council ?

*Crom.* Please your honours,  
 The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

*Gar.* Has he had knowledge of it ?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there ?

*D. Keep.* Without, my noble lords ?

*Gar.* Yes.

*D. Keep.* My lord archbishop ;  
 And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*D. Keep.* Your grace may enter now<sup>4</sup>.

[*CRANMER approaches the Council-table.*

<sup>3</sup> That is, *the curtain of the balcony or upper stage, where the king now is.* See Malone's Account of the early English Stage, vol. iii. of the edition by Mr. Boswell.

<sup>4</sup> The old-stage-direction at the commencement of this scene is "A councell table brought in with chayres and stooles and placed under the state." Our ancestors were contented to be *told* that the same spot, without any change of its appearance (except perhaps the drawing back of a curtain) was at once the outside and the inside of the council chamber. The modern reader

*Chan.* My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry  
 To sit here at this present, and behold  
 That chair stand empty : But we all are men,  
 In our own natures frail, and capable<sup>5</sup>  
 Of our flesh ; few are angels : out of which frailty,  
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
 Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
 Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
 The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains  
 (For so we are inform'd), with new opinions,  
 Divers, and dangerous, which are heresies ;  
 And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gar.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
 My noble lords : for those that tame wild horses,  
 Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle ;  
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur  
                   them,  
 Till they obey the manage. If we suffer  
 (Out of our easiness, and childish pity  
 To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,  
 Farewell all physick : and what follows then ?  
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
 Of the whole state : as of late days, our neighbours,  
 The upper Germany<sup>6</sup>, can dearly witness,  
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

will easily conceive how this scene might *now* be represented on the stage, who has witnessed some of the ingenious and prompt scenes of metamorphoses by that admirable comedian the late Mr. Mathews.

<sup>5</sup> *Capable of our flesh*, probably means "*susceptible* of the failings inherent in humanity." Malone reads and points thus :—

" But we are all men,  
 In our natures frail, *incapable* ;  
 Of our flesh, few are angels : " &c.

This is a larger deviation from the text of the old copy than he usually allows himself, and I am not convinced that it is an improvement. I much prefer the reading Mason suggested, *culpable*.

<sup>6</sup> Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching,  
And the strong course of my authority,  
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end  
Was ever, to do well : nor is there living  
(I speak it with a single heart<sup>7</sup>, my lords)  
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,  
Both in his private conscience, and his place,  
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.  
'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it ! Men, that make  
Envy and crooked malice, nourishment,  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord.  
That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,  
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

*Gor.* My lord, because we have business of more  
moment,  
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,  
And our consent, for better trial of you,  
From hence you be committed to the Tower ;  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank  
you,  
You are always my good friend ; if your will pass.  
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
You are so merciful : I see your end,  
'Tis my undoing. Love, and meekness, lord,

<sup>7</sup> *With a single heart*, i. e. *without duplicity or guile*. Thus in Acts ii. 46, "In singleness of heart." I have before had occasion to observe that *single* and *simple* were synonymous.

Become a churchman better than ambition ;  
 Win straying souls with modesty again,  
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,  
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gar.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,  
 That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss discovers,  
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

*Crom.* My lord of Winchester, you are a little.  
 By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,  
 However faulty, yet should find respect  
 For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty,  
 To load a falling man.

*Gar.* Good master secretary.  
 I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst  
 Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord ?

*Gar.* Do not I know you for a favourer  
 Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

*Crom.* Not sound ?

*Gar.* Not sound, I say.

*Crom.* 'Would you were half so honest ;  
 Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

*Gar.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Do  
 Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.* This is too much ;  
 Forbear, for shame, my lords<sup>8</sup>.

*Gar.* I have done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Chan.* Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,

<sup>8</sup> This and some succeeding speeches have *Chan.* prefixed, as if they were spoken by the Lord Chamberlain, but it seems from the tenor of them only a mistake of the final letter, *m* being printed for *n*.

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;  
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure  
Be known unto us.—Are you all agreed, lords ?

*All.* We are.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

*Gar.* What other  
Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesome !  
Let some of the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard.*

*Cran.* For me ?  
Must I go like a traitor thither ?

*Gar.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i' the Tower.

*Cran.* Stay, good my lords,  
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;  
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it  
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

*Chan.* This is the king's ring<sup>9</sup>.

*Sur.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye all,  
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,  
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

<sup>9</sup> It seems to have been a custom, begun probably in the dark ages, before literature was generally diffused, and before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law ; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever was done under its authority. See Procopius de Bell. Vandal. l. i. p. 15. The traditional story of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited. See Buch's Negotiations, p. 206.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords,  
The king will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

*Chan.* 'Tis now too certain :  
How much more is his life in value with him ?  
'Would I were fairly out on't.

*Crom.* My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales, and informations,  
Against this man (whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at),  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye :—Now have at ye!

*Enter the King, frowning on them ; takes his seat.*

*Gar.* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to  
heaven  
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;  
Not only good and wise, but most religious :  
One that, in all obedience, makes the church  
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgment comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*K. Hen.* You were ever good at sudden commen-  
dations,  
Bishop of Winchester ; but know, I come not  
To hear such flattery now ; and in my presence ;  
They are too thin and base to hide offences<sup>10</sup>.  
To me you cannot reach : you play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;  
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,  
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—  
Good man, [*To CRANMER.*] sit down. Now let me  
see the proudest

<sup>10</sup> *They*, i. e. *such commendations*. Thus the old copy. "*Thin and bare*" was suggested by Malone. but there seems no necessity for change.

*Cran.*

Amen.

*K. Hen.* My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal :

I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

*Cran.*

Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth  
This royal infant (heaven still move about her !)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness : She shall be  
(But few now living can behold that goodness),  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed : Saba was never  
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :  
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd ; Her own shall bless her :  
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows with  
her :

In her days, every man shall eat in safety  
Under his own vine<sup>3</sup>, what he plants ; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :  
God shall be truly known ; and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,

<sup>3</sup> The thought is borrowed from Scripture. See Micah iv. 4 ;  
1 Kings iv. The first part of the prophecy is apparently burlesqued in the Beggar's Bush of Beaumont and Fletcher ; where Orator Higgin is making his congratulatory speech to the new king of the beggars :—

“ Each man shall eat his stolen eggs and butter  
In his own shade, or sunshine,” &c.



That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,  
You must be godfather, and answer for her<sup>12</sup>.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory  
In such an honour ; how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

*K. Hen.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your  
spoons<sup>13</sup> ; you shall have  
Two noble partners with you ; the old duchess of  
Norfolk,

And lady marquess Dorset ; Will these please you ?  
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,  
Embrace, and love this man.

*Gar.* With a true heart,  
And brother-love, I do it.

*Cran.* And let heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. *You must be godfather and answer for her.* Our prelates formerly were often employed on like occasions. Cranmer was godfather to Edward VI. See Hall, fo. 232. Archbishop Warham to Henry's eldest son by Queen Katharine ; and the bishop of Winchester to Henry himself. See Sandford, 479, 495.

<sup>13</sup> It was an ancient custom (which is not yet quite out of use) for the sponsors at christenings to offer silver or silver gilt spoons as a present to the child. The ancient offerings upon such occasions were called *Apostle-spoons*, because the extremity of the handle was formed into the figure of one or other of the apostles. Such as were opulent and generous gave the whole *twelve* ; those who were more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expense of the four evangelists ; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name. Thus in *The Noble Gentleman of Beaumont and Fletcher* :—

“ I'll be a gossip, Bewford,  
I have an odd *apostle-spoon*.”

And in *Middleton's Chaste Maid of Cheapside* :—

“ 2 *Goss.* What has he given her ?—what is it, gossip ?

3 *Goss.* A fair high standing cup, and two great *'postle spoons*,  
one of them gilt.”

A story is related of Shakespeare promising spoons to one of Ben Jonson's children in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Passages and Jeasts*. MSS. Harl. 6395. See also “ *Anecdotes and Traditions*,” edited by Mr. Thoms for the Camden Society, p. 2.

*K. Hen.* Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified  
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*  
*A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.*  
Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long  
To have this young one made a Christian.  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Palace Yard.*

*Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.*

*Port.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals : Do you take the court for Paris-garden<sup>1</sup> ? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping<sup>2</sup>.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

*Port.* Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue : Is this a place to roar in ? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones ; these are but switches to them. I'll scratch your heads : You must be sec-

<sup>1</sup> This celebrated bear-garden, on the Bankside, was so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. Rot. Claus. 16 R. II. dors. ii. Blount's Glossography. So in Sir W. D'Avenant's News from Plimouth :—

"Do you take this mansion for Pict-hatch?

You would be suitors : yes, to a she-deer,  
And keep your marriages in *Paris garden* ?"

Again in Ben Jonson's Execration on Vulcan :—

"And cried, it was a threatening to the bears  
And that accursed ground the *Paris garden*."

*Paris Garden* was in a line with Bridewell.

<sup>2</sup> *Gaping*, i.e. *shouting* or *roaring* ; a sense the word has now lost. Littleton, in his Dictionary, has "*To gape or bawl : vociferor.*" So in Roscommon's Essay on Translation :—

"That noisy, nauseous *gaping* fool was he."

ing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible

(Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons),  
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep  
On May-day morning; which will never be<sup>3</sup>:  
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd?

*Man.* Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?  
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot  
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,  
I made no spare, sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand<sup>4</sup>, to mow 'em down before me: but, if I spared any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me ne'er hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow<sup>5</sup>, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master Porter?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do?

<sup>3</sup> Our ancestors, young and old, rich and poor, all concurred, as Shakespeare in another place says:—

“To do observance to a morn of May.”

Stow says that “in the month of May, namely on May-day in the morning, every man would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise [i. e. music] of birds, praising God in their kind.” It is upon record that King Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine partook of this diversion. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, by Ellis.

<sup>4</sup> *Guy* of Warwick, nor *Colbrand* the Danish giant, whom *Guy* subdued at Winchester.

<sup>5</sup> The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would substitute “let me never hope to see a *quecn* again; and that I would not for a *crown*.”

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier<sup>6</sup> by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake<sup>7</sup> did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer<sup>8</sup> fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor<sup>9</sup> once, and hit that

<sup>6</sup> A brazier signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood.

<sup>7</sup> "Fire-drake; a fire sometimes seen flying in the night like a dragon. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal exhalation inflamed betwene two clouds, the one hot, the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile."—*Bullokar's Expositor*, 1616. A fire-drake appears to have been also an artificial firework, perhaps what is now called a serpent. Thus in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton:—

"But like fire-drakes

Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell."

<sup>8</sup> Her pink'd porringer, i. e. her pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. So in the *Taming of the Shrew*:—

"*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak. .

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer."

<sup>9</sup> The meteor, i. e. the brazier.

woman, who cried out *Clubs*<sup>10</sup>! when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot<sup>11</sup>, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work<sup>12</sup>. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten-apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse<sup>13</sup>, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*<sup>14</sup>, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles<sup>15</sup>, that is to come.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,

<sup>10</sup> *Cried out Clubs.* See note on the First Part of King Henry VI. Act i. Sc. 3; and As You Like It, Act v. Sc. 2, p. 98, note 4.

<sup>11</sup> *Loose shot*, i. e. loose or random shooters. See King Henry IV. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

<sup>12</sup> *The work*, i. e. the fortress: it is a term in fortification.

<sup>13</sup> By the *tribulation of Tower-hill* and the *limbs of Limehouse* it is evident that Shakespeare meant, as Mr. Dyce has well observed, "a fling at the affected meekness of the Puritans, and that no audience, unless it consisted of downright saints, could tolerate the noisy youths in question. 'The Tribulation of Tower-hill' is one particular set or meeting, and 'the Limbs of Limehouse their dear brothers,' another set."

<sup>14</sup> i. e. in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase in the same sense to this day. The *Limbus Patrum* is, properly, the place where the old fathers and patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. See Titus Andronicus, Act iii. Sc. 1.

<sup>15</sup> *A public whipping.* A *banquet* here is used figuratively, for a *dessert*. To the confinement of these rioters a whipping was to be the *dessert*.

As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters,  
These lazy knaves ?—Ye have made a fine hand, fel-  
lows.

There's a trim rabble let in : Are all these  
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall have  
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,  
When they pass back from the christening.

*Port.* An't please your honour  
We are but men ; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn a pieces, we have done :  
An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live,  
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all  
By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads  
Clap round fines, for neglect : Y'are lazy knaves ;  
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards<sup>16</sup>, when  
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound ;  
They are come already from the christening :  
Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find  
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

*Port.* Make way there for the princess.

*Man.* You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make  
your head ake.

*Port.* You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail ; I'll  
peck<sup>17</sup> you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>16</sup> *Baiting of bumbards.* It has already been observed that a *bumbard* was a large black jack of leather (*Tempest*, Act ii. Sc. 2, note 3), used to carry beer to soldiers upon duty, or upon any occasion where a quantity was required. See note on *King Henry IV.* Part i. Act ii. Sc. 4, p. 66, note 42.

<sup>17</sup> To *peck* or *pick* is to *pitch*, *cast*, or *throw*. Thus Baret :—“To *picke* or cast.” And in *Cole's Dictionary*, 1679 :—“To *pick* a dart : *jaculor*.” So *Stubbes*, in his *Anatomy of Abuses* :—“To catch him on the hip, and to *picke* him on his necke :” and in another place, “to *picke* him on his nose.”

SCENE IV. *The Palace*<sup>1</sup>

*Enter Trumpets, sounding ; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his Marshal's Staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls<sup>2</sup> for the christening gifts ; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, god-mother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady ; then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

*Gart.* Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth.

*Flourish. Enter King and Train.*

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,  
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray :  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye !

*K. Hen.* Thank you, good lord archbishop ;  
What is her name ?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*K. Hen.* Stand up, lord.

[*The King kisses the Child.*

With this kiss take my blessing : God protect thee !  
Into whose hands I give thy life.

<sup>1</sup> At Greenwich, where this procession was made from the church of the Friars.—*Hall*, fo. 217.

<sup>2</sup> *Standing-bowls* were bowls elevated on feet or pedestals.

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :  
 By all that's holy, he had better starve,  
 Than but once think this place becomes thee not<sup>11</sup>.

*Sur.* May it please your grace,—

*K. Hen.* No, sir, it does not please me.  
 I had thought, I had had men of some understanding  
 And wisdom of my council ; but I find none.  
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
 This good man (few of you deserve that title),  
 'This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy  
 At chamber door? and one as great as you are?  
 Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission  
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye  
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,  
 Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,  
 More out of malice than integrity,  
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;  
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

*Chan.* Thus far,  
 My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace  
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd  
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather  
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,  
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;  
 I am sure, in me.

*K. Hen.* Well, well, my lords, respect him  
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.  
 I will say thus much for him, If a prince  
 May be beholding to a subject, I  
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him :  
 Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My lord of Can-  
 terbury,  
 I have a suit which you must not deny me

<sup>11</sup> The old copy has *his* place. Rowe made the obvious correction.



And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
Nor<sup>4</sup> shall this peace sleep with her : but as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself :  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;  
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
His honour and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations<sup>5</sup> : He shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him ;—Our children's children  
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*K. Hen.* Thou speakest wonders.

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
'Would I had known no more ! but she must die  
(She must, the saints must have her) yet a virgin ;  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*K. Hen.* O lord archbishop,  
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before

<sup>4</sup> Some of the commentators think that this and the following seventeen lines were probably written after the accession of King James by a different hand.

<sup>5</sup> On a picture of King James, which formerly belonged to the great Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor*. The year before the revival of this play there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. The lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.


This happy child, did I get any thing :  
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,  
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.  
I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,  
And your<sup>6</sup> good brethren, I am much beholding<sup>7</sup> :  
I have received much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,  
                  lords ;  
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,  
She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
He has business at his house ; for all shall stay,  
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

<sup>6</sup> The old copy has *you* for *your* in this line.

<sup>7</sup> See note, Act 1, Sc. 4, p. 35.



## EPILOGUE.

 IS ten to one, this play can never please  
All that are here : Some come to take their  
ease,

And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,  
We've frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,  
They'll say, 'tis naught : others, to hear the city  
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, *that's witty !*  
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,  
All the expected good we are like to hear  
For this play at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women<sup>1</sup> ;  
For such a one we show'd 'em ; If they smile,  
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while  
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,  
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

<sup>1</sup> A verse with as unmusical a close may be found in Burton's  
Anatomy of Melancholy, Part III. sect. ii.—

“ Rose the pleasure of fine *women*.”

In Ben Jonson's Alchemist there is also a line in which the word  
*woman* is accented on the last syllable:—

“ And then your red man, and your white *woman*.”



TROILUS AND CRESSIDA





PRELIMINARY REMARKS. 145

There is a peculiarity respecting the insertion of this play into the first folio, for which it is difficult to account. It stands first in the class of Tragedies without any paginal numbers, except on the second leaf which is marked 79, 80. It should appear that the editors of the folio were doubtful in which class to place it, as it is styled "The Famous Historie" in the quarto; but they finally determined to consider it a Tragedy, and have so designated it. By some it has been supposed that, the copy-right belonging to others, it was some time before they could obtain the right of printing it.







## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**M**R. STEEVENS informs us that Shakespeare received the greater part of the materials that were used in the construction of this play from the *Troy Book of Lydgate*. It is presumed that the learned commentator would have been nearer the fact had he substituted the *Troy Book*, or *Recueyl*, translated by *Cuxton* from *Raoul Le Fevre*; which, together with a translation of Homer, supplied the incidents of the Trojan war. Lydgate's work was becoming obsolete, whilst the other was at this time in the prime of its vigour. From its first publication, to the year 1619, it had passed through six editions, and continued to be popular even in the eighteenth century. Mr. Steevens is still less accurate in stating Le Fevre's work to be a translation from Guido of Colonna; for it is only in the latter part that he has made any use of him. Yet Guido existed in a French translation before the time of Raoul; which translation, though never printed, is remaining in MS. under the whimsical title of '*La Vie de la pitieuse Destruction de la noble et superlative Cité de Troye le grant. Translatée en François l'an MCCCLXXX.*' Such part of the present play as relates to the loves of Troilus and Cressida was most probably taken from Chaucer, as no other work, accessible to Shakespeare, could have supplied him with what was necessary." This account is by Mr. DOUCE, from whom also what follows on this subject is abstracted.

Chaucer, in his *Troilus and Creseide*, asserts that he followed *Lollius*, and that he translated from the *Latin*; but we have no certain indication who Lollius was, and when he lived, though Dryden boldly asserts that he was an historiographer of Urbino, in Italy, and wrote in Latin verse. Lambecius, in his *Prodromus Historiæ Literariæ*, mentions Lollius Urbicus in his list of the *Historici Lat. Profani*, in the third century of the Christian era, but nothing more is known of him. Nothing can be more apparent than that the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio afforded Chaucer the



fable, and characters of his poem, and even numerous passages appear to be mere literal translations; but there are large additions in Chaucer's work, so that it is possible he may have followed a free Latin version, which may have had for its author a writer named Lollius.

Boccaccio does not give his poem as a translation, and we must therefore suppose him to have been the inventor of the fable, until we have more certain indications respecting Lollius. So much of it as relates to the departure of Cressida from Troy, and her subsequent amour with Diomed, is to be found in the *Troy Book* of Guido of Colonna, composed in 1287, and, as he states, from Dares Phrygius, and Dictys Cretensis, neither of whom mention the name of Cressida. Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectured, and Mr. Douce confirmed the conjecture, that Guido's Dares was in reality an old Norman poet, named *Benoit de Saint More*, who wrote in the reign of our Henry the Second, and who himself made use of Dares. Guido is said to have come into England, where he found the Metrical Romance of Benoit, and translated it into Latin prose; and, following a practice too prevalent in the middle ages, he dishonestly suppressed the mention of his real original. Benoit's work exists also in a prose French version. And there is a compilation also in French prose, by Pierre de Beauvau, from the *Filostrato*.

Lydgate professedly followed Guido of Colonna, occasionally making use of and citing other authorities. In a short time after Raoul le Fevre compiled from various materials his *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, which was translated into English and published by Caxton: but neither of these authors have given any more of the story of Troilus and Cressida than any of the other romances on the war of Troy; Lydgate contenting himself with referring to Chaucer.

Chaucer having made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, Shakespeare was induced to try their fortunes on the stage. Lydgate's *Troy Book* was printed by Pynson in 1519. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper Ballad dialoguewise between Troilus and Cressida." Again, by J. Roberts, Feb. 7, 1602: "The Booke of Troilus and Cressida, as it is acted by my Lord Chamberlain's men." And in Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Richard Bonian and Hen. Whalley: "A Booke called the History of Troilus and Cressida." This last entry is made by the booksellers, who published this play in 4to. in 1609. To this edition is prefixed a preface, showing that the play was printed before it had been acted; and that it was published, without the author's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the booksellers' hands. This preface, as bestowing just praise on Shakespeare, and showing that the original proprietors of his plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted, is prefixed to the play in the present edition. It appears

from some entries in the accounts of Henslowe the player, that a drama on this subject, by Decker and Chettle, at first called *Troyelles and Cressida*, but before its production, altered in its title to *The Tragedy of Agamemnon*, was in existence anterior to Shakespeare's play, and that it was licensed by the Master of the Revels on the 3rd of June, 1599. Malone places the date of the composition of Shakespeare's play in 1602; Mr. Chalmers in 1600; and Dr. Drake in 1601. They have been led to this conclusion by the supposed ridicule of the circumstance of Cressid receiving the sleeve of Troilus and giving him her glove in the comedy of *Histriomastix*, 1610. I think that the satire may have been pointed at the older drama of Decker and Chettle; and should certainly give a later date to the play of Shakespeare than that which has been assigned to it. If we may credit the preface to the 4to. of 1609, this play had not then appeared on the stage, and could not therefore have been ridiculed in a piece written previous to the death of Queen Elizabeth (see note on Act iv. Sc. 4). Malone says, "Were it not for the entry in the Stationers' books, I should have been led, both by the colour of the style, and from this preface, to class it in the year 1608." <sup>†</sup> It is however very unlikely that the entry in 1602 relate to Shakespeare's drama, or it would hardly have been entered by the actual publishers in 1608.

There is no reason for concluding with Schleiermacher that Shakespeare intended his drama as "one continued irony of the crown of all heroic tales—the tale of Troy." The poet abandoned the classic and followed the gothic or romantic authorities; and this influenced the colour of his performance. The fact probably is, that he pursued the manner in which parts of the story had been before dramatised. There is an interlude on the subject of *Thersites*\*, resembling the Old Mysteries in its structure, but full of the lowest buffoonery. If the drama of Decker and Chettle were now to be found, we should probably find that the present play was in some measure founded on it.

"The whole catalogue of the *Dramatis Personæ* in the play of *Troilus and Cressida*," says Mr. Godwin, "so far as they depend upon a rich and original vein of humour in the author, are drawn

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\* This interlude, together with another not less curious called *Jack Juggler*, was reprinted from a unique copy by Mr. Haslewood for the Roxburghe club. These rude dramas are not mere literary curiosities, they form a prominent feature in the history of the progress of the stage, and are otherwise valuable as illustrating the state of manners and language in the reign of Henry the Eighth. I have found colloquial phrases and words explained by them, of which it would perhaps be vain to seek illustrations elsewhere.

with a felicity which never was surpassed. The genius of Homer has been a topic of admiration to almost every generation of men since the period in which he wrote. But his characters will not bear the slightest comparison with the delineation of the same characters as they stand in Shakespeare. This is a species of honour which ought by no means to be forgotten when we are making the eulogium of our immortal bard, a sort of illustration of his greatness which cannot fail to place it in a very conspicuous light. The dispositions of men perhaps had not been sufficiently unfolded in the very early period of intellectual refinement when Homer wrote; the rays of humour had not been dissected by the glass, or rendered perdurable by the rays of the poet. Homer's characters are drawn with a laudable portion of variety and consistency; but his Achilles, his Ajax, and his Nestor are, each of them, rather a species than an individual, and can boast more of the propriety of abstraction than of the vivacity of the moving scene of absolute life. The Achilles, Ajax, and the various Grecian heroes of Shakespeare, on the other hand, are absolutely men deficient in nothing which can tend to individualise them, and already touched with the Promethean real that might infuse a soul into what, without it, were lifeless sion. And from the rest, perhaps, the character of Thersites deserves de Beauvau, frô (how cold and schoolboy a sketch in Homer), as exhibiting unofesappropriate vein of sarcastic humour amidst his cowardice, and a profoundness and truth in his mode of laying open the foibles of those about him, impossible to be excelled."

"Shakespeare possessed, no man in a higher perfection, the true dignity and loftiness of the poetical afflatus, which he had displayed in many of the finest passages of his works with miraculous success. But he knew that no man ever was, or ever can be always dignified. He knew that those subtler traits of character which identify a man are familiar and relaxed, pervaded with passion, and not played off with an eye to external decorum. In this respect the peculiarities of Shakespeare's genius are no where more forcibly illustrated than in the play we are here considering."

"The champions of Greece and Troy, from the hour in which their names were first recorded, had always worn a certain formality of attire, and marched with a slow and measured step. No poet, till this time, had ever ventured to force them out of the manner which their epic creator had given them. Shakespeare first supplied their limbs, took from them the classic stiffness of their gait, and enriched them with an entire set of those attributes which might render them completely beings of the same species with ourselves\*."

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\* Life of Chaucer, vol. i. p. 509-12, 8vo. ed.

## TROILUS AND CRESSID



*Priam.* But thou shalt not go.

*Hector.* I must not break my faith.

ACT V. SC. 3.



## PREFACE

TO THE QUARTO EDITION OF THIS PLAY, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. *Newes.*

**E**TERNAL reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities; especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie, and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleasd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-witted then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grinde it on. So much and such savored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea

*Tro.* I was about to tell thee,—when my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;  
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,  
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm<sup>6</sup>),  
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;  
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,  
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

*Pan.* An her hair were not somewhat darker than  
Helen's (well, go to), there were no more comparison  
between the women. But, for my part, she is my  
kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,  
—but I would somebody had heard her talk yester-  
day, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cas-  
sandra's wit; but—

*Tro.* O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—  
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,  
Reply not, in how many fathoms deep  
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad  
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, She is fair;  
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart  
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;  
Handlest in thy discourse—O, that her hand<sup>7</sup>!

<sup>6</sup> The old copies have *scorn*. Rowe made the correction.

<sup>7</sup> *Handlest* is here used metaphorically, with an allusion, at the same time, to its literal meaning. The same play on the words is in Titus Andronicus:—

“O *handle* not the theme, to talk of *hands*,  
Lest we remember still that we have none!”

Steevens remarks that the beauty of a female hand seems to have made a strong impression on the poet's mind. Antony cannot endure that the hand of Cleopatra should be touched. In Romeo and Juliet we have:—

“The white wonder of dear Juliet's *hand*.”  
And, in The Winter's Tale, Florizel thus beautifully descants on that of his mistress:—

“I take thy *hand*; this *hand*  
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;  
Or Ethiopian's tooth; or the fann'd snow  
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.”

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,

TROILUS,

PARIS,

DEIPHOBUS,

HELENUS,

ÆNEAS,

ANTENOR,

CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest taking part with the Greeks

PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.

MARGARELON, a bastard Son of PRIAM.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.

MENE LAUS, his Brother.

ACHILLES,

AJAX,

ULYSSES,

NESTOR,

DIOMEDES,

PATROCLUS,

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus ; Servant to Paris ; Servant to  
Diomedes.

HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.

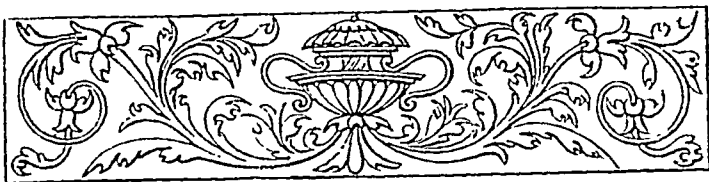
ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam ; a Prophetess.

CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it



## PROLOGUE<sup>1</sup>.

*Spoken by one in Armour.*

**I**N Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of  
Greece  
The princes orgulous<sup>2</sup>, their high blood chaf'd,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore  
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,  
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.  
To Tenedos they come;  
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge  
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,  
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,  
And Antenorides, with massy staples,  
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,  
Sparr<sup>3</sup> up the sons of Troy.

<sup>1</sup> This Prologue is wanting in the quarto editions. That it was spoken by "one in Armour" appears from what he says of himself. Steevens thinks that it is not by Shakespeare; and that perhaps the drama itself is not entirely of his construction.

<sup>2</sup> *Orgulous*, i. e. *proud, disdainful; orgueilleux*, Fr.

<sup>3</sup> *Sparr* or *spar*, to *close, fasten, or bar up*; from the Saxon *sparran*. A word not yet disused in the northern counties. The



Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,  
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
 Sets all on hazard :—And hither am I come  
 A Prologue arm'd ; but not in confidence  
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice ; but suited  
 In like conditions as our argument,  
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
 Leaps o'er the vaunt<sup>4</sup> and firstlings of those broils,  
 Beginning in the middle ; starting thence away  
 To what may be digested in a play.  
 Like, or find fault ; do as your pleasures are ;  
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

old copies print erroneously *stirre*. The emendation is by Theobald. The *bar* of a gate or door is called a *spar*.

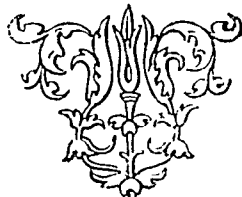
Thus in Warner's *Albion's England* :—

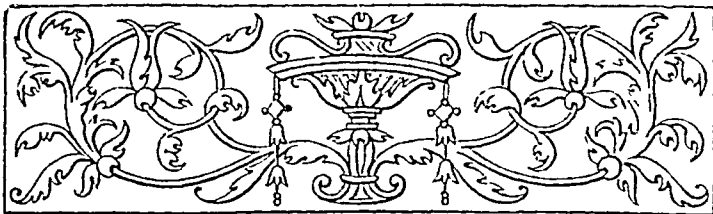
When chased home into his holdes, there *sparred* up the gates.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *the avant, what went before*. Thus in *Lear* :—

“ *Vaunt* couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts.”

What is now called the *van* of an army was formerly called the *vaunt-guard*.






## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

*Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.*

*Troilus.*

 ALL here my varlet<sup>1</sup>, I'll unarm again :  
Why should I war without the walls of  
Troy,  
That find such cruel battle here within ?  
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,  
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

*Pan.* Will this geer ne'er be mended ?

*Tro.* The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their  
strength<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> This word, which we have from the old French *varlet* or *vadlet*, anciently signified a groom, a *servant* of the meaner sort. Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt says, "Diverse were releev'd by their *varlets* and convey'd out of the field." Cotgrave says, "In old time it was a more honourable title ; for all young gentlemen untill they came to be eighteen yeres of age were so tearmed." He says, the term came into dis-esteem in the reign of Francis I. till when the gentlemen of the king's chamber were called *valets de chambre*. In one of our old statutes, 1 Henry IV. c. 7, anno 1399, are these words:—"Et que nulle *vadlet* appellé *yoman* preigne ne use nulle liveree du roi ne de null autre seignour sur peine demprisonement."

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *in addition to*. This phraseology is common to writers of the time, it occurs in *Macbeth*, Act i. Sc. 2 ; see note there.

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;  
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
 Tamer than sleep, fonder<sup>3</sup> than ignorance;  
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
 And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

*Pan.* Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

*Tro.* Still have I tarried.

*Pan.* Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

*Tro.* Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,  
 Doth lesser blench<sup>4</sup> at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;  
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—  
 So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she  
 thence<sup>5</sup>?

*Pan.* Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever  
 I saw her look, or any woman else.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *more weak or foolish*. Dryden has taken this speech as it stands in his alteration of this play, except that he has changed *skill-less*, in the last line, to *artless*; which, as Johnson observes, is no improvement.

<sup>4</sup> To *blench* is to *shrink*, *start*, or *fly off*. See Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 2; and Measure for Measure, Act iv. Sc. 5, note 1.

<sup>5</sup> The old copies have "So, traitor, *then* she comes, when *she* is thence." Rowe corrected it

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that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty then this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowd), but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuff in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied, with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I beleeve you should have prayd for them\* rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

\* This alludes to the impediments the company of players placed in the way of printing the popular plays of which they owned the copies.



In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
 Writing their own reproach ; to whose soft seizure  
 The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense<sup>8</sup>  
 Hard as the palm of ploughman ! This thou tell'st me,  
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her ;  
 But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me  
 The knife that made it.

*Pan.* I speak no more than truth.

*Tro.* Thou dost not speak so much.

*Pan.* 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is : if she be fair, 'tis the better for her ; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands<sup>9</sup>.

*Tro.* Good Pandarus ! How now, Pandarus ?

*Pan.* I have had my labour for my travail<sup>10</sup> ; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you ; gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

*Tro.* What ! art thou angry, Pandarus ? what !  
 with me ?

*Pan.* Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen : an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I ? I care not, an she were a black-amoor ; 'tis all one to me.

*Tro.* Say I, she is not fair ?

*Pan.* I do not care whether you do or no. She's a

<sup>8</sup> "The *spirit of sense* (i. e. *sensation*) in touching the cygnet's down, is harsh and hard as the palm of a ploughman, compared to the sensation of softness in pressing Cressid's hand."

<sup>9</sup> *She has the mends in her own hands* is a proverbial phrase common in our old writers, which probably signifies "It is her own fault ; or the remedy lies with herself." "And if men will be jealous in such cases, *the mends is in their owne hands*, they must thank themselves."—*Burton Anat. of Melan.* p. 605, ed. 1632. "I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then I have *the mends in my own hands*."—*Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612.

<sup>10</sup> *I have had my labour for my travail*, i. e. *I have had my labour for my pains*.

fool to stay behind her father<sup>11</sup>; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

*Tro.* Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Not I.

*Tro.* Sweet Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit PANDARUS. An Alarum.*]

*Tro.* Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,  
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.  
I cannot fight upon this argument;  
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.  
But, Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!  
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;  
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,  
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.  
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,  
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?  
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:  
Between our Ilium<sup>12</sup>, and where she resides,  
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;

<sup>11</sup> Calchas, according to the Old Troy Book, was "a great learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which threatened Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demands for them of Troy, Apollo answered unto him saying, Calchas, Calchas, beware thou returne not back againe to Troy, but goe thou with Achylles unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Trojans, by the agreement of the gods."—*Hist. of the Destruction of Troy*, translated by *Caxton*, ed. 1617. The prudent bishop immediately joined the Greeks.

<sup>12</sup> *Ilium*, properly speaking, is the name of the city; *Troy* that of the country. But Shakespeare, following the Troy Book, gives that name to Priam's palace, said to have been built upon a high rock; the acropolis where, in fact, Homer places it, *Iliad* vi.

Ourself, the merchant ; and this sailing Pandar<sup>13</sup>,  
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

*Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* How now, Prince Troilus<sup>14</sup> ? wherefore not  
afield ?

*Tro.* Because not there : This woman's answer  
sorts<sup>15</sup>,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day ?

*Æne.* That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

*Tro.* By whom, Æneas ?

*Æne.* Troilus, by Menelaus.

*Tro.* Let Paris bleed : 'tis but a scar to scorn ;  
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

*Æne.* Hark ! what good sport is out of town to-  
day !

*Tro.* Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.  
But, to the sport abroad ; Are you bound thither ?

*Æne.* In all swift haste.

*Tro.* Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The same. A Street.*

*Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.*

*Cres.* Who were those went by ?

*Alex.* Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

*Cres.* And whither go they ?

*Alex.* Up to the eastern tower,  
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

<sup>13</sup> "This punk is one of Cupid's carriers ;

Clap on more sails," &c.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

<sup>14</sup> *Troilus* was pronounced by Shakespeare and his contemporaries as a dissyllable. Pope has once or twice fallen into the same error.

<sup>15</sup> i. e. *fits, suits*, is *congruous*. So in King Henry V.—

"It *sorts* well with thy fierceness."

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience  
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd :  
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer ;  
And, like as there were husbandry<sup>1</sup> in war,  
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light<sup>2</sup>,  
And to the field goes he ; where every flower  
Did, as a prophet, weep<sup>3</sup> what it foresaw  
In Hector's wrath.

*Cres.* What was his cause of anger ?

*Alex.* The noise goes, this : There is among the  
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;  
They call him, Ajax.

*Cres.* Good ; and what of him ?

*Alex.* They say he is a very man *per se*<sup>4</sup>,  
And stands alone.

*Cres.* So do all men ; unless they are drunk, sick,  
or have no legs.

<sup>1</sup> *Husbandry is thrift.* Thus in King Henry V.—

“ Our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,

Which is both healthful and good *husbandry.*”

<sup>2</sup> Thus the second folio. The first folio has *lyte*. The commentators have all taken *light* here as referring to armour. Poor Theobald, who seems to have had a suspicion that it did not, falls under the lash of Warburton for his temerity. *Light*, however, here has no reference to the *mode* in which Hector was armed, but is used adverbially for the *legerity* or *alacrity* with which he armed himself before sunrise. *Light* and *lightly* are often used for *nimbly*, *quickly*, *readily*, by our old writers. No expression is more common than “ *light of foot.*” And Shakespeare has even used “ *light of ear.*”

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *he was so early that the dew was still on them.* Thus in *Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

“ And when she *weeps*, weeps every little *flower*,  
Lamenting,” &c.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *an extraordinary or incomparable person*, like the letter *A by itself*. The usual mode of this old expression is *A per se*. Thus in Henrysoun's Testament of Cresseid, wrongly attributed by Steevens to Chaucer :—

“ Of faire Cresseide, the floure and *a per se* of Troy and Greece.”  
And in Blurt Master Constable, 1602 :—

“ That is the *a per se* and creame of all.”



*Alex.* This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions<sup>5</sup>; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crush'd<sup>6</sup> into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attain, but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair<sup>7</sup>: He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

*Cres.* But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

*Alex.* They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Cres.* Who comes here?

*Alex.* Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*Cres.* Hector's a gallant man.

*Alex.* As may be in the world, lady.

*Pan.* What's that? what's that?

*Cres.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

*Pan.* Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

<sup>5</sup> i. e. their titles, marks of distinction or denominations. The term in this sense is originally forensic.

"Whereby he doth receive

Particular additions from the bill

That writes them all alike."—*Macbeth*.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. confused and mingled with folly. So in *Cymbeline*:—

"Crush him together, rather than unfold

His measure duly."

<sup>7</sup> Equivalent to a phrase still in use—*Against the grain*. The French say, *à contre poil*.

*Cres.* This morning, uncle.

*Pan.* What were you talking of, when I came?  
Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium?  
Helen was not up, was she?

*Cres.* Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

*Pan.* E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

*Cres.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry?

*Cres.* So he says here.

*Pan.* True, he was so; I know the cause too:  
he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and  
there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them  
take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

*Cres.* What, is he angry too?

*Pan.* Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of  
the two.

*Cres.* O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

*Pan.* What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do  
you know a man if you see him?

*Cres.* Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

*Pan.* Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

*Cres.* Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is  
not Hector.

*Pan.* No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

*Cres.* 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

*Pan.* Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he  
were,——

*Cres.* So he is.

*Pan.* —— Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

*Cres.* He is not Hector.

*Pan.* Himself? no, he's not himself—'Would 'a  
were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must  
friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my  
heart were in her body! No, Hector is not a better  
man than Troilus.

*Cres.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pan.* The other's not come to't ; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit<sup>8</sup> this year.

*Cres.* He shall not need it, if he have his own.

*Pan.* Nor his qualities.

*Cres.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beauty.

*Cres.* 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

*Pan.* You have no judgment, niece : Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour (for so 'tis, I must confess),—Not brown neither.

*Cres.* No, but brown.

*Pan.* 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

*Cres.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pan.* She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

*Cres.* Why, Paris hath colour enough.

*Pan.* So he has.

*Cres.* Then, Troilus should have too much : if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his ; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

*Cres.* Then she's a merry Greek<sup>9</sup>, indeed.

*Pan.* Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compass'd<sup>10</sup> window,—and, you

<sup>8</sup> The old copies erroneously read *will*, Rowe made the correction.

<sup>9</sup> See vol. iii. p. 426, note 2.

<sup>10</sup> *A compass'd window* is a *circular bow window*. The same epithet is applied to the cape of a woman's gown in the *Taming of the Shrew* :—"A small *compassed* cape." A coved ceiling is yet in some places called a *compassed* ceiling.

*Cres.* To bring<sup>20</sup>, uncle,—

*Pan.* Ay, a token from Troilus.

*Cres.* By the same token you are a bawd.

[*Exit* PANDARUS.

Words, vows, gifts<sup>21</sup>, tears, and love's full sacrifice,  
He offers in another's enterprise :

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be ;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing :

Things won are done, joy's soul dies i' the doing<sup>22</sup> :

That she<sup>23</sup> belov'd knows nought, that knows not  
this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue :

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

*Achiev'd, men us command ; ungain'd, beseech*<sup>24</sup> :

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit*.

<sup>20</sup> *To bring*. "I'll be with you *to bring*," seems to have been a cant phrase for I'll "be *down* upon you," which supplied its place at a later period.

<sup>21</sup> Thus the old copies. The word *griefs* has been unaccountably substituted in Boswell's edition.

<sup>22</sup> The first folio reads "joy's soul *lies* in the doing." The second, "the soul's joy lies in doing." I unhesitatingly adopt Mason's reading as necessary to the consistency of Cressid's speech.

<sup>23</sup> That *she*, means that *woman*.

<sup>24</sup> The old copies have:—

*Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech.*

This excellent emendation is by Mr. Harness. The line is in italics, and marked as a quotation in both quartos and folios.

*My heart's content*, in the next line, probably signifies my *will*, my *desire*.

*Pan.* But there was such laughing ; Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

*Cres.* With mill-stones<sup>13</sup>.

*Pan.* And Cassandra laugh'd.

*Cres.* But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes : did her eyes run o'er too ?

*Pan.* And Hector laugh'd.

*Cres.* At what was all this laughing ?

*Pan.* Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

*Cres.* An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

*Pan.* They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

*Cres.* What was his answer ?

*Pan.* Quoth she, *Here's but two<sup>a</sup> and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

*Cres.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That's true ; make no question of that. *Two and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white : That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter ! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris my husband ? The forked one*, quoth he ; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing ! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd<sup>14</sup>.

*Cres.* So let it now ; for it has been a great while going by.

*Pan.* Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday ; think on't.

<sup>13</sup> So in King Richard III.—

"Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fool's eyes drop tears."

<sup>a</sup> Theobald substituted "*one and fifty*," observing, "How else could the number make out Priam and his fifty sons ?"

<sup>14</sup> i. e. *passed all expression*. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 1, note 28. Cressida plays on the word as used by Pandarus, by employing it herself in its common acceptation.

*Cres.* So I do.

*Pan.* I'll be sworn, tis true ; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

*Cres.* And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*]

*Pan.* Hark, they are coming from the field : Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium ? good niece, do ; sweet niece Cressida.

*Cres.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Here, here, here's an excellent place ; here we may see most bravely : I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by ; but mark Troilus above the rest.

*Cres.* Speak not so loud.

*ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.*

*Pan.* That's Æneas ; Is not that a brave man ? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you : But mark Troilus ; you shall see anon.

*Cres.* Who's that ?

*ANTENOR passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Antenor : he has a shrewd wit<sup>15</sup>, I can tell you ; and he's a man good enough : he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a

<sup>15</sup> According to Lydgate :—

“ Anthenor was . . . . .

Copious in words, and one that much time spent

To jest, when as he was in companie,

So driely, that no man could it espie ;

And therewith held his countenance so well,

That every man received great content

To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,

When he was pleasant and in merriment :

For tho' that he most commonly was sad,

Yet in his speech some jest he always had.”

Such, in the hands of a rude English poet, is the grave Antenor ; to whose wisdom it was thought necessary that the art of Ulysses should be opposed :—

“ Et moveo Priamum, Priamoque Antenora junctum.”

proper man of person :—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

*Cres.* Will he give you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cres.* If he do, the rich shall have more<sup>16</sup>.

HECTOR *passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

*Cres.* O, a brave man!

*Pan.* Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on, take't off who will; as they say: there be hacks!

*Cres.* Be those with swords?

*Pan.* Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: [*PARIS passes over.*] look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

*Cres.* Who's that?

HELENUS *passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is!

<sup>16</sup> To give the nod was a term in the game at cards called *Noddy*. The word also signifies a *silly fellow*. Cressid means to call Pandarus a *noddy*, and says he shall by more nods be made more significantly a *fool*.

know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

*Cres.* Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

*Pan.* Why, he is very young : and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

*Cres.* Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter<sup>11</sup> !

*Pan.* But, to prove to you that Helen loves him ; she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

*Cres.* Juno have mercy ! How came it cloven ?

*Pan.* Why, you know, 'tis dimpled : I think, his smiling becomes him, better than any man in all Phrygia.

*Cres.* O, he smiles valiantly<sup>12</sup>.

*Pan.* Does he not ?

*Cres.* O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

*Pan.* Why, go to then. But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

*Cres.* Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

*Pan.* Troilus ? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

*Cres.* If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

*Pan.* I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin : Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

*Cres.* Without the rack.

*Pan.* And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

*Cres.* Alas, poor chin ! many a wart is richer.

<sup>11</sup> *Lifter*, a term for a *thief*; from the Gothic *hliftus*. Thus in Holland's Leaguer, 1638 :—"Broker or pander, cheater or *lifter*." Dryden uses the verb to *lift* for to *rob*. Shop-*lifter* is still used for one who robs a shop.

<sup>12</sup> Although *valiantly* is the reading of the old copies, I have no doubt that *daintily* was the poet's word.



*Pan.* Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

*Cres.* Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date<sup>17</sup> in the pie,—for then the man's date is out.

*Pan.* You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward<sup>18</sup> you lie.

*Cres.* Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

*Pan.* Say one of your watches.

*Cres.* Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

*Pan.* You are such another!

*Enter TROILUS' Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

*Pan.* Where?

*Boy.* At your own house; [there he unarms him<sup>19</sup>.]

*Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

*Cres.* Adieu, uncle.

*Pan.* I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

<sup>17</sup> *Dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. The same quibble occurs in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i. Sc. 1.

<sup>18</sup> A metaphor from the art of defence. Falstaff, King Henry IV. Part i. says, "Thou know'st my old *ward*; here I *lay*," &c.

<sup>19</sup> These words are not in the folio.

That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:  
That's Helenus.

*Cres.* Can Helenus fight, uncle?

*Pan.* Helenus? no:—yes, he'll fight indifferent  
well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you  
not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

*Cres.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*TROILUS passes over.*

*Pan.* Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus.—'Tis  
Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troi-  
lus! the prince of chivalry!

*Cres.* Peace, for shame, peace!

*Pan.* Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—  
look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword  
is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's:  
And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable  
youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way,  
Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or  
a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O  
admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him: and,  
I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye<sup>a</sup> to  
boot.

*Forces pass over the Stage.*

*Cres.* Here come more.

*Pan.* Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and  
bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the  
eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles  
are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had  
rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon  
and all Greece.

*Cres.* There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better  
man than Troilus.

*Pan.* Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

*Cres.* Well, well.

<sup>a</sup> Thus the quarto. The folio has *money*.

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.*

*Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and Others.*

*Agam.* Princes,  
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?  
 The ample proposition, that hope makes  
 In all designs begun on earth below,  
 Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters  
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;  
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain  
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.  
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,  
 That we come short of our suppose so far,  
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;  
 Sith every action that hath gone before,  
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
 And that unbodied figure of the thought  
 That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you prince  
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;  
 And think<sup>1</sup> them shames, which are, indeed, nought  
     else  
 But the protractive trials of great Jove,  
 To find persistive constancy in men?  
 The fineness of which metal is not found  
 In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,  
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,

<sup>1</sup> The quartos, "And *call* them shames." *Works*, in the preceding line, can hardly be right. Should we not read *mocks*? i.e. our frustrated attempts by which we are mocked. Ulysses, a little farther on, says, "Achilles in his tent lies *mocking* our designs;" and Troilus, in a future scene, "How my achievements *mock* me."



SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.*

*Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and Others.* , the thing of

*Agam.* Princes,  
 What grief hath set the jaundice on you<sup>8</sup>,  
 The ample proposition, that hope make<sup>ie</sup> key,  
 In all designs begun on earth below,  
 Fails in the promis'd largeness; che<sup>demmon</sup>,—  
 Grow in the veins of actions high<sup>d</sup> bone of Greece,  
 As knots, by the conflux of meet<sup>only</sup> spirit,  
 Infect the sound pine, and diver<sup>minds</sup> of all  
 Tortive and errant from his cou<sup>at</sup> Ulysses speaks.  
 Nor, princes, is it matter new<sup>for</sup> thy place and sway,—  
 That we come short of our su<sup>er</sup> [To AGAMEMNON.  
 That, after seven years' siege<sup>er</sup> thy stretch'd-out life,—  
 Sith every action that hath f<sup>r</sup> [To NESTOR.  
 Whereof we have record<sup>t</sup> ches,—which were such, the  
 Bias and thwa<sup>hand</sup> of Greece gh in bra  
 And that unbodic<sup>ass</sup>; and such again<sup>stor</sup>, hatch'  
 That gav't surmised<sup>in</sup> silver, bond of air (  
 Do you with cheeks al<sup>as</sup> heaven rides) kni  
 And think<sup>1</sup> them shames,  
 else  
 But the protractive trials of g<sup>the gadfly</sup> that stings cattl  
 To find persistive constancy in<sup>Id Spenser:—</sup> "A brize, a scorned li  
 The fineness of which metal is<sup>18</sup> Through his fair hide his ang  
 In fortune's love: for then, the res and roars most furiously.  
 The wise and fool, the artist and<sup>The old copies print erroneously</sup>  
 The quartos, "And call them sh<sup>ne,</sup>" i. e. to noisy or clamorous fortune  
 ceding line, can hardly be right. .  
 our frustrated attempts by which<sup>Night's Dream, Act v. Sc. 1. Mr. D</sup>  
 farther on, says, "Achilles in his<sup>speare may have written retorts.</sup>  
 and Troilus, in a future scene, "H

Thou'ard and soft, seem all affin'd<sup>2</sup> and kin :

Agam:he wind and tempest of her frown,  
exp, with a broad and powerful fan,  
That matte'll, winnows the light away ;  
Divide thy l<sup>th</sup> mass, or matter, by itself  
When rank Tirtue, and unmingled.  
We shall hear due observance of thy godlike seat<sup>3</sup>,  
Ulyss. Troy,non, Nestor shall apply<sup>4</sup>  
And the great l. In the reproof of chance  
But for these inst<sup>f</sup> of men : The sea being smooth,  
The speciality of ru:able boats dare sail  
And, look, how many t, making their way  
Hollow upon this plain, s ;  
When that the general is \ ... æoli:  
To whom the foragers shall all repair,

<sup>10</sup> How much the commentators have perplexed themselves and their readers about the following passage !

"Speeches,—which were such,  
"As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
Should hold up high in brass ; and such again,  
As venerable Nestor *hatch'd in silver*,  
Should *with a bond of air* .  
... knit all the Greekish ears  
To his experienced tongue."

Ulysses evidently means to say that Agamemnon's speech sh<sup>d</sup> god. be *writ in brass* ; and that venerable Nestor, with his *seat*. by his speech should *rivet the attention* of all Greece. 'e, Agamem- *hatch'd in silver*, which has been the stumbling block, i. v Malone borrowed from the art of design ; to *hatch* being to fill : there is with a number of consecutive fine lines ; and to *hatch in* ... was a design inlaid with lines of silver, a process often used for the hilts of swords, handles of daggers, and stocks of pistols. The lines of the graver on a plate of metal are still called *hatchings*. Hence *hatch'd in silver*, for *silver hair'd*, or *gray hair'd*. Thus in Love in a Maze, 1632 :—

"Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd*  
*With silver*."

<sup>11</sup> *Expect for expectation.*

<sup>2</sup> The folio has *mastiche* jaws, an evident error.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. *the particular rights of supreme authority.*

172 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. ACT I.

What honey is expected? Degree being vizard'd,  
 The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask<sup>13</sup>,  
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this<sup>13</sup>,  
 Observe degree, priority, and place,  
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
 Office, and custom, in all line of order;  
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,  
 In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd  
 Amidst the ether<sup>14</sup>; whose medicinal eye  
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
 Sans check, to good and bad: But when the planets,  
 Portentive and mixture, to disorder wander<sup>15</sup>,  
 Or, what plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!  
 What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,  
 Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,  
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
 The unity and married<sup>16</sup> calm of states

<sup>13</sup> i.e. *this globe*. According to the system of Ptolemy, the earth is the *centre* round which the planets move.

<sup>14</sup> The old copies have erroneously misprinted "amid the *other*." Yet this palpable mistake has hitherto passed unnoted. The classical reader will be reminded of a passage in the *Somnium Scipionis*:—"Medium fere regionem *Sol* obtinet, dux et princeps, et moderator luminum reliquiorum, mens mundi, et temperator;" &c. And of the lines of Lucretius on Epicurus, which have been applied to Shakespeare:—

"Qui genus humanum superavit, et omneis  
 Restinxit, stellas exortus *uti ætherius Sol*."

<sup>15</sup> The apparently irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about ad libitum, as the etymology of their names demonstrates.

<sup>16</sup> The epithet *married*, to denote an intimate union, is employed also by Milton:—

"Lydian airs  
*Married* to immortal verse."

Again:—

"Voice and verse  
*Wed* your divine sounds."

Quite from their fixure ! O ! when degree is shak'd,  
Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
The enterprise is sick ! How could communities,  
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods<sup>17</sup> in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable<sup>18</sup> shores,  
The primogenitive and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentick place ?  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets  
In mere<sup>19</sup> oppugnancy. The bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe<sup>20</sup> :  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead :  
Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong  
(Between whose endless jar justice resides),  
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
Then every thing includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite ;  
And appetite, an universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
This chaos, when degree is suffocate

It is thought that Milton might have in his mind the following passage in Joshua Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, which Mr. Dunster has shown that he was familiar with :—

“ Birds *marrying* their sweet tunes to the angels' lays,  
Sung Adam's bliss, and their great Maker's praise.”

<sup>17</sup> i. e. *confraternities, corporations, companies.*

<sup>18</sup> *Dividable* for *divided*, as *corrigible* for *corrected*, in Antony and Cleopatra. The termination *ble* is often thus used by Shakespeare for *ed*.

<sup>19</sup> i. e. *absolute*. See *Measure for Measure*, Act v. Sc. i. note 16, page 397.

<sup>20</sup> So in *Lear* :—“ I'll make a *sop* of the moonshine of you.” In a former speech a boat is said to be made a *toust* for Neptune.



Follows the choking :

And this neglect<sup>21</sup> of degree it is,  
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose  
It hath to climb<sup>22</sup>. The general's disdain'd  
By him one step below ; he, by the next ;  
That next, by him beneath : so every step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
Of pale and bloodless emulation :  
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

*Nest.* Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd  
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

*Agam.* The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,  
What is the remedy ?

*Ulyss.* The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns  
The sinew and the forehead of our host,—  
Having his ear full of his airy fame<sup>23</sup>,  
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
Lies mocking our designs : With him, Patroclus,  
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day  
Breaks scurril jests ;  
And with ridiculous and awkward action  
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)  
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
Thy topless<sup>24</sup> deputation he puts on ;  
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich

<sup>21</sup> This uncommon word occurs again in Pericles, 1609 :—

“ If neglect

Should therein make me vile.”

<sup>22</sup> i. e. *that goes backward step by step, with a design in each man to aggrandize himself by slighting his immediate superior.*

<sup>23</sup> i. e. *verbal eulogium.* In Macbeth called mouth honour.

<sup>24</sup> i. e. *supreme, sovereign.*

“ And topless honours he bestow'd on thee.”

*Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598

To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage<sup>25</sup>,  
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming<sup>26</sup>  
 He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,  
 'Tis like a chime a mending ; with terms unsquar'd<sup>27</sup>,  
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,  
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,  
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;  
 Cries, *Excellent ! 'tis Agamemnon just.*  
*Now play me Nestor ; hem, and stroke thy beard,*  
*As he, being drest to some oration.*  
 That's done ;—as near as the extremest ends  
 Of parallels<sup>28</sup> ; as like as Vulcan and his wife :  
 Yet god<sup>29</sup> Achilles still cries, *Excellent !*  
*'Tis Nestor right ! Now play him me, Patroclus,*  
*Arming to answer in a night alarm.*  
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
 Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough, and spit,  
 And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,  
 Shake in and out the rivet : and at this sport  
 Sir Valour dies ; cries, *O ! enough, Patroclus ;*  
*Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all*  
*In pleasure of my spleen.* And in this fashion,  
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,

<sup>25</sup> The scaffoldage here is the floor of the stage, the wooden dialogue is between the player's foot and the boards. A scaffold meant the stage : thus Baret, "A scaffold or stage where to behold plays. Spectaculum, theatrum." And Chaucer :—

"He playeth Herode on a skaffold hie."

*Miller's Tale*, 3383.

<sup>26</sup> i. e. overstrained, wrested beyond true semblance.

<sup>27</sup> i. e. unsuited, unfitted.

<sup>28</sup> The poet had in his mind the geometrical definition of parallel lines that never meet though extended to eternity. John-n's notion that allusion is to the parallel lines on maps, is a range one.

<sup>29</sup> The folio has *god*.

Severals and generals, of grace exact<sup>30</sup>,  
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves  
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twain  
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
 With an imperial voice) many are infect.  
 Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head  
 In such a rein<sup>31</sup>, in full as proud a pace  
 As broad Achilles : keeps his tent like him ;  
 Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,  
 Bold as an oracle : and sets Thersites  
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)  
 To match us in comparisons with dirt ;  
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
 How rank soever rounded in with danger<sup>32</sup>.

*Ulyss.* They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;  
 Count wisdom as no member of the war ;  
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act  
 But that of hand : the still and mental parts,  
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
 When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure  
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—  
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity :  
 They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war :  
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,  
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,  
 They place before his hand that made the engine ;

<sup>30</sup> *Grace exact* seems to mean *decorous habits*.

<sup>31</sup> i. e. *carries himself haughtily ; bridles up*. See Gotgrave in "*Se rengorger*." The old copies have misprinted *place* for *pace* in this line ; an evident error, as appears by the context. This mistake has also hitherto escaped observation.

<sup>32</sup> *How rank soever rounded in with danger*, i. e. *how strongly soever encompassed by danger*. So in King Henry V.—

How dread an army hath enrouned him."

Or those, that with the fineness of their souls  
By reason guide his execution.

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

*Agam.* What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Men.* From Troy.

*Agam.* What would you 'fore our tent?

*Æne.* Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

*Agam.* Even this.

*Æne.* May one, that is a herald, and a prince,  
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

*Agam.* With surety stronger than Achilles' arm  
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice  
Call Agamemnon head and general.

*Æne.* Fair leave, and large security. How may  
A stranger to those most imperial looks  
Know them from eyes of other mortals<sup>33</sup>?

*Agam.* How?

*Æne.* Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,  
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phœbus.

Which is that god in office, guiding men?  
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

*Agam.* This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy

<sup>33</sup> In the fourth act of this play, Nestor says to Hector:—

“But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
I never saw till now.”

One form of the Greek helmet with cheek and nasal pieces, entirely concealed the face. The painted vases show it constantly. Yet Shakespeare was, no doubt, thinking of the helmet of his own time with its beaver.

Are ceremonious courtiers.

*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,  
As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :  
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,  
Good arms, strong joints. true swords and,—Jove's  
    accord,  
Nothing so full of heart<sup>34</sup>. But peace, Æneas,  
Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips !  
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth :  
But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure,  
    transcends.

*Agam.* Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas ?

*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.

*Agam.*                   What's your affair, I pray you ?

*Æne.* Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

*Agam.* He hears nought privately that comes from  
    Troy.

*Æne.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him :  
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;  
To set his sense on the attentive bent,  
And then to speak.

*Agam.*                   Speak frankly<sup>35</sup> as the wind ;  
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :  
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,  
He tells thee so himself.

<sup>34</sup> Malone and Steevens see difficulties in this passage ; the former proposed to read "Jove's a god ;" the latter, "Love's a lord." There is no point after the word *accord* in the quarto copy, which reads "great Jove's accord." The meaning appears to be, "they have courage equal to the best, which is a gift to them from Jove." Jupiter was the planet of good spirits—hence Joviality.

<sup>35</sup> So Jaques, in *As You Like It* :—

    "I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as *the wind*.  
To blow on whom I please."

*Æne.* Trumpet, blow loud,  
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;  
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy  
A prince call'd Hector (Priam is his father),  
Who in this dull and long continued truce<sup>36</sup>  
Is resty<sup>36a</sup> grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,  
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords !  
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,  
That holds his honour higher than his ease ;  
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;  
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;  
That loves his mistress more than in confession<sup>37</sup>  
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves),  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,  
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.  
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it :  
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Than ever Greek did compass<sup>38</sup> in his arms ;  
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,  
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,  
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :  
If any come, Hector shall honour him ;  
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,—  
The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth

<sup>36</sup> Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken ; in this very act it is said, that " Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle." Shakespeare found in the 7th chap. of the 3rd book of *The Destruction of Troy* that a truce was made, at the desire of the Trojans, for six months.

<sup>36a</sup> So the quarto. See *Cymb.* Act iii. Sc. 6, note 7.

<sup>37</sup> *Confession* for *profession*, "made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves."

<sup>38</sup> The quartos have *couple*, which reading Mr. Collier adopts ; but, as Mr. Dyce observes, it is neither English nor sense.

Are ce                    a lance. Even so much.  
*Æn.*                    s shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas:  
 As be                    em have soul in such a kind,  
 But                    em all at home: But we are soldiers:  
 Good                    ty that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
                          means not, hath not, or is not in love!  
 Not                    n one is, or hath, or means to be,  
 Pea                    one meets Hector; if none else, I am he<sup>39</sup>.  
 Th                    est. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
 If                    en Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;  
 B                    t, if there be not in our Grecian host  
 T                    ne noble man, that hath one spark of fire  
                          o answer for his love, Tell him from me,—  
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,  
 And in my vantbrace<sup>40</sup> put this wither'd brawn;  
 And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady  
 Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste  
 As may be in the world: His youth in flood,  
 I'll prove<sup>41</sup> this truth with my three drops of blood.  
*Æne.* Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!  
*Ulyss.* Amen.

*Agam.* Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;  
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir:  
 Achilles shall have word of this intent;  
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:  
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,  
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

<sup>39</sup> Thus the quartos. The folio: "I'll be he." Three lines lower the folio misprints *would* for *host*.

<sup>40</sup> i. e. *an armour for the arm. Avant bras.* Milton uses the word in *Samson Agonistes*, and Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:—

"Peruse his armour,

The dint's still in the *vantbrace*."

<sup>41</sup> The folio: "I'll *pawn*." In the next line the quartos have *forefend*, and *men*, instead of *forbid*, and *youth*, which is the reading of the folio.

*Ulyss.* Nestor,—

*Nest.* What says Ulysses?

*Ulyss.* I have a young conception in my brain,  
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is't?

*Ulyss.* This 'tis :

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The seeded pride  
That hath to this maturity blown up<sup>42</sup>  
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,  
To overbulk us all.

*Nest.* Well, and how?

*Ulyss.* This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,  
However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,  
Whose grossness little characters sum up<sup>43</sup> :  
And in the publication make no strain<sup>44</sup>,  
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
As banks of Libya,—though Apollo knows,  
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,  
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose  
Pointing on him.

*Ulyss.* And wake him to the answer, think you?

*Nest.*

Yes,

'Tis most meet ; Whom may you else oppose,  
That can from Hector bring those honours off,

<sup>42</sup> Thus in the Rape of Lucrece :—

“How will thy shame be *seeded* in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring.”

<sup>43</sup> “The *intent* is as plain and palpable as *substance*, and it is to be collected from small circumstances, as a gross body is made up of many small parts.” This is the scope of Warburton's explanation, to which I incline.

<sup>44</sup> Make no *difficulty*, no *doubt*, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. Thus in a subsequent scene Ulysses says :—

“I do not *strain* at the position,  
It is familiar.”



If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,  
 Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;  
 For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
 With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,  
 Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd  
 In this wild action: for the success,  
 Although particular, shall give a scantling<sup>45</sup>  
 Of good or bad unto the general;  
 And in such indexes, although small pricks<sup>46</sup>  
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen.  
 The baby figure of the giant mass  
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,  
 He; that meets Hector, issues from our choice:  
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,  
 Makes merit her election; and doth boil,  
 As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd  
 Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,  
 What heart receives from hence a conquering part,  
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves?  
 Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,  
 In no less working, than are swords and bows  
 Directive by the limbs.

*Ulyss.* Give pardon to my speech;—  
 Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.  
 Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,  
 And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,  
 The lustre of the better shall exceed,  
 By showing the worst first<sup>47</sup>. Do not consent,

<sup>45</sup> *A scantling is a small quantity, a certain proportion.* "When the lion's skin will not suffice, we must add a *scantling* of the fox's." *Montaigne's Essays, by Florio, 1603.*

<sup>46</sup> i. e. small *points* compared with the volumes. Indexes were formerly often *prefixed* to books.

<sup>47</sup> The folio reads:—

"The lustre of the better, yet to show  
 Shall show the better."

But as the quarto copy of the play is generally more correct than

That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;  
For both our honour and our shame, in this,  
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

*Nest.* I see them not with my old eyes ; what are  
they ?

*Ulyss.* What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,  
Were he not proud, we all should share<sup>48</sup> with him :  
But he already is too insolent ;  
And we were better parch in Africk sun,  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,  
Should he 'scape Hector fair : if he were foil'd,  
Why, then we did our main opinion<sup>49</sup> crush  
In taint of our best man. No ; make a lottery ;  
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw  
The sort<sup>50</sup> to fight with Hector : Among ourselves,  
Give him allowance for the better man,  
For that will physick the great Myrmidon,  
Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall  
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.  
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off<sup>51</sup>,

the folio, it has been followed. Malone thinks that some arbitrary alterations have been made in the text of this play by the editors of the folio.

<sup>48</sup> The folio has *wear*.

<sup>49</sup> *Opinion* for *estimation* or *reputation*. See King Henry IV. Part I. Act v. Sc. 4, p. 127. The word occurs before in this scene, in the same sense :—

“ Yet in the trial much *opinion* dwells.”

<sup>50</sup> i. e. *lot*. Sort, *Fr. sors*, Lat. Thus Lydgate :—

“ Of *sorte* also, and divynation.”

<sup>51</sup> Shakespeare, misled by The Destruction of Troy, appears to have confounded Ajax Telamonius with Ajax *Oileus*, for in that book the latter is called simply Ajax, as the more eminent of the two. “ *Ajax* was of a huge stature, great and large in the shoulders, great armes, and always was well clothed, and very richly, and was of no great enterprise, and spake very quicke.” Lydgate describes him as—

“ High of stature, and boystrous in a pres,

And of his speech rude, and rechles.

Full many a word in ydel hym asterte,

We'll dress him up in voices ; If he fail,  
 Yet go we under our opinion<sup>52</sup> still  
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,  
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,  
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

*Nest.* Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice ;  
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
 To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.  
 Two curs shall tame each other : Pride alone  
 Must tarre<sup>53</sup> the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II

### SCENE I. *Another part of the Grecian Camp.*

*Enter AJAX and THERSITES.*

*Ajax.*



THERSITES,—

*Ther.* Agamemnon—how if he had boils ?  
 full, all over, generally ?

*Ajax.* Thersites,—

*Ther.* And those boils did run ?—Say so,—did not  
 the general run then ? were not that a botchy core ?

*Ajax.* Dog,—

And but a coward was he of his herte.”

Harrington too, in the prologue to his witty *Metamorphosis* of Ajax, 1596, represents him as “strong, heady, boisterous, and a terrible fighting fellow, but neither wise, learned, staide, nor polliticke.” The thirteenth book of Ovid’s *Metamorphosis*, by Golding, may also have been consulted.

<sup>52</sup> See note 49, preceding page.

<sup>53</sup> i.e. *urge, stimulate, or set the mastiffs on.* See King John, Act iv. Sc. 1. p. 317, note 8.

<sup>1</sup> This play is not divided into acts in any of the original editions.

*Ther.* Then would come some matter from him ;  
I see none now.

*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear ?  
Feel then. [*Strikes him.*]

*Ther.* The plague of Greece<sup>2</sup> upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord<sup>3</sup> !

*Ajax.* Speak then, thou vinnied'st leaven<sup>4</sup>, speak !  
I will beat thee into handsomeness.

*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness :  
but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than  
thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike,  
canst thou ? a red murrain<sup>5</sup> o' thy jade's tricks !

*Ajax.* Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

*Ther.* Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st  
me thus ?

*Ajax.* The proclamation,—

*Ther.* Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

*Ajax.* Do not, porcupine, do not ; my fingers itch.

*Ther.* I would, thou didst itch from head to foot,  
and I had the scratching of thee ; I would make thee  
the loathsomest scab in Greece. [When thou art  
forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as an-  
other<sup>6</sup>.]

*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation,—

*Ther.* Thou grumblest and railest every hour on

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army.

<sup>3</sup> He calls Ajax *mongrel*, on account of his father being a Grecian and his mother a Trojan. Sir Andrew Aguecheek says, in *Twelfth Night*, "I am a great eater of *beef*, and I believe that does harm to my *wit*."

<sup>4</sup> The folio has "thou *whinid'st* leaven," a corruption undoubtedly of *vineud'st* or *vinnied'st*, i. e. *mouldy* leaven. The word is still provincially in use. The quarto has "Thou *unsalted leaven*," as much as to say "thou *foolish lump*." Thus Baret:—"Unsavoury, foolish, *without smacke of salt* ; without wisdom, that hath no grace, that hath no pleasant facion in wordes or gesture ; that no man can take pleasure in. *Insulsus*."

<sup>5</sup> In *The Tempest*, Caliban says, "The *red plague* rid you."

<sup>6</sup> The words in brackets are not in the folio.

Achilles ; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

*Ajax.* Mistress Thersites !

*Ther.* Thou should'st strike him.

*Ajax.* Cobloaf<sup>7</sup> !

*Ther.* He would pun<sup>8</sup> thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

*Ajax.* You whoreson cur ! [*Beating him*]

*Ther.* Do, do.

*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch !

*Ther.* Ay, do, do ; thou sodden-witted lord ! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows : an assinico<sup>9</sup> may tutor thee : Thou scurvy valiant ass ! thou art here but to thrash Trojans ; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use<sup>10</sup> to beat me, I will begin

<sup>7</sup> *Cobloaf* is perhaps equivalent to *ill shapen lump*. Minshen says, a *cob-loaf* is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob irons which support the fire. The *misshapen head* of Thersites should be remembered, which may be what is here alluded to :—"Homer declaryng a very foolyshe and an haskarde fellow under the person of Thersytes, sayth, that he was streyte in the shulders, and *cop-headed* lyke a gygge, and thyn heryd, full of scorfe and scalle."—*Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519, fo. 31.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *pound* ; still in use provincially. The original word in Saxon is *punian* : it is used in Holland's translation of Pliny, b. xxviii. c. xii. *punned* altogether, and reduced into a liniment. So in Cogan's Haven of Health, "to *punne* barley." In the first edition of Florio's Italian Dictionary, *pestare* is to *pound* ; but in the second edition, and in Torriano, it is to *punne* or *pun*. It is remarkable that *pestare* is used figuratively for to *bang*, to *bebaste*.

<sup>9</sup> The commentators changed this word to *assinigo*, and then erroneously affirm it to be Portuguese, and have been followed by Mr. Collier. The Portuguese have no such word, their diminutive is *Asinho*. It is evidently from the Spanish *asnico*, a young or little ass ; a word indeed entirely similar in sound, and seems to have been adopted into our language to signify a *silly ass*, a *stupid fellow*. The Italians have several kindred terms with the same meaning. *Asinesco*, and *asinaccio*, like the French *gros-asnier*, used to denote the most gross stupidity or folly.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. if you accustom yourself, or make it a practice to beat me

at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou !

*Ajax.* You dog !

*Ther.* You scurvy lord !

*Ajax.* You cur ! [*Beating him.*

*Ther.* Mars his idiot ! do, rudeness ; do, camel ; do, do.

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

*Achil.* Why, how now, Ajax ? wherefore do you thus ?

How now, Thersites ? what's the matter, man ?

*Ther.* You see him there, do you ?

*Achil.* Ay ; what's the matter ?

*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.

*Achil.* So I do ; What's the matter ?

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.

*Achil.* Well ! why I do so.

*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him : for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

*Achil.* I know that, fool.

*Ther.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee.

*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters ! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones : I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater*<sup>11</sup> is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This, lord Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

*Achil.* What ?

*Ther.* I say, this Ajax——

*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.*

<sup>11</sup> i. e. the membrane that covers the brain. See vol. iii. p. 367.

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[*Beating him.*]

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*Achil.* So I do; What's the matter?

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*Achil.* Well! why I do so.

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*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* I say, this Ajax——

*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.]

<sup>11</sup> i. e. the membrane that covers the brain. See vol. iii. p. 367.



*Ther.* Has not so much wit——

*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.

*Ther.* As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

*Achil.* Peace, fool!

*Ther.* I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

*Ajax.* O thou damned cur! I shall——

*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a fool's?

*Ther.* No, I warrant you: for a fool's will shame it.

*Patr.* Good words, Thersites.

*Achil.* What's the quarrel?

*Ajax.* I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

*Ther.* I serve thee not.

*Ajax.* Well, go to, go to.

*Ther.* I serve here voluntary<sup>12</sup>.

*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

*Ther.* Even so? a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains<sup>13</sup>; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

*Achil.* What, with me too, Thersites?

*Ther.* There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your<sup>14</sup> grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

*Achil.* What, what?

<sup>12</sup> i. e. *voluntarily*. Another instance of an adjective used adverbially.

<sup>13</sup> The same thought occurs in *Cymbeline*:—

“Not Hercules

Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.”

<sup>14</sup> The old copies read *their*.

So great as our dread father, in a scale  
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum  
 The past-proportion of his infinite<sup>3</sup>?  
 And buckle in a waist most fathomless,  
 With spans and inches so diminutive  
 As fears and reasons? fye, for godly shame!

*Hel.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father  
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,  
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

*Tro.* You are for dreams and slumbers, brother  
 priest,

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your  
 reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;  
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,  
 And reason flies the object of all harm;  
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds  
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
 The very wings of reason to his heels;  
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,  
 Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,  
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour  
 Should have hare<sup>4</sup> hearts, would they but fat their  
 thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Johnson explains *past-proportion*, by "that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion." The hyphen which has been added is not found in any of the old copies, and some editors have ventured to read "*vast proportion*."

<sup>4</sup> The folio has erroneously *hard* hearts; and a few lines after, *made* idolatry for *mad*.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *consideration, regard to consequences*. Thus in the Rape of Lucrece:—

"The childish fear avaunt! debating die!  
*Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age!—  
 Sad pause and deep regard beseech the sage."

SCENE II. Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter* PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS,  
and HELENUS.

*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,  
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks ;  
*Deliver Helen, and all damage else—*  
*As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,*  
*Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd*  
*In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—*  
*Shall be struck off:—*Hector, what say you to't ?

*Hect.* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,  
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,  
Dread Priam,  
There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,  
More ready to cry out, *Who knows what follows ?*  
Than Hector is : The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent<sup>1</sup> that searches  
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go :  
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,  
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes<sup>2</sup>,  
Hath been as dear as Helen ; I mean, of ours :  
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,  
To guard a thing not ours ; nor worth to us,  
Had it our name, the value of one ten ;  
What merit's in that reason, which denies  
The yielding of her up ?

*Tro.* Fye, fye, my brother !  
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,

<sup>1</sup> A *tent* is a roll of lint used in examining and purifying a deep wound. To tent a wound is to search it.

<sup>2</sup> *Disme* is properly *tenths* or *tythes*, but *dismes* is here used for *tens*.

*Ther.* Yes, good sooth : To Achilles ! to Ajax ! to !

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* 'Tis no matter ; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

*Patr.* No more words, Thersites ; peace<sup>15</sup> !

*Ther.* I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach<sup>16</sup> bids me, shall I ?

*Achil.* There's for you, Patroclus.

*Ther.* I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents ; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

*Patr.* A good riddance.

*Achil.* Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host :

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,  
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,  
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,  
That hath a stomach ; and such a one, that dare  
Maintain—I know not what ; 'tis trash : Farewell.

*Ajax.* Farewell. Who shall answer him ?

*Achil.* I know not, 'tis put to lottery : otherwise,  
He knew his man.

*Ajax.* O ! meaning you : I'll go learn more of it.  
[*Exeunt.*

<sup>15</sup> The word *peace* is from the quartos.

<sup>16</sup> Both the old copies read *brooch*, which may possibly be right ; for we find *monile* and *bulla* in the dictionaries interpreted "a bosse, a *brooch*, or jewell of a round compasse to hang about ones neck." It has been observed that Thersites afterwards calls Patroclus Achilles's *male harlot*, and his *masculine whore*. *Brach* was suggested by Rowe, and has been already explained, it is "a mannery name for all hound-bitches."

Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

*Hect.* Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost  
The holding.

*Tro.* What's aught, but as 'tis valued?

*Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will;  
It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself  
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,  
To make the service greater than the god;  
And the will dotes, that is inclinable<sup>6</sup>  
To what infectiously itself affects,  
Without some image of the affected merit.

*Tro.* I take to-day a wife, and my election  
Is led on in the conduct of my will<sup>7</sup>;  
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,  
Although my will distaste what it elected,  
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion  
To blench<sup>8</sup> from this, and to stand firm by honour:  
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,  
When we have soil'd<sup>9</sup> them; nor the remainder viands  
We do not throw in unrespective sieve<sup>10</sup>;  
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,  
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:  
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;

And in Timon of Athens:—

“The icy precepts of *respect*.”

<sup>6</sup> The folio reads *inclinable*, the quarto *attributive*.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *under the guidance of my will*.

<sup>8</sup> See p. 152 ante, note 4.

<sup>9</sup> The folio has *spoil'd*.

<sup>10</sup> That is, unto a *common voider*. It is well known that *sieves* and half *sieves* are *baskets*, and *baskets* lined with tin are still employed as *voiders*. Dr. Farmer says, that in some counties the baskets used for carrying out dirt, &c. are called *sieves*. The first folio copy reads by mistake “unrespective *same*,” the second folio has “unrespective *place*.”

*Patr.* Achilles bids me say he is much sorry,  
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure  
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,  
To call upon him ; he hopes, it is no other,  
But, for your health and your digestion' sake,  
An after-dinner's breath<sup>15</sup>.

*Agam.* Hear you, Patroclus ;  
We are too well acquainted with these answers :  
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,  
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.  
Much attribute he hath ; and much the reason  
Why we ascribe it to him ; yet all his virtues,  
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,  
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss ;  
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,  
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,  
We come to speak with him ; and you shall not sin,  
If you do say we think him over-proud,  
And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,  
Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than  
himself

Here tend the savage strangeness<sup>16</sup> he puts on ;  
Disguise the holy strength of their command,  
And underwrite<sup>17</sup> in an observing kind

<sup>15</sup> *Breath for breathing ; i. e. exercise, relaxation.*

"It is the *breathing* time of the day with me."

<sup>16</sup> i. e. *attend upon the brutish distant arrogance or rude haughtiness* he assumes. Thus in Proverbs, xxi. 8 :—"The way of man is froward and *strange*."

<sup>17</sup> To *underwrite* is synonymous with to *subscribe*, which is used by Shakespeare in several places for to *yield*, to *submit*. Thus in King Lear :—

"You owe me no *subscription*."

And in All's Well that Ends Well, Act v. Sc. 3.—

"I stood engag'd : but when I had *subscrib'd*

To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully

I could not answer," &c.

The word occurs again in this sense several times in this play  
In an *observing* kind, is in an *attentive* manner.



We may not think the justness of each act  
 Such and no other than event doth form<sup>uit</sup>;  
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds,  
 Because Cassandra's mad : her brainsick raptures  
 Cannot distaste<sup>18</sup> the goodness of a quarrel,  
 Which hath our several honours all engag'd  
 To make it gracious<sup>19</sup>. For my private part,  
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :  
 And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us  
 Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
 To fight for and maintain !

*Par.* Else might the world convince<sup>20</sup> of levity  
 As well my undertakings, as your counsels :  
 But I attest the gods, your full consent  
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off  
 All fears attending on so dire a project.  
 For what, alas ! can these my single arms ?  
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,  
 To stand the push and enmity of those  
 This quarrel would excite ? Yet I protest,  
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,  
 And had as ample power as I have will,  
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

*Pri.* Paris, you speak  
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights :  
 You have the honey still, but these the gall ;  
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it :

<sup>18</sup> i. e. *corrupt, change to a worse state.*

<sup>19</sup> i. e. *to make it graceful, to grace it, to set it off.* Vide *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii. Sc. 1, note 29.

<sup>20</sup> *To convince* and *to convict* were synonymous with our ancestors. The word was also used for *to overcome*, and will generally be found in Shakespeare with that signification. See *Baret's Alvearie*, C. 1244.



But I would have the soil of her fair rape<sup>21</sup>  
 Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.  
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
 Now to deliver her possession up,  
 On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,  
 That so degenerate a strain as this  
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?  
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,  
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,  
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,  
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,  
 Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,  
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,  
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

*Hect.* Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well:  
 And on the cause and question now in hand  
 Have glaz'd<sup>22</sup>, but superficially; not much  
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle<sup>23</sup> thought  
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:

<sup>21</sup> *Rape* and *ravishment* anciently signified only *seizing or carrying away*. Indeed the *Rape* of Helen is merely *Raptus* Helenæ, without any idea of personal violence. The *Rape* of the Lock has made this familiar.

<sup>22</sup> *Gloz'd* here means *commented*. See King Henry V. Act i. Sc. 2, p. 293, note 6.

<sup>23</sup> We may be amused at Hector's mention of Aristotle, but one of the most fertile and distinguished writers of the present age, in his admirable historical novels, blends circumstances of various periods, and exhibits persons on the stage of action together who were not contemporaries; yet his language, manners, and costume are in admirable keeping. Steevens has pointed out two absurd instances of anachronism which are very amusing. In the *Dialogue of Creatures Morallysed*, bk. i. (a book which Shakespeare probably saw) we find God Almighty quoting Cato. And in one of the *Chester Mysteries* (*Deluvium Noe*, in Mr. Markland's very elegant specimen) during an altercation between Noah and his wife, the lady swears by Christ and St. John. Statius is not entirely exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth book of the *Thebaid*, Amphiaraus talks of the fates of Nestor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him. The reader will

The reasons, you allege, do more conduce  
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,<sup>u</sup>  
 Than to make up a free determination  
 'Twixt right and wrong ; For pleasure, and revenge,  
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,  
 All dues be render'd to their owners ; Now  
 What nearer debt in all humanity,  
 Than wife is to the husband ? if this law  
 Of nature be corrupted through affection ;  
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same ;  
 There is a law in each well order'd nation,  
 To curb those raging appetites that are  
 Most disobedient and refractory.  
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,  
 As it is known she is, these moral laws  
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud  
 To have her back return'd : Thus to persist  
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,  
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
 Is this, in way of truth : yet, ne'ertheless,  
 My spritely brethren, I propend<sup>24</sup> to you  
 In resolution to keep Helen still ;  
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance  
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

*Tro.* Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :  
 Were it not glory that we more affected  
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
 She is a theme of honour and renown ;

do well to read Mr. Douce's sensible observations on Shakespeare's anachronisms, in which the poet is well defended, and the practice shown to be universal in the writers of his age.—*Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 281.

<sup>24</sup> i. e. *Incline to, as a question of honour.*

ILUS AND CRESSIDA. ACT II.

A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;  
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
And fame, in time to come, canonize us<sup>25</sup>.  
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,  
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,  
For the wide world's revenue.

*Hect.* I am yours,  
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.  
I have a roisting<sup>26</sup> challenge sent amongst  
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,  
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits :  
I was advértis'd, their great general slept,  
Whilst emulation<sup>27</sup> in the army crept ;  
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* How now, Thersites ? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury ? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus ? he beats me, and I rail at him : O worthy satisfaction ! 'would, it were otherwise ; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me : 'Sfoot, I'll learn

<sup>25</sup> This merely means *be inscribed among the heroes or demigods*. "Ascribi numinibus" is rendered by old translators "to be canonized, or made a saint."

<sup>26</sup> i. e. *Blustering*.

<sup>27</sup> *Emulation* is here put for *envious rivalry, factious contention*. It is generally used by Shakespeare in this sense : the reason will appear from the following definition :—"To have envie to some man, to be angry with another man which hath that which we covet to have, to envy at that which another man hath, to studie, indeavour, and travaile to dooe as well as another : *emulatio* is such kinde of *envy*." Bullokar defines it "*envy* ; an earnest desire to do as another doth." See King Henry VI. Part I. Act iv. Sc. 4.

to conjure and raise devils, but I'll send some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*<sup>1</sup>; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have; which short-aimed<sup>2</sup> ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache<sup>3</sup>! for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and, devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

*Enter PATROCLUS.*

*Patr.* Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

*Ther.* If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit<sup>4</sup>, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself!

<sup>1</sup> The wand of Mercury is wreathed with serpents. So Martial, lib. vii. epig. lxxiv.—

“Cyllenes calique decus! facunde minister  
Aurea cui torto virga dracone viret.”

<sup>2</sup> The old copies erroneously, *short-arm'd*.

<sup>3</sup> In the quarto, “the *Neapolitan* bone-ache!”

<sup>4</sup> To understand this joke it should be known that *counterfeit* and *slip* were synonymous:—“And therefore he went out and got him certain *slips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*.”—*Greene's Thieves falling out, true Men come by their Goods*.

“Is he not fond then which a *slip* receives

For current money? She which thee deceaves

With *copper gilt* is but a *slip*.”

*Skialethia*, 1598.

Mercutio plays upon the words in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. ACT II

The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood<sup>4</sup> be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

*Patr.* What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

*Ther.* Ay; The heavens hear me!

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patr.* Thersites, my lord.

*Achil.* Where, where? Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

*Ther.* Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

*Patr.* Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

*Ther.* Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

*Patr.* Thou may'st tell, that knowest.

*Achil.* O, tell, tell.

*Ther.* I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool<sup>6</sup>.

*Patr.* You rascal!

*Ther.* Peace, fool; I have not done.

*Achil.* He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

And Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man in his Humour* and *Magnetic Lady*. Indeed it is a fertile source of equivoque to our old writers. See Dodsley's *Old Plays*, by Reed, vol. v. p. 396.

<sup>4</sup> *Thy blood* means *thy passions, thy natural propensities*. See vol. ii. p. 105, note 13, and p. 120, note 12,

<sup>6</sup> The next four speeches are not in the quarto.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool ; Achilles is a fool : Thersites is a fool ; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

*Achil.* Derive this ; come.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles ; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon ; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool ; and Patroclus is a fool positive<sup>7</sup>.

*Patr.* Why am I a fool ?

*Ther.* Make that demand of the prover<sup>8</sup>. It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here !

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES,  
and AJAX.

*Achil.* Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody :—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

*Ther.* Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery ! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore ; a good quarrel, to draw emulous<sup>9</sup> factions, and bleed to death upon ! Now the dry serpigo<sup>10</sup> on the subject ! and war, and lechery, confound all ! [*Exit.*

*Agam.* Where is Achilles ?

*Patr.* Within his tent ; but ill dispos'd, my lord.

*Agam.* Let it be known to him, that we are here. He shent<sup>11</sup> our messengers ; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him : Let him be told so ; lest, perchance, he think<sup>12</sup>

<sup>7</sup> The grammatical allusion is still pursued, the first degree of comparison is here alluded to.

<sup>8</sup> The folio has, "Make that demand to the creator."

<sup>9</sup> See Act ii. Sc. 2, note 27, p. 198.

<sup>10</sup> The *serpigo* is a kind of tetter. See *Measure for Measure*, Act iii. Sc. 1, note 6.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *rebuked*, *reprimanded*. See *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. ii. note the last. The folio has "He *sent*." The quartos more erroneously have *He safe*. The present reading is by Theobald.

<sup>12</sup> Thus the quartos. The folio incorrectly reads ;—

"Let him be told *of*, so perchance he think."

We dare not move the question of our place,  
Or know not what we are.

*Patr.* I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*]

*Ulyss.* We saw him at the opening of his tent ;  
He is not sick.

*Ajax.* Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart : you may  
call it melancholy, if you will favour the man ; but, by  
my head, 'tis pride : But why, why ? let him show us  
a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*Takes AGAMEMNON aside.*]

*Nest.* What moves Ajax thus to bay at him ?

*Ulyss.* Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

*Nest.* Who ? Thersites ?

*Ulyss.* He.

*Nest.* Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost  
his argument.

*Ulyss.* No ; you see he is his argument, that has  
his argument ; Achilles.

*Nest.* All the better ;—their fraction is more our  
wish, than their faction : but it was a strong compo-  
sure<sup>13</sup>, a fool could disunite.

*Ulyss.* The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may  
easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

*Nest.* No Achilles with him.

*Re-enter PATROCLUS.*

*Ulyss.* The elephant hath joints, but none for cour-  
tesy : his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure<sup>14</sup>.

<sup>13</sup> The folio reads *counsel that*.

<sup>14</sup> The folio has *flight*. It was one of the errors of our old  
Natural History, to assert that an elephant "being unable to lie  
down, slept leaning against a tree, which the hunters observing,  
do saw it almost asunder ; whereon the beast relying, by the fall  
of the tree, falls also down itself, and is able to rise no more."  
Thus in *The Dialogues of Creatures Moralsed*, blk. l. before  
cited :—"The olefawnte that bowyth not the knees." Thus also  
in *All is Lost by Lust*, 1633 :—

"Is she pliant?

Stubborn as an elephant's leg, no bending in her "

The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,  
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;  
And, for an old aunt<sup>11</sup>, whom the Greeks held captive,  
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and fresh-  
ness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale<sup>12</sup> the morning.  
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:  
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,  
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.  
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went  
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd, *Go, go*),  
If you'll confess, he brought home ~~paltry~~ prize,  
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,  
And cried, *Inestimable!*) why do you now  
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;  
And do a deed that fortune never did,  
Beggard the estimation which you priz'd  
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;  
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!  
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,  
That in their country did them that disgrace,  
We fear to warrant in our native place<sup>13</sup>!

*Cas.* [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

<sup>11</sup> Priam's sister, Hesione.

<sup>12</sup> The quartos have *pale*. Mr. Collier declares that "*state* cannot be right," but it was most probably the poet's correction, as he uses it in the same manner in the Chorus to Act iv. of *The Winter's Tale*:—

"So shall I do

To the freshest things now reigning; and *make stale*  
The glistening of this present."

<sup>13</sup> This passage is somewhat obscure, but will bear the following construction:—

Fortune was never so unjust and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to set no estimation upon it. You are doing what Fortune, inconstant as she is, never did. It is a base theft to have stolen what we fear to keep. But we are thieves unworthy of a thing so stolen: that having in



His humorous predominance ; yea, watch  
 His pettish lunes<sup>18</sup>, his ebbs, his flows, as if  
 The passage and whole carriage of this action  
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,  
 That, if he overhold his price so much,  
 We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine  
 Not portable, lie under this report,—  
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :  
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance<sup>19</sup> give  
 Before a sleeping giant :—tell him so.

*Patr.* I shall ; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

*Agam.* In second voice we'll not be satisfied,  
 We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.

*Ajax.* What is he more than another ?

*Agam.* No more than what he thinks he is.

*Ajax.* Is he so much ? Do you not think, he thinks  
 himself a better man than I am ?

*Agam.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is ?

*Agam.* No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as va-  
 liant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and  
 altogether more tractable.

*Ajax.* Why should a man be proud ? How doth  
 pride grow ? I know not what it is.

*Agam.* Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your  
 virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself :  
 pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own  
 chronicle : and whatever praises itself but in the deed,  
 devours the deed in the praise<sup>20</sup>.

<sup>18</sup> By error in the folio we have *lines*. Hammer made the necessary correction to *lunes*, i. e. *fitful lunacies*. The quarto reads :

“ His *course and time*, his ebbs and flows, and if  
 The passage and whole *stream of his commencement*  
 Rode on his tide.”

<sup>19</sup> *Allowance* is *approbation*. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii. Sc. 2, note 19.

*Helen.* 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,  
Paris :

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,  
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have ;  
Yea, overshines ourself.

*Par.* Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* Pandarus' Orchard.

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.*

*Pan.* How now ? where's thy master ? at my cousin Cressida's ?

*Serv.* No, sir ; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Pan.* O, here he comes.—How now, how now ?

*Tro.* Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Pan.* Have you seen my cousin ?

*Tro.* No, Pandarus : I stalk about her door,  
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks  
Staying for waftage. O ! be thou my Charon,  
And give me swift transportance to those fields,  
Where I may wallow in the lily beds  
Propos'd for the deserver ! O ! gentle Pandarus,  
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,  
And fly with me to Cressid !

*Pan.* Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit PANDARUS.*]

*Tro.* I am giddy ; expectation whirls me round.  
The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense ; what will it be,  
When that the watry palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice-repured<sup>1</sup> nectar ; death, I fear me ;

<sup>1</sup> This is the reading of one of the quartos. The folio has

*Agam.* Let Ajax go to him.  
 Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent :  
 'Tis said, he holds you well : and will be led,  
 At your request, a little from himself.

*Ulyss.* O Agamemnon, let it not be so !  
 We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
 When they go from Achilles ; Shall the proud lord  
 That bastes his arrogance with his own seam<sup>25</sup> ;  
 And never suffers matter of the world  
 Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve  
 And ruminate himself ; shall he be worshipt  
 Of that we hold an idol more than he ?  
 No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord  
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd ;  
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
 As amply titled as Achilles is, by going to Achilles :  
 That were to enlard his fat-already pride ;  
 And add more coals to Cancer<sup>26</sup>, when he burns  
 With entertaining great Hyperion.  
 This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid !  
 And say in thunder, *Achilles*, go to him.

*Nest.* O ! this is well ; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

*Dio.* And how his silence drinks up this applause !

[*Aside.*

*Ajax.* If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash<sup>27</sup>  
 him o'er the face.

*Agam.* O, no ! you shall not go.

with the plague. "Spots of a dark complexion, usually called  
*tokens*, and looked on as the pledges or forewarnings of death."—  
*Hodges on the Plague.*

"Now like the fearful tokens of the plague,  
 Are mere forerunners of their ends."

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.*

<sup>25</sup> *Seam* is *fat*. The grease, fat, or tallow of any animal ; but  
 chiefly applied to that of a hog.

<sup>26</sup> The sign in the zodiac, into which the sun enters June 21.  
 "And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze."—*Thomson.*

*Ajax.* An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze<sup>28</sup> his pride: Let me go to him.

*Ulyss.* Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel<sup>29</sup>.

*Ajax.* A paltry, insolent fellow!—

*Nest.* How he describes himself! [*Aside.*

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable?

*Ulyss.* The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*

*Ajax.* I'll let his humours blood<sup>30</sup>.

*Agam.* He will be the physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*

*Ajax.* An all men were o' my mind,—

*Ulyss.* Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

*Ajax.* A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first; Shall pride carry it?

*Nest.* An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

*Ulyss.* A' would have ten shares. [*Aside.*

*Ajax.* I will knead him, I will make him supple:—

*Nest.* He's not yet thorough warm: force<sup>31</sup> him with praises: Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*

<sup>27</sup> "He was *pashed* over the pate with a pot." "*Scyphus ei impactus est.*"—*Bart.*

The word is used twice by Massinger in his *Virgin Martyr*; and Mr. Gifford has adduced an instance from Dryden; he justly observes, it is to be regretted that the word is now obsolete, as we have none that can adequately supply its place. To *dash* signifying to throw one thing with violence against another; to *pash* is to strike a thing with such force as to crush it to pieces.

<sup>28</sup> See note on the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*.

<sup>29</sup> i. e. *not for the value of that for which we are fighting.*

<sup>30</sup> There is a curious collection of Epigrams, Satires, &c. (by Sam. Rowlands) printed in 1600 and 1611, with this quaint title:—"The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine." A small reimpression was made at Edinburgh in 1815, with a preface and notes, by Sir Walter Scott.

<sup>31</sup> *Force him*, that is, *stuff him*: *farcir*, Fr. In another place of this play we have "*malice forced with wit.*" There was some confusion in the appropriation of the speeches here, which has been rectified. Steevens attempted in vain to reduce this dialogue into a metrical form; it is printed as prose in the folio.

*Ulyss.* My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

⌈ *To* AGAMEMNON.

*Nest.* Our noble general, do not do so.

*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

*Ulyss.* Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.  
Here is a man—But 'tis before his face; I will be  
silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so? He is not emulous<sup>32</sup>, as Achilles is.

*Ulyss.* Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

*Ajax.* A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us ! ' would, he were a Trojan !

*Nest.* What a vice were it in Ajax now——

*Ulyss.* If he were proud ?

*Dio.* Or covetous of praise?

*Ulyss.* Ay, or surly borne?

*Dio.* Or strange, or self affected?

*Ulyss.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet  
composure ;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck  
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature  
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition<sup>33</sup>:  
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,  
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,  
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,  
Bull-bearing Milo his addition<sup>34</sup> yield  
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,  
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines  
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor;—  
Instructed by the antiquary times,  
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days  
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,  
You should not have the eminence of him,  
But be as Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I call you father<sup>35</sup>?

*Nest.* Ay, my good son.

*Dio.* Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

*Ulyss.* There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles  
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general  
To call together all his state of war;  
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,  
We must with all our main of power stand fast:  
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,  
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

*Agam.* Go we to counsel. Let Achilles sleep:  
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw  
deep. [*Exeunt*

### ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.*

*Pandarus.*

**F**RIEND! you! pray you, a word: Do not  
you follow the young Lord Paris?

*Serv.* Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

*Pan.* You depend upon him, I mean?

<sup>35</sup> Shakespeare probably had a custom prevalent about his own time in his thoughts. Ben Jonson had many who called themselves his sons. Cotton dedicates his book on Angling to his father Walton; and Ashmole, in his Diary observes, "April 3, Mr. William Backhouse of Swallowfield, in com. Berks, caused me to call 'm father thenceforward."

The next speech is given to *Ulysses* in the folio; but rightly to *Nestor* in the quarto.

*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman ; I must needs praise him.

*Serv.* The lord be praised !

*Pan.* You know me, do you not ?

*Serv.* 'Faith, sir, superficially.

*Pan.* Friend, know me better ; I am the Lord Pandarus.

*Serv.* I hope I shall know your honour better<sup>1</sup>.

*Pan.* I do desire it.

*Serv.* You are in the state of grace.

[*Musick within.*

*Pan.* Grace ! not so, friend ; honour and lordship are my titles : What musick is this ?

*Serv.* I do but partly know, sir ; it is musick in parts.

*Pan.* Know you the musicians ?

*Serv.* Wholly, sir.

*Pan.* Who play they to ?

*Serv.* To the hearers, sir.

*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend ?

*Serv.* At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.

*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.

*Serv.* Who shall I command, sir ?

*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another ; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning : At whose request do these men play ?

*Serv.* That's to't, indeed, sir : Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person ; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,——

*Pan.* Who, my cousin Cressida ?

<sup>1</sup> The servant means to quibble. He hopes Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better ; and hence the servant affirms that he is in the state of *grace*.

*Serv.* No, sir, Helen : Could you not find out that by her attributes ?

*Pan.* It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus : I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

*Serv.* Sudden business ! there's a stewed phrase, indeed !

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.*

*Pan.* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company ! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them ! especially to you, fair queen ! fair thoughts be your fair pillow !

*Helen.* Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

*Pan.* You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.  
—Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

*Par.* You have broke it, cousin : and, by my life, you shall make it whole again ; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance :—Nell, he is full of harmony.

*Pan.* Truly, lady, no.

*Helen.* O, sir !—

*Pan.* Rude, in sooth ; in good sooth, very rude.

*Par.* Well said, my lord ! well, you say so in fits<sup>2</sup>

*Pan.* I have business to my lord, dear queen :—  
My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word ?

*Helen.* Nay, this shall not hedge us out : we'll hear you sing, certainly.

*Pan.* Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.  
—But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

*Helen.* My Lord Pandarus ; honey-sweet lord,—

<sup>2</sup> A quib<sup>t</sup> is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song or tune. The equivoque lies between *fits*, starts, or sudden impulses, and *fits* in its musical acceptation.



*Pan.* Go to, sweet queen, go to :—commends himself most affectionately to you.

*Helen.* You shall not bob us out of our melody ; If you do, our melancholy upon your head !

*Pan.* Sweet queen, sweet queen ; that's a sweet queen,—i' faith—

*Helen.* And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn ; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words ; no, no.—And, my lord<sup>3</sup>, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

*Helen.* My Lord Pandarus,——

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen ?

*Par.* What exploit's in hand ? where sups he to-night ?

*Helen.* Nay, but, my lord,——

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen ? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> *And, my lord, &c.* I think with Johnson, that the speech of Pandarus should begin here ; and that the former part should be added to that of Helen.

<sup>4</sup> *You must not know where he sups.* These words in the old copies are erroneously given to Helen, instead of the next speech, which has been also wrongly given to Paris. This has been in part the cause of the difficulties the commentators have found in the passage. They have sadly blundered in respect to the word *disposer*, which merely signifies *handmaid*. Thus *Learning* is called the *poor disposer* of *Poetry*, that is her *handmaid* in the Epistle Dedicatorie to Chapman's Homer :—

“ Then let not this divinitie in earth  
(Deare Prince) be slighted, as she were the birth  
Of idle Fancie, since she workes so high ;  
Nor let her poore *disposer* (Learning) lye  
Still bed-rid.”

This is quoted by Steevens, yet it did not lead him to the meaning of the passage ; Helen calls Cressid her *handmaid*.

*Helen.* I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

*Pan.* No, no, no such matter, you are wide ; come, your disposer is sick.

*Par.* Well, I'll make excuse.

*Pan.* Ay, good my lord. [*To HEL.*] Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

*Par.* I spy.

*Pan.* You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Why, this is kindly done.

*Pan.* My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

*Helen.* She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

*Pan.* He! no, she'll none of him: they two are twain.

*Helen.* Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

*Helen.* Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.

*Helen.* Let thy song be love; this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

*Pan.* Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

*Par.* Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

*Pan.* In good troth, it begins so:

*Love, love, nothing but love, still more!*

*For, oh, love's bow*

*Shoots buck and doe:*

*The shaft confounds,*

*Not that it wounds,*

*But tickles still the sore.*

*These lovers cry, Oh! oh! they die!*

*Yet that which seems the wound to kill.*

*Doth turn oh ! oh ! to ha ! ha ! he !*

*So dying love lives still :*

*Oh ! oh ! a while, but ha ! ha ! ha !*

*Oh ! oh ! groans out for ha ! ha ! ha !*

Hey ho !

*Helen.* In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

*Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love ; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of love ? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds ? Why, they are vipers : Is love a generation of vipers ? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day ?

*Par.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and sweet the gallantry of Troy : I would fain have arm'd

*Par.* but my Nell would not have it so. How night ? my brother Troilus went not ?

*Helen.* He hangs the lip at something ;—you know

*Par.* Pandarus.

*Wiliam.* Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse ?

*Par.* To a hair.

*Pan.* Farewell, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Commend me to your niece.

*Pan.* I will, sweet queen. *[Exit.]*

*[A Retreat sounded.]*

*Par.* They are come from field : let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors Sweet Helen, I must woo you  
To help unarm our Hector : his stubborn buckles,  
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,  
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,  
Or force of Greekish sinews ; you shall do more  
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads<sup>21</sup>.

*Nest.* And yet he loves himself: Is't not strange?

[*Aside.*

*Re-enter ULYSSES.*

*Ulyss.* Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

*Agam.* What's his excuse?

*Ulyss.* He doth rely on none;  
But carries on the stream of his dispose,  
Without observance or respect of any,  
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

*Agam.* Why will he not, upon our fair request,  
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

*Ulyss.* Things small as nothing, for request's sake  
only,  
He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness;  
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride  
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth  
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,  
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages<sup>22</sup>,  
And batters 'gainst himself<sup>23</sup>: What should I say?  
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens<sup>24</sup> of it  
Cry, *No recovery*.

<sup>20</sup> We have this sentiment before in Act i. Sc. 3, p. 178:—

"The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth."

Malone has cited a passage from *Coriolanus* in both instances, which has nothing in it of similar sentiment, and which he could neither comprehend nor explain. See *Coriolanus*, Act iv. Sc. 7.

<sup>21</sup> See Goldsmith's *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, vol. vii. pp. 92, 93.

<sup>22</sup> "The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection."—*Julius Cæsar*.

<sup>23</sup> Thus the folio. The quartos, "batters down himself."

<sup>24</sup> Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected

Swooning destruction ; or some joy too fine,  
 Too subtle-potent, tun'd<sup>2</sup> too sharp in sweetness,  
 For the capacity of my ruder powers.  
 I fear it much ; and I do fear besides,  
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys<sup>3</sup> ;  
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
 The enemy flying.

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* She's making her ready, she'll come straight :  
 you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches  
 her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite ;  
 I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain : she fetches  
 her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

*[Exit PANDARUS.]*

*Tro.* Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom :  
 My heart beats thicker<sup>4</sup> than a feverous pulse ;  
 And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
 Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring  
 The eye of majesty.

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Come, come, what need you blush ? shame's  
 a baby. Here she is now ; swear the oaths now to  
 her, that you have sworn to me.—What ! are you gone  
 again ? you must be watch'd<sup>5</sup> ere you be made tame,  
 must you ? Come your ways, come your ways ; an  
 you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills<sup>6</sup>. Why

"thrice-reputed," which was doubtless a misprint for the highly  
 expressive word *thrice-repured* or *purified*.

<sup>2</sup> The folio has *and*, for *tun'd*.

<sup>3</sup> "Ubi jam amborum fuerat *confusa voluptas*."

*Sappho's Epistle to Phaon.*

<sup>4</sup> *Thicker*, i. e. *quicker*.

<sup>5</sup> Hawks were tamed by *keeping them from sleep* ; and thus  
 Pandarus meant that Cressida should be tamed. See *Taming of  
 the Shrew*, Act iv. Sc. 1, p. 188, note 22.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *the shafts*. *Phills* or *fills* is the term in the midland

do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! and dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and press<sup>7</sup>. How now, a kiss in fee-farm<sup>8</sup>! build the matter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel<sup>9</sup>, for all the ducks in the river: go to, go to.

*Tro.* You have bereft me of all words, lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What! billing again? Here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*<sup>10</sup>—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

[*Exit* PANDARUS.]

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Tro.* O, Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus!

*Cres.* Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

counties for the *shafts* of a cart or waggon. See vol. ii. p. 422, note 9.

<sup>7</sup> The allusion is to bowling; what is now called *the jack* was formerly termed *the mistress*. A bowl that kisses the jack or mistress is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term in the game. See *Cymbeline*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

<sup>8</sup> *A kiss in fee-farm* is a *kiss of duration*, that has no bounds, a *fee-farm* being a grant of lands in fee; that is, for ever reserving a certain rent. The same idea is expressed much more poetically in *Coriolanus*, when the jargon of law was absent from the poet's thoughts:—

“O, a kiss

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!”

<sup>9</sup> The *tercel* is the *male* and the *falcon* the *female hawk*. Pandarus means that he will back the falcon against the tercel, or match his niece against her lover for any bet. Mason has adduced a passage from Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage* in which a similar phrase occurs.

<sup>10</sup> Shakespeare had here an idea in his thoughts that he has elsewhere often expressed. Thus in a future page:—“Go to, a bargain made; seal it.” So in *Measure for Measure*:—

“But my kisses bring again  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.”

*Tro.* What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

*Cres.* More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

*Tro.* Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

*Cres.* Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

*Tro.* O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster<sup>11</sup>.

*Cres.* Nor nothing monstrous neither?

*Tro.* Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confi'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave limit.

*Cres.* They say, all lovers swear more per rmance

Thus also in King John:—

“Upon thy cheek I lay this zealous kiss,  
As *seal* to the indenture of my love.”

And in Venus and Adonis:—

“Pure lips sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make still to be *seal'd*?”

Green has a similar thought in his *Arcadia*:—

“Even with that kiss, as once my father did,  
I *seal* the sweet indentures of delight.”

<sup>11</sup> From this passage a *Fear* appears to have been a personage in other pageants, or perhaps in our ancient moralities. To this circumstance Aspatia alludes in *The Maid's Tragedy*:—

“And then a *Fear*

Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.”

So the old reading in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii. Sc. 3:—

“Near him, thy angel

Becomes a *Fear*.”

In the Sacred Writings *Fear* is also a person:—“I will put a *Fear* in the land of Egypt.”—*Exodus*. Spenser has personified *Fear* in the twelfth canto of the third book of his *Fairy Queen*.

A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight  
A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,  
She hath not given so many good words breath,  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :  
But we in silence hold this virtue well,  
We'll not commend what we intend to sell<sup>3</sup>.  
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *The same. Court before the House  
of Pandarus.*

*Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself ; the morn is cold.

*Cres.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle  
down ;

He shall unbolt the gates.

*Tro.* Trouble him not ;  
To bed, to bed : sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,  
As infants' empty of all thought !

*Cres.* Good morrow, then.

*Tro.* 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

*Cres.* Are you aweary of me ?

*Tro.* O Cressida ! but that the busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald<sup>1</sup> crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys<sup>2</sup> no longer,

<sup>3</sup> Warburton would read :—

"We'll not commend what we intend *not* sell."  
So in Shakespeare's twenty-first Sonnet :—

"I will not *praise* that purpose *not* to sell."  
*Not sell* sounds harsh ; but such elliptical expressions are not unfrequent in old phraseology.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the roguish or thievish crows. *Ribaldry* signified *roguery*, *naughtiness*, or *loose conduct of any kind*, among our ancestors.

<sup>2</sup> The folio has *eyes*.



Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day  
For many weary months.

*Tro.* Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

*Cres.* Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,  
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—  
If I confess much; you will play the tyrant.  
I love you now; but not, till now, so much  
But I might master it: in faith, I lie;  
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown  
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!  
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?  
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;  
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;  
Or that we women had men's privilege  
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;  
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak  
The thing I shall repent. See, see! your silence,  
Cunning<sup>14</sup> in dumbness, from my weakness draws  
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

*Tro.* And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

*Pan.* Pretty, i' faith.

*Cres.* My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;  
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss.  
I am asham'd; O heavens! what have I done?  
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid?

*Pan.* Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow  
morning,——

*Cres.* Pray you, content you.

*Tro.* What offends you, lady?

*Cres.* Sir, mine own company.

*Tro.* You cannot shun  
Yourself.

<sup>14</sup> The old copies all read *comming*. Pope made the correction.  
In the next line the folio has "My soul of counsel *from* me."

*Cres.* Let me go and try :

I have a kind of self resides with you ;  
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,  
To be another's fool. I would be gone :  
Where is my wit ? I know not what I speak<sup>15</sup>.

*Tro.* Well know they what they speak, that speak  
so wisely.

*Cres.* Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than  
love ;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
To angle for your thoughts : but you are wise ;  
Or else you love not ; For to be wise, and love,  
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above<sup>16</sup>.

*Tro.* O ! that I thought it could be in a woman,  
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)  
To feed for aye<sup>17</sup> her lamp and flames of love ;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !  
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,

<sup>15</sup> So the quartos. The folio reads :—

“ Where is my wit ?

I would be gone. I speak—I know not what.”

This quaint thought has some resemblance to one in Drayton's  
Idea, Sonnet 14 :—

“ You do bewitch me, O ! that I could fly  
From myself you, or from my ownself I.”

See note on Antony and Cleopatra, Act i. Sc. 3.

<sup>16</sup> The thought originally belongs to Publius Syrus :—“ Amare  
et sapere vix Deo conceditur.” Spenser has it in his Shepherd's  
Calendar, March :—

“ To be wise and eke to love  
Is granted scarce to gods above.”

It is to be found in Taverner's translation of Publius Syrus, at  
the end of Catonis Disticha, 1532.

<sup>17</sup> Troilus alludes to the perpetual lamps, which were sup-  
posed to illumine sepulchres.

“ Lasting flames, that burn

To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.”

See Pericles, Act ii. Sc. 1.

That my integrity and truth to you  
Might be affronted<sup>18</sup> with the match and weight  
Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;  
How were I then uplifted ! but, alas !  
I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

*Cres.* In that I'll war with you.

*Tro.* O virtuous fight!

When right with right wars who shall be most right !  
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,  
Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,  
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,  
Want similes,—truth-tir'd with iteration<sup>19</sup>,—  
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon<sup>20</sup>,  
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—  
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,  
As truth's authentick author to be cited,  
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,  
And sanctify the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,

<sup>1b</sup> i. e. *met with and equalled*. See Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 1:—

"That he, as 'twere by accident, may here

*Affront Ophelia."*

<sup>19</sup> Mr. Tyrwhitt's correction of this line was followed by Stevens and Malone, thus:—

"Want similes of truth, tir'd with iteration."

I have followed the old reading, except in placing a hyphen between truth and tir'd.

<sup>20</sup> *Plantage* is here put for anything planted, which was thought to depend for its success upon the influence of the moon. "The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the *moone* maketh *plants* fruitfull; so as in the *full moone* they are in their best strength; decaieing in the *wane*; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and vade."—*Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*.

And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing ; yet let memory,  
From false to false, among false maids in love,  
Upbraid my falsehood ! when they have said, as false  
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,  
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son ;  
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
As false as Cressid.

*Pan.* Go to, a bargain made : seal it, seal it : I'll  
be the witness. Here I hold your hand ; here, my  
cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since  
I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all  
pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after  
my name, call them all—Pandars ; let all inconstant  
men be Troiluses, all false women, Cressids, and all  
brokers-between, Pandars ! say, amen.

*Tro.* Amen.

*Cres.* Amen.

*Pan.* Amen. Whereupon I will show you a cham-  
ber [wherein is a bed<sup>21</sup>], which bed, because it shall  
not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death :  
away !

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,  
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer !

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.    *The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,  
AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

*Cal.* Now, princes, for the service I have done you,  
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud

<sup>21</sup> The words "wherein is a bed" are wanting in the old copies, but are clearly necessary to the sense, and which the context shows must have been omitted by accident.

To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,  
 That, through the sight I bear in things to come<sup>1</sup>,  
 I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,  
 Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,  
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
 To doubtful fortunes; séquest'ring from me all  
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,  
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature;  
 And here, to do you service, am become  
 As new into<sup>2</sup> the world, strange, unacquainted:  
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,  
 To give me now a little benefit,  
 Out of those many register'd in promise,  
 Which you say, live to come in my behalf.

*Agam.* What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

*Cal.* You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,  
 Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.  
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore),  
 Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,  
 Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,  
 I know, is such a wrest<sup>3</sup> in their affairs,  
 That their negotiations all must slack,

<sup>1</sup> The old copies read distinctly "things to *love*," an evident error for "things to *come*:" a reading long since proposed by Mason. It has been usual to read *Jove* instead of *love*, for which there is no warrant in the old copies. It was coming events that Calchas had foresight of.

The merit of Calchas did not merely consist in having come over to the Greeks; he also revealed to them the fate of Troy, which depended on their conveying away the palladium, and the horses of Rhesus, before they should drink of the river Xanthus.

<sup>2</sup> *Into* for *unto*; a common form of expression in old writers. Thus in the Paston Letters, vol. ii. p. 5:—"And they that have justed with him *into* this day, have been as richly beseen," &c.

<sup>3</sup> *Wrest*, as Mr. Douce suggested, means the key or instrument used in tuning to draw up the strings. So in King James's edict against combats, &c. p. 45:—"This small instrument the tongue being kept in tune by the *wrest* of awe."

Wanting his manage ; and they will almost  
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
 In change of him : let him be sent, great princes,  
 And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence  
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
 In most accepted pay<sup>4</sup>.

*Agam.* Let Diomedes bear him,  
 And bring us Cressid hither ; Calchas shall have  
 What he requests of us. Good Diomed,  
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange :  
 Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow  
 Be answer'd in his challenge : Ajax is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a burden  
 Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.*]

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their  
 Tent.*

*Ulyss.* Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent :  
 Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
 As if he were forgot ; and, princes all,  
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.  
 I will come last : 'tis like, he'll question me,  
 Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on  
 him :

If so, I have derision medicinable,  
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink.  
 It may do good : pride hath no other glass  
 To show itself, but pride ; for supple knees  
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

*Agam.* We'll execute your purpose, and put on  
 A form of strange as we pass along ;—

<sup>4</sup> The old copy reads "in most accepted *pain*." We owe the necessary correction to Warburton.

So do each lord ; and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

*Achil.* What ! comes the general to speak with me ?  
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*Agam.* What says Achilles ? would he aught with  
us ?

*Nest.* Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* Nothing, my lord.

*Agam.* The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

*Achil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How do you ? how do you ?

[*Exit* MENELAUS.]

*Achil.* What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

*Ajax.* How now, Patroclus ?

*Achil.* Good morrow, Ajax.

*Ajax.* Ha ?

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit* AJAX.]

*Achil.* What mean these fellows ? Know they not  
Achilles ?

*Patr.* They pass by strangely : they were us'd to  
bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles ;

To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep

To holy altars.

*Achil.* What, am I poor of late ?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too. What the declin'd is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

As feel in his own fall : for men, like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer ;

And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honour ; but honour<sup>5</sup> for those honours  
 That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,  
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit :  
 Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,  
 The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,  
 Doth one pluck down another, and together  
 Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me :  
 Fortune and I are friends ; I do enjoy  
 At ample point all that I did possess,  
 Save these men's looks : who do, methinks, find out  
 Something not worth in me such rich beholding  
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses ;  
 I'll interrupt his reading.  
 How now, Ulysses ?

*Ulyss.* Now, great 'Thetis' son.

*Achil.* What are you reading ?

*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here  
 Writes me, that man,—how dearly ever parted<sup>6</sup>,  
 How much in having, or without, or in,—  
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;  
 As when his virtues shining upon others  
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again  
 To the first giver.

*Achil.* This is not strange, Ulysses.  
 The beauty that is borne here in the face  
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
 To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself  
 (That most pure spirit of sense), behold itself<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>5</sup> The first folio reads, "*honour'd for* those honours." The second has "*honour'd by* those honours."

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *however excellently endowed, with however dear or precious parts enriched.* So in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*:—

"And I, my lord, chose rather  
 To deliver her better *parted* than she is,  
 Than to take from her."

<sup>7</sup> This and f. 5 preceding line are not in the folio, but are ne-





While some men leave to do !  
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,  
 Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !  
 How one man eats into another's pride,  
 While pride is fasting<sup>a</sup> in his wantonness !  
 To see these Grecian lords ! why, even already  
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;  
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
 And great Troy shrieking<sup>11</sup>.

*Achil.* I do believe it : for they pass'd by me,  
 As misers do by beggars : neither gave to me  
 Good word, nor look : What, are my deeds forgot ?

*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion<sup>12</sup>,  
 A great-sized monster of ingritudes :  
 Those scraps are good deeds past : which are devour'd  
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
 As done : Perséverance, dear my lord,  
 Keeps honour bright : to have done, is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;  
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
 Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;  
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
 That one by one pursue : If you give way,  
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,

<sup>a</sup> The folio has *feasting*.

<sup>11</sup> The folio reads *shrinking*. The following passage in the subsequent scene seems to favour the reading of the quarto :—

"Hark, how *Troy* roars ; how *Hecuba* cries out ;  
 How poor *Andromache* shrills her dolours forth ;  
 And all cry—*Hector, Hector's dead*."

<sup>12</sup> This image is literally from Spenser :—

"And eke this wallet at your backe arreare—

.....  
 And in 'his bag, which I behinde me don,  
 I put ⁊ sentaunce for things past and gone."

*F. Q. b. vi. c. viii. st. 24.*

And leave you hindmost :—

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank<sup>13</sup>,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear<sup>14</sup>,  
O'er-run and trampled on : Then what they do in  
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours :  
For time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;  
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer : Welcome<sup>15</sup> ever smiles,  
And Farewell goes out sighing. O ! let not virtue seek  
Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,  
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past ;  
And give<sup>16</sup> to dust, that is a little gilt,  
More laud than gold o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object :  
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;  
Since things in motion sooner<sup>17</sup> catch the eye,  
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,  
And still it might ; and yet it may again,  
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,  
And case thy reputation in thy tent ;  
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,

<sup>13</sup> The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus :—

“ And leave you hindmost, then what they do at present.”

<sup>14</sup> The folio, in which alone this simile occurs, has *abject, neare*

<sup>15</sup> The old copies have “ *the welcome*.”

<sup>16</sup> All the old copies misprint *go* ; and *gilt* in the next line for *gold*.

<sup>17</sup> Thus the quarto. The folio misprints *begin to*. The word evidently caught from the preceding line. In the following line the folio has *out* for the true reading *once* of the quarto.

Made emulous missions<sup>18</sup> 'mongst the gods themselves,

And drave great Mars to faction.

*Achil.* Of this my privacy  
I have strong reasons.

*Ulyss.* But 'gainst your privacy  
The reasons are more potent and heroical :  
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
With one of Priam's daughters<sup>19</sup>.

*Achil.* Ha ! known ?

*Ulyss.* Is that a wonder ?  
The providence that's in a watchful state,  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold ;  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps ;  
Keeps pace with thought<sup>20</sup>, and almost, like the gods,  
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
There is a mystery (with whom relation  
Durst never meddle<sup>21</sup>) in the soul of state ;  
Which hath an operation more divine,  
'Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.  
All the commerce<sup>22</sup> that you have had with Troy,  
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord ;  
And better would it fit Achilles much,  
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena :

<sup>18</sup> i. e. *the descent of deities to combat on either side*. Shakespeare probably followed Chapman's Homer: in the fifth book of the Iliad Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* alluded to.

<sup>19</sup> Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom he was afterwards killed by Paris.

<sup>20</sup> The old copies have *place*. The correction is by Hammer. In my second folio the *l* is struck out, which gives us the true word, *pace*.

<sup>21</sup> i. e. *There is a secret administration of affairs, which no history was ever able to discover*.

<sup>22</sup> *Commerce*. This word is so accented by Chapman in his version of the fourth book of the Odyssey:—

“T labour's taste, nor the commerce of men.”

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,  
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump ;  
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—  
*Great Hector's sister did Achilles win ;*  
*But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.*  
 Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;  
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[*Exit.*

*Patr.* To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you :  
 A woman impudent and mannish grown  
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man  
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this,  
 They think, my little stomach to the war,  
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus.  
 Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak wanton Cupid  
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
 And, like a dewdrop from the lion's mane,  
 Be shook to airy air<sup>23</sup>.

*Achil.* Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

*Patr.* Ay ; and, perhaps, receive much honour by  
 him.

*Achil.* I see my reputation is at stake ;  
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd<sup>24</sup>.

*Patr.* O ! then beware ;  
 Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves :  
 Omission to do what is necessary  
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;  
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

*Achil.* Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus :  
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him

<sup>23</sup> Thus the folio. . The quarto omits *airy*.

<sup>24</sup> So in Hamlet:—

“ To keep thy name *ungor'd*.”

And in Shakespeare's 110th Sonnet:—

“ Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,—  
*Gor'd* my own thoughts.”

To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,  
To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longing,  
An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ;  
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,  
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd !

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* A wonder !

*Achil.* What ?

*Ther.* Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

*Achil.* How so ?

*Ther.* He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector ; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be ?

*Ther.* Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand : ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to set down her reckoning : bites his lip with a politick regard, as who should say, there were wit in this head, an 'twould out ; and so there is ; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking<sup>25</sup>. The man's undone for ever : for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me : I said, *Good-morrow*, Ajax ; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general ? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion ! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

<sup>25</sup> Thus in Julius Cæsar :—

“ That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,  
Which much enforced shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.”

*Achil.* Thou must be my ambassador to him, Ther-sites.

*Ther.* Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms<sup>26</sup>. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

*Achil.* To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

*Patr.* Jove bless great Ajax.

*Ther.* Humph!

*Patr.* I come from the worthy Achilles,—

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent!——

*Ther.* Humph!

*Patr.* And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

*Ther.* Agamemnon?

*Patr.* Ay, my lord.

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* What say you to't?

*Ther.* God be wi' you, with all my heart.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* Fare you well, with all my heart.

*Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

<sup>26</sup> So in Macbeth:—

“My voice is in my sword.”

*Ther.* No, but he's out o' tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not : But, I am sure, none ; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings<sup>27</sup> on.

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

*Ther.* Let me bear<sup>28</sup> another to his horse ; for that's the more capable<sup>29</sup> creature.

*Achil.* My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd : And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

*Ther.* 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it ! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. Troy. A Street.

*Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a Torch ; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with Torches.*

*Paris.*

**S**EE, ho ! who's that there ?

*Dei.*

'Tis the Lord Æneas.

*Æne.* Is the prince there in person ?

Had I so good occasion to lie long,  
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business  
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

<sup>27</sup> i. e. *lute-strings* made of *catgut*. One of the musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* is named *Simon Catling*.

<sup>28</sup> The folio has *carry*.

<sup>29</sup> i. e. *intelligent*. So in *King Richard III.*—

"Bold, forward, quick, ingenious, *capable*."

See also *Hamlet*. Act iii. Sc. 4.



*Dio.* That's my mind too. Good morrow. Lord Æneas.

*Par.* A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand :  
Witness the process of your speech, wherein<sup>1</sup>  
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,  
Did haunt you in the field.

*Æne.* Health to you, valiant sir  
During all question<sup>2</sup> of the gentle truce :  
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,  
As heart can think, or courage execute.

*Dio.* The one and other Diomed embraces.  
Our bloods are now in calm ; and, so long, health .  
But when contention and occasion meet,  
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,  
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly  
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,  
Welcome to Troy ! now, by Anchises' life,  
Welcome, indeed ! By Venus' hand I swear,  
No man alive can love, in such a sort,  
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

*Dio.* We sympathize : Jove, let Æneas live,  
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,  
A thousand complete courses of the sun !  
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,  
With every joint a wound ; and that to-morrow !

*Æne.* We know each other well.

*Dio.* We do ; and long to know each other worse.

*Par.* This is the most despiteful'st gentle greeting,  
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.  
What business, lord, so early ?

*Æne.* I was sent for to the king ; but why, I know not.

*Par.* His purpose meets you : 'Twas to bring this  
Greek

<sup>1</sup> The folio, *within*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *conversation while the truce lasts*.

To Calchas' house ; and there to render him,  
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid :  
Let's have your company ; or, if you please,  
Haste there before us : I constantly do think  
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge),  
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night ;  
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality wherefore : I fear,  
We shall be much unwelcome.

*Æne.*

That I assure you ;

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,  
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

*Par.*

There is no help ;

The bitter disposition of the time  
Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

*Æne.* Good morrow, all.

[*Exit.*

*Par.* And tell me, noble Diomed ; 'faith, tell me true,  
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,  
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,  
Myself, or Menelaus ?

*Dio.*

Both alike :

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her  
(Not making any scruple of her soilure),  
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge ;  
And you as well to keep her, that defend her  
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)  
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :  
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up  
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece :  
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors :  
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more ;  
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

*Par.* You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

*Dio.* She's bitter to her country : Hear me, Paris,—  
For ever false drop in her bawdy veins

A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple  
 Of her contaminated carrion weight  
 A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,  
 She hath not given so many good words breath,  
 As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :  
 But we in silence hold this virtue well,  
 We'll not commend what we intend to sell<sup>3</sup>.  
 Here lies our way. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *The same. Court before the House  
 of Pandarus.*

*Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself ; the morn is cold.

*Cres.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle  
 down ;

He shall unbolt the gates.

*Tro.* Trouble him not ;  
 To bed, to bed : sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses,  
 As infants' empty of all thought !

*Cres.* Good morrow, then.

*Tro.* 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

*Cres.* Are you aweary of me ?

*Tro.* O Cressida ! but that the busy day,  
 Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald<sup>1</sup> crows,  
 And dreaming night will hide our joys<sup>2</sup> no longer,

<sup>3</sup> Warburton would read :—

“ We'll not commend what we intend *not* sell.”

So in Shakespeare's twenty-first Sonnet :—

“ I will not *praise* that purpose *not* to *sell*.”

*Not sell* sounds harsh ; but such elliptical expressions are not unfrequent in old phraseology.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *the roguish or thievish crows*. *Ribaldry* signified *roguery, naughtiness, or loose conduct of any kind*, among our ancestors.

<sup>2</sup> The folio has *eyes*.

than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

*Tro.* Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth<sup>12</sup>; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

*Cres.* Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

*Pan.* I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

*Tro.* You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

*Pan.* Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you: they'll stick where they are thrown<sup>13</sup>.

*Cres.* Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

<sup>12</sup> Even malice (i.e. envy) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attach him in any other way, except by ridiculing him for his constancy. See vol. ii. p. 468, note 1.

<sup>13</sup> We have this allusion in *Measure for Measure*:—

“Nay, friar, I am a kind of *bur*, I shall stick.

*Pan.* To do what? to do what? let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

*Cres.* Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,  
Nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchio<sup>6</sup>—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*Knocking.*

*Cres.* Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o'the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

*Tro.* Ha, ha!

*Cres.* Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing,— [Knocking.

How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

*Pan.* [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

*Enter* ÆNEAS.

*Æne.* Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

*Pan.* Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

*Æne.* Is not Prince Troilus here?

*Pan.* Here! what should he do here?

*Æne.* Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to speak with me.

*Pan.* Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

*Capocchio*, an Italian word for *fool*.

*Æne.* Who ! nay, then : Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware : you'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him ? but yet go fetch him hither ; go.

*As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* How now ! what's the matter ?

*Æne.* My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash<sup>7</sup> : There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us ; and for him forthwith. Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.

*Tro.* Is it so concluded ?

*Æne.* By Priam, and the general state of Troy : They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

*Tro.* How my achievements mock me<sup>8</sup> ! I will go meet them : and, my Lord Æneas, We met by chance ; you did not find me here.

*Æne.* Good, good, my lord ; the secrets<sup>9</sup> of nature Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*

*Pan.* Is't possible ? no sooner got, but lost ? The devil take Antenor ! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor, I would they had broke's neck !

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *hasty* or *abrupt*. So in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

“It is too *rash*, too unadvis'd, too sudden,  
Too like the lightning.”

<sup>8</sup> So in *Antony and Cleopatra* :—

“And *mock* our eyes with air.”

<sup>9</sup> Pronounced as a trisyllable. But *secrecies* is read by Steevens, and is supported by a similar thought occurring in *Antony and Cleopatra* :—

“In Nature's infinite book of *secrecy*  
A little I can read.”

*Enter CRESSIDA.*

*Cres.* How now ! What's the matter ? Who was here ?

*Pan.* Ah, ah !

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly ? where's my lord ? gone !

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter ?

*Pan.* 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above !

*Cres.* O the gods ! what's the matter ?

*Pan.* Pr'ythee, get thee in ; 'Would thou hads ne'er been born ! I knew, thou would'st be his death — O poor gentleman ! A plague upon Antenor !

*Cres.* Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees beseech you, what's the matter ?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone : thou art changed for Antenor : thou must to th father, and be gone from Troilus ; 'twill be his death 'twill be his bane : he cannot bear it.

*Cres.* O you immortal gods ! I will not go.

*Pan.* Thou must.

*Cres.* I will not, uncle : I have forgot my father ; I know no touch of consanguinity ; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine ! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus ! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes<sup>10</sup> you can ; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I'll go in, and weep ;—

*Pan.* Do, do.

*Cres.* Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praise cheeks,

<sup>10</sup> The folio has *extremity*

SC. II. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 243

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart  
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

*Enter* PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS,  
ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

*Par.* It is great morning<sup>1</sup>; and the hour prefix'd  
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek  
Comes fast upon: Good my brother Troilus,  
Tell you the lady what she is to do,  
And haste her to the purpose.

*Tro.* Walk in to her house;  
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:  
And to his hand when I deliver her,  
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus  
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* I know what 'tis to love;  
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—  
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*

*Enter* PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation?  
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
And violenteth<sup>a</sup> in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *broad day*. It is a familiar French idiom,—*C'est grand matin*.

<sup>a</sup> *Violenteth*. So the quartos. This verb is used by Ben Jonson in *The Devil is an Ass*:—

“Nor nature *violenceth* in both these.”

And Fuller, in his *Worthies of England, Anglesea*: “His former adversaries *violented* ~~by~~ thing against him. The folio copy reads:—

“*I'd no less* in a sense as strong.”



If I could temporize with my affection,  
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
 The like allayment could I give my grief :  
 My love admits no qualifying dross<sup>a</sup> :  
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Pan.* Here, here, here he comes.—A sweet duck !

*Cres.* O Troilus ! Troilus ! [*Embracing him.*

*Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here ! Let me  
 embrace too : *O heart !* as the goodly saying is,——

—— *O heart ! O heavy heart !*

*Why sigh'st thou without breaking ?*

where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,*

*By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away  
 nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse ;  
 we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs ?

*Tro.* Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd<sup>2</sup> a purity,  
 That the blest gods,—as angry with my fancy,  
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
 Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

*Cres.* Have the gods envy ?

*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay ; 'tis too plain a case.

*Cres.* And is it true, that I must go from Troy ?

*Tro.* A hateful truth.

*Cres.* What, and from Troilus too ?

*Tro.* From Troy, and Troilus.

*Cres.* Is't possible ?

*Tro.* And suddenly ; where injury of chance  
 Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by  
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips

<sup>a</sup> Thus the quarto. The folio has *cross*, most probably a misprint.

<sup>2</sup> The folio has *strange*, and in the next speech of Cressid *nas*  
 other variations.

Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents  
 Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows  
 Even in the birth of our own labouring breath :  
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
 Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves  
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one.  
 Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,  
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how :  
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
 With distinct breath and consign'd<sup>3</sup> kisses to them,  
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu ;  
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

*Æne.* [*Within.*] My lord ! is the lady ready ?

*Tro.* Hark ! you are call'd : Some say, the Genius so  
 Cries, *Come !* to him that instantly must die<sup>4</sup>.  
 Bid them have patience ; she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Where are my tears ? rain, to lay this wind<sup>5</sup>,  
 or my heart will be blown up by the root !

[*Exit* PANDARUS.]

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians ?

<sup>3</sup> *Consign'd* means *sealed*, from *consigno*, Lat. Thus in King Henry V.—“It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign* to.” See Act iii. Sc. 2, note 10, p. 217, ante.

<sup>4</sup> Flatman has borrowed this thought :—

“My soul just now about to take her flight,  
 Into the regions of eternal night,  
 Methinks I hear some gentle *spirit* say,  
 Be not fearful, *come away !*”

After whom, Pope :—

“Hark ! they whisper, angels say,  
 Sister spirit, *come away.*”

Again, in Eloisa to Abelard :—

“*Come*, sister, *come* (it said, or seem'd to say) !  
 Thy place is here, sad sister, *come away !*”

<sup>5</sup> So in Macbeth :—“That *tears* will drown this *wind*.”  
 And in the Rape of Lucrece :—

“This *windy* tempest, 'till it blow up rain,  
 Holds by his sorrow's tide, to make it more ;  
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er.”

*Tro.* No remedy.

*Cres.* A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks<sup>6</sup> !  
When shall we see again ?

*Tro.* Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—

*Cres.* I, true ! how now ! what wicked deem<sup>7</sup> is this ?

*Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,  
For it is parting from us :  
I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee ;  
For I will throw my glove to death himself,  
That there's no maculation in thy heart :  
But *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in  
My sequent protestation ; be thou true,  
And I will see thee.

*Cres.* O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers  
As infinite as imminent ! but, I'll be true.

*Tro.* And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this  
sleeve<sup>8</sup>.

*Cres.* And you this glove. When shall I see you ?

*Tro.* I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,  
To give thee nightly visitation.  
But yet, be true.

*Cres.* O heavens ! be true again ?

*Tro.* Hear why I speak it, love ;  
The Grecian youths are full of quality<sup>9</sup> ;

<sup>6</sup> See vol. iii. p. 452, note 9. The expression has before occurred in Act i. Sc. 2, p. 174, of this play.

<sup>7</sup> *Deem* (a word now obsolete) signifies *opinion*, *surmise*.

<sup>8</sup> In *Histrionastix*, or the Player Whipt, a Comedy, 1610, a circumstance of a similar kind is ridiculed, in a mock interlude wherein Troilus and Cressida are the speakers. I cannot but think that it is the elder drama by Decker and Chettle, that is the object of this satirical allusion, and not Shakespeare's play; which was probably not written when *Histrionastix* appeared, for Queen Elizabeth is complimented under the character of Astrea in the last act of that piece, and is spoken of as then living.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *highly accomplished*: quality, like condition, is applied to manners as well as dispositions. Thus Chapman in his version of the fourteenth Iliad :—

“ Besides all this, he was *well-qualified*.”

Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,  
 Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;  
 How novelties may move, and parts with person,  
 Alas, a kind of godly jealousy  
 (Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)  
 Makes me afraid.

*Cres.* O heavens! you love me not.

*Tro.* Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,  
 So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,  
 Nor heel the high lavolt<sup>10</sup>, nor sweeten talk,  
 Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,  
 To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:  
 But I can tell, that in each grace of these  
 There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,  
 That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

*Cres.* Do you think I will?

*Tro.* No.

But something may be done, that we will not:  
 And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
 Presuming their unchangeable<sup>11</sup> potency.

*Æne.* [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,——

*Tro.* Come, kiss; and let us part.

*Par.* [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

*Tro.* Good brother, come you hither;  
 And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

*Cres.* My lord, will you be true?

*Tro.* Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:  
 Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,  
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

<sup>10</sup> The *lavolta* was a dance. See King Henry V. Act iii. Sc. 5, note 4, p. 342.

<sup>11</sup> The old copy has, on their changeable.

Fear not my truth ; the moral of my wit <sup>12</sup>  
Is plain and true,—there's all the reach of it.

*Enter* ÆNEAS. PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS,  
and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed ! here is the lady,  
Which for Antenor we deliver you :  
At the port <sup>13</sup>, lord, I'll give her to thy hand ;  
And, by the way, possess <sup>14</sup> thee what she is.  
Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,  
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
As Priam is in Ilion.

*Dio.* Fair lady Cressid,  
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects  
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage ; and to Diomed  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Tro.* Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,  
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,  
In praising her : I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,  
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.  
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge ;  
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,  
I'll cut thy throat.

*Dio.* O ! be not mov'd, Prince Troilus ;  
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,  
To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,

<sup>12</sup> *The moral of my wit* is the *meaning* of it. Thus in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv. Sc. 4:—"He has left me behind to expound the *meaning* or *moral* of his signs and tokens." See vol. iii. p. 204, note 10.

<sup>13</sup> *The port*, i. e. *the gate*.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. *inform*. See *Measure for Measure*, Act iv. Sc. 1, note 5 ; and *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v. Sc. 1, note 28.

I'll answer to my lust<sup>15</sup>: And know you, lord,  
I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth  
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,  
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

*Tro.* Come! to the port.—I tell thee, Diomed,  
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—  
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,  
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.

[*Trumpet heard.*

*Par.* Hark! Hector's trumpet.

*Æne.* How have we spent this morning!  
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,  
That swore to ride before him to the field.

*Par.* 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with  
him.

*Dei.* Let us make ready straight<sup>16</sup>.

*Æne.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,  
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:  
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie,  
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter* AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and Others.

*Agam.* Here art thou in appointment<sup>1</sup> fresh and fair,  
Anticipating time. With starting courage,  
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,

<sup>15</sup> i. e. *I'll answer to my will or pleasure, according to my inclination.*

<sup>16</sup> This line is given to Diomed in the folio. It is omitted as well as the next three lines in the quartos.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *preparation.* So in *Measure for Measure*:—

“Therefore your best *appointment* make with speed.”

Thou dreadful Ajax ; that the appalled air  
May pierce the head of the great combatant,  
And hale him hither.

*Ajax.* Thou, trumpet, there's my purse  
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :  
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias-cheek<sup>2</sup>  
Outswell the colick of puff'd Aquilon :  
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood  
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds*]

*Ulyss.* No trumpet answers.

*Achil.* 'Tis but early days.

*Agam.* Is not yond' Diomed<sup>3</sup>, with Caïchas' daughter.

*Ulyss.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;  
He rises on the toe : that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.*

*Agam.* Is this the lady Cressid ?

*Dio.* Even she.

*Agam.* Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet  
lady.

*Nest.* Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

*Ulyss.* Yet is the kindness but particular ;  
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

*Nest.* And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.—  
So much for Nestor.

*Achil.* I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady  
Achilles bids you welcome.

*Men.* I had good argument for kissing once.

*Patr.* But that's no argument for kissing now :  
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;

<sup>2</sup> i. e. swelling out like the bias of a bowl. So in Vittoria Corbomona, 1612:— "Faith, his cheek

Has a most excellent bias."

The idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds as represented in old prints and maps.

<sup>3</sup> The folio "young Diomed."

And parted thus you and your argument<sup>4</sup>.

*Ulyss.* O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!  
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

*Patr.* The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine;  
Patroclus kisses you.

*Men.* O, this is trim!

*Patr.* Paris, and I, kiss ever more for him.

*Men.* I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave.

*Cres.* In kissing do you render or receive<sup>5</sup>?

*Patr.* Both take and give.

*Cres.* I'll make my match to live,  
The kiss you take is better than you give;  
Therefore no kiss.

*Men.* I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

*Cres.* You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

*Men.* An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

*Cres.* No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,  
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

*Men.* You fillip me o' the head.

*Cres.* No, I'll be sworn.

*Ulyss.* It were no match, your nail against his horn.—  
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

*Cres.* You may.

*Ulyss.* I do desire it.

*Cres.* Why, beg then.

*Ulyss.* Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss.

*Cres.* When Helen is a maid again, and his<sup>a</sup>,  
I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

*Ulyss.* Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

*Dio.* Lady, a word; I'll bring you to your father.

[DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.]

<sup>4</sup> This line is not in the folio.

<sup>5</sup> Thus Bassanio, in *The Merchant of Venice*, when he kisses Portia:—

"Fair lady, by your leave  
I give you by note to give and to receive."

This line is given to Ulysses in the old copies, but it evidently belongs to Cressida; "and his" refers to Menelaus.



*Nest.* A woman of quick sense.

*Ulyss.* Fye, fye upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint and motive<sup>6</sup> of her body<sup>7</sup>.  
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
That give a coasting welcome<sup>8</sup> ere it comes,  
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts  
To every ticklish<sup>9</sup> reader! set them down  
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,  
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

*All.* The Trojans' trumpet.

*Agam.* Yonder comes the troop.

*Enter* HECTOR, *armed*; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and  
other Trojans, *with Attendants.*

*Æne.* Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done  
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,

<sup>6</sup> *Motive* for *part that contributes to motion*. This word is employed with some singularity in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv. Sc. 2:—

“As it has fated her to be my *motive*  
And helper to a husband.”

<sup>7</sup> A passage strongly resembling this is quoted by Burton from St. Chrysostom. “Non loquuta es lingua, sed loquuta es gressu; non loquuta es voce, sed oculis loquuta es clarius quam voce.” It is an invective against a wanton:—“They say nothing with their mouthes, they speake in their gate, they speake with their eyes, they speake in the carriage of their bodies.” *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. Sect. ii. Memb. 2, Subs. 3.

<sup>8</sup> Thus the old copies. Various attempts have been made to give *coasting* the meaning of *sidling advance*, conciliatory welcome, sidelong glance of invitation, &c. and a passage from Venus and Adonis, where it means no such thing, adduced in illustration. I incline to the reading by Monck Mason, “To give *accosting* welcome.” What is meant by *accosting* will appear from the following exposition of it by Sir Toby in *Twelfth Night*:—“You mistake, Knight; *accost*, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.” Coleridge, without being aware of Mason's reading, also suggests it.—*Literary Remains*, 2, 134. 8 vols. Ed.

<sup>9</sup> The folio reads *tickling*.

A victor shall be known? will you, the knights  
 Shall to the edge of all extremity  
 Pursue each other: or shall they be divided  
 By any voice or order of the field?  
 Hector bade ask.

*Agam.* Which way would Hector have it?

*Æne.* He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

*Achil.* 'Tis done like Hector; but securely<sup>10</sup> done,  
 A little proudly, and great deal misprising  
 The knight oppos'd.

*Æne.* If not Achilles, sir,  
 What is your name?

*Achil.* If not Achilles, nothing.

*Æne.* Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;  
 In the extremity of great and little,  
 Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;  
 The one almost as infinite as all,  
 The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,  
 And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.  
 This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood<sup>11</sup>:  
 In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;  
 Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek  
 This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek<sup>12</sup>.

*Achil.* A maiden battle then? O, I perceive you.

*Re-enter DIOMED.*

*Agam.* Here is Sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,  
 Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas  
 Consent upon the order of their fight,

<sup>10</sup> This speech in the old copies is erroneously given to Agamemnon. *Securely done*, in the sense of the Latin *securus*, a negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. So in the last act of *The Spanish Tragedy*:—

“O damned devil, how *secure* he is.”

In the next line, the folio has *disprising* instead of *misprising* which is from the quartos.

<sup>11</sup> Ajax and Hector were cousins-german.

<sup>12</sup> Hence Thersites, in a former scene, called Ajax a *mongrel*. See Act ii. Sc. 1, note 3, p. 185.

So be it ; either to the uttermost,  
Or else a breath<sup>13</sup> : the combatants being kin,  
Half stints<sup>14</sup> their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.

*Ulyss.* They are oppos'd already.

*Agam.* What Trojan is that same that looks so  
heavy ?

*Ulyss.* The youngest son of Priam, a true knight :  
Not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word ;  
Speaking in deeds, and deedless<sup>15</sup> in his tongue ;  
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd :  
His heart and hand both open, and both free ;  
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows ;  
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impare<sup>16</sup> thought with breath :  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;  
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes<sup>17</sup>  
To tender objects ; but he, in heat of action,  
Is more vindicative than jealous love ;  
They call him Troilus ; and on him erect  
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.  
Thus says Æneas ; one that knows the youth  
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,  
Did in great Ilion thus translate<sup>18</sup> him to me.

[*Alarum.* HECTOR and AJAX fight.

*Agam.* They are in action.

*Nest.* Now, Ajax, hold thine own !

<sup>13</sup> i. e. a *breathing*, an *exercise*. See Act ii. Sc. 3, note 15,  
p. 203. The folios read *breach*.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. *stops*.

<sup>15</sup> i. e. *no boaster of his own deeds*.

<sup>16</sup> The quartos have *impare*, which the folio converted to *im-  
paire*. It has been supposed a mere misprint for *impure* ; but *im-  
pare* is a Latinism from *impar*, and signifies *unworthy*, *inconsider-  
ate* ; *imparity*, for *inequality*, *unworthiness*, was in very common use.

<sup>17</sup> i. e. *submits*, *yields*.

<sup>18</sup> Thus *explain his character*. So in Hamlet :—

"There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves  
You must *translate*."

*Tro.* Hector, thou sleep'st ;  
Awake thee !

*Agam.* His blows are well dispos'd :—there, Ajax !

*Dio.* You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

*Æne.* Princes, enough, so please you.

*Ajax.* I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

*Dio.* As Hector pleases.

*Hect.* Why then, will I no more .

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,  
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;  
The obligation of our blood forbids  
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :  
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan, so  
That thou could'st say, *This hand is Grecian all,*  
*And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg*  
*All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood*  
*Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister*  
*Bounds in my father's ;* By Jove multipotent,  
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member  
Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay,  
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,  
My sacred aunt<sup>19</sup>, should by my mortal sword  
Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :  
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;  
Hector would have them fall upon him thus :  
Cousin, all honour to thee !

*Ajax.* I thank thee, Hector :  
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :  
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence  
A great addition<sup>20</sup> earned in thy death.

*Hect.* Not Neoptolemus<sup>21</sup> so mirable

<sup>19</sup> It is remarkable that the Greeks give to the *aunt*, the *father's sister*, the title of *sacred*, ἡ πρὸς πατέρα θεία, sometimes expressed by θεία alone.

<sup>20</sup> i. e. *mark of distinction*. See Act i. Sc. 2, note 5, p. 158.

<sup>21</sup> By *Neoptolemus* Shakespeare seems to have meant *Achilles*

<sup>23</sup> These *knights*, to the amount of about *two hundred thousand* (for there were no less in both armies), Shakespeare found with all the appendages of chivalry in the Old Troy Book. *Eques* and *armiger*, rendered *knight* and *squire*, excite ideas of chivalry Pope, in his Homer, has been liberal in his use of the latter.

malice, and malice forced<sup>12</sup> with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew<sup>13</sup>, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires<sup>14</sup>!

*Enter* HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, *with Lights.*

*Agam.* We go wrong, we go wrong.

*Ajax.* No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

*Hect.* I trouble you.

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

*Ulyss.* Here comes himself to guide you.

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

*Agam.* So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

*Hect.* Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

*Men.* Good night, my lord.

*Hect.* Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

*Ther.* Sweet draught<sup>15</sup>: Sweet, smooth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

*Achil.* Good night,

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. *farced* or *stuffed*.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. a *polecat*. So in *Othello*:—" 'Tis such another *fitchew*, marry a perfumed one."

<sup>14</sup> This Thersites speaks on the first sight of the distant lights.

<sup>15</sup> *Draught* is the old word for *forica*. It is used in the translation of the Bible, in *Holinshead*, and by all old writers.

As hot as Perseus<sup>28</sup>, spur thy Phrygian steed,  
 Despising many forfeits and subduements<sup>29</sup>,  
 When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air  
 Not letting it decline on the declin'd<sup>30</sup>;

That I have said unto my standers-by,

*Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!*

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,  
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,  
 Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;  
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire<sup>31</sup>,  
 And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;  
 But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
 Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;  
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

*Æne.* 'Tis the old Nestor.

*Hect.* Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,  
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:  
 Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

*Nest.* I would my arms could match thee in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

*Hect.* I would they could.

*Nest.* Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.  
 Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

*Ulyss.* I wonder now how yonder city stands,

<sup>28</sup> As the equestrian fame of Perseus is here again alluded to, it should appear that in a former simile his horse was meant for a real one, and not allegorically for a ship. See Act i. Sc. 3, note 6, p. 169.

<sup>29</sup> The folio reads:—

“*And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements.*”

<sup>30</sup> i. e. *the fallen*. Dr. Young appears to have imitated this passage in his *Busiris*:—

“My rais'd arm

Has hung in air, forgetful to descend,

And for a moment spar'd the prostrate foe.”

<sup>31</sup> Laomedon.

When we have here her base and pillar by us.

*Hect.* I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.  
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,  
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :  
My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds<sup>32</sup>.  
Must kiss their own feet.

*Hect.* I must not believe you :  
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;  
And that old common arbitrator, time,  
Will one day end it.

*Ulyss.* So to him we leave it.  
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :  
After the general, I beseech you next  
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

*Achil.* I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou—<sup>33</sup>  
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;  
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,  
And quoted<sup>34</sup> joint by joint.

<sup>32</sup> Thus in Shakespeare's Rape of Lucrece:—

“Threatening *cloud-kissing Ilion* with annoy.”  
And in Pericles:—

“Whose towers bore heads so high, they hiss’d the clouds.”  
*Iliad*, according to Shakespeare’s authority, was the name of Priam’s palace, “that was one of the richest and strongest that ever was in all the world. And it was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the *towers*, whereof there was great plenty, and so high that it seemed to them that saw them from far off ~~as if~~ they raught up unto the heavens.”—*Destruction of Troy*, b. ii. p. 478.

<sup>33</sup> Mr. Tyrwhitt thought we should read:—

"I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, *though!*"

<sup>34</sup> *Quoted is noted, observed.* The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector is furnished by Lydgate.



*Hect.* Is this Achilles?

*Achil.* I am Achilles.

*Hect.* Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

*Achil.* Behold thy fill.

*Hect.* Nay, I have done already.

*Achil.* Thou art too brief ; I will the second time,  
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

*Hect.* O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er ;  
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.  
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his  
body

Shall I destroy him ? whether there, there, or there ?  
That I may give the local wound a name ;  
And make distinct the very breach whereout  
Hector's great spirit flew : Answer me, heavens !

*Hect.* It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,  
To answer such a question. Stand again :  
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,  
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,  
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

*Achil.* I tell thee, yea.

*Hect.* Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,  
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well ;  
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;  
But, by the forge that stithied<sup>35</sup> Mars his helm,  
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.  
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,  
His insolence draws folly from my lips ;  
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,  
Or may I never——

*Ajax.* Do not chafe thee, cousin ;  
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,  
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't :

<sup>35</sup> A *stith* is an *anvil*, a *stithy* a *smith's shop*, and hence the verb *stithied* is formed. See *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

You may have every day enough of Hector,  
If you have stomach<sup>36</sup>; the general state, I fear,  
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

*Hect.* I pray you, let us see you in the field;  
We have had pelting<sup>37</sup> wars, since you refus'd  
The Grecians' cause.

*Achil.* Dost thou entreat me, Hector?  
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;  
To-night, all friends.

*Hect.* Thy hand upon that match.

*Agam.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;  
There in the full convive<sup>38</sup> we: afterwards,  
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall  
Concur together, severally entreat him.  
Beat loud the tabourines<sup>39</sup>, let the trumpets blow,  
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

*Tro.* My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,  
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

*Ulyss.* At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:  
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;  
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth<sup>40</sup>,  
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the fair Cressid.

*Tro.* Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,

<sup>36</sup> Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he was afraid of fighting with Hector. "You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you have the *inclination*; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to be *at odds* with him, to contend with him."

<sup>37</sup> i. e. *petty or paltry wars*. See vol. ii. p. 325, note 6.

<sup>38</sup> The folio has *you*. A *convive* is a *feast*. "The sitting of friends together at a table, our auncestors have well called *convivium*, a banquet, because it is a living of men together."—*Hutton*. The word is several times used in Helyas the Knight of the Swanne, blk. l.

<sup>39</sup> i. e. *small drums*.

<sup>40</sup> The folio has;—

"Who neither looks on heaven nor on earth."

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,  
To bring me thither?

*Ulyss.* You shall command me, sir.

As gentle tell me, of what honour was  
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there  
That wails her absence?

*Tro.* O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,  
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?  
She was lov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:  
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.


[*Exeunt*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

*Enter* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

*Achilles.*

 I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-  
night,  
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow  
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

*Patr.* Here comes Thersites.

*Enter* THERSITES.

*Achil.* How now, thou core of envy?  
Thou crusty batch<sup>1</sup> of nature, what's the news?

*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and  
idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

*Achil.* From whence, fragment?

*Ther.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

<sup>1</sup> A *batch* is all that is *baked at one time*, without heating the oven afresh. So Ben Jonson in his *Catiline*:—

“Except he were of the same meal and *batch*.”

Thersites has already been called a *cob-loaf*. The quartos have “*cur* of envy.” The folio *core*.

*Patr.* Who keeps the tent now<sup>2</sup>?

*Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

*Patr.* Well said, Adversity<sup>3</sup>! and what need these tricks?

*Ther.* Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male harlot.

*Patr.* Male harlot<sup>4</sup>, you rogue! what's that?

*Ther.* Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoverers<sup>5</sup>!

*Patr.* Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Patr.* Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur<sup>6</sup>, no.

*Ther.* No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleyd<sup>7</sup> silk, thou green sarcenet

<sup>2</sup> In his answer Thersites quibbles upon the word *tent*.

<sup>3</sup> *Adversity* is here used for *contrariety*. The reply of Thersites having been studiously *adverse* to the drift of the question urged by Patroclus. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the Princess addressing Boyet (who had been capriciously employing himself to *perplex* the dialogue), says, "Avaunt, Perplexity!"

<sup>4</sup> See Professor Heyne's Seventeenth Excursus on the first book of the *Æneid*. I adopt the suggested reading, "male *harlot*." It is *varlot* in the old copies.

<sup>5</sup> The old copy has *discoveries*. We should surely read *discoverers*; that is, those who had raised the calumny. The *discoveries* could not be the subject of the imprecation of Thersites, and it is evident from what follows that Patroclus is not meant.

<sup>6</sup> Patroclus reproaches Thersites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another. The same idea occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*—

"Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form."

<sup>7</sup> The quarto has, *sleine* silk. See *Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 2. *Sleyd*

flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies : diminutives of nature<sup>8</sup> !

*Patr.* Out, gall !

*Thep.* Finch egg !

*Achil.* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite  
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.  
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba ;  
A token from her daughter, my fair love<sup>9</sup> ;  
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep  
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it :  
Fall, Greeks ; fail, fame ; honour, or go, or stay,  
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—  
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent ;  
This night in banqueting must all be spent.  
Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

*Ther.* With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad ; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails<sup>10</sup> ; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax. And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds<sup>11</sup> ; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with silk is silk which has been passed through the *sley* or reed comb of the weaver. Thersites likens him to it for its *softness* as well as insignificance.

<sup>8</sup> So Hamlet, speaking of Osrick :—

“Dost know this *water-fly* ?”

<sup>9</sup> This is a circumstance taken from the old story book of The Destruction of Troy.

<sup>10</sup> By *quails* are meant *women*, and probably those of a looser description. “*Caille coëffée*” is a sobriquet for a harlot.

<sup>11</sup> He calls *Menelaus* the transformation of *Jupiter*, that is, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*, which are the *oblique memorials* of cuckolds.



*Agam.* Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

*Achil.* Old Nestor tarries ; and you too, Diomed,  
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

*Dio.* I cannot, lord ; I have important business,  
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

*Hect.* Give me your hand.

*Ulyss.* Follow his torch, he goes  
To Calchas' tent ; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to* TROILUS.]

*Tro.* Sweet sir, you honour me.

*Hect.* And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMED ; ULYSSES and TROILUS  
*following.*]

*Achil.* Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and  
NESTOR.]

*Ther.* That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue,  
a most unjust knave ; I will no more trust him when  
he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses : he will  
spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblers the  
hound<sup>16</sup> ; but when he performs, astronomers foretell  
it ; it is prodigious<sup>17</sup>, there will come some change ;  
the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his  
word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to  
dog him : they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses  
the traitor Calchas' tent : I'll after.—Nothing but  
lechery ! all incontinent varlets ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas' Tent.*

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* What are you up here, ho ? speak.

<sup>16</sup> If a hound gives mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game,  
he is called a *babbler* or *brabblers*. The proverb says, "*Brabbling*  
curs never want sore ears."

<sup>17</sup> i. e. *portentous, ominous.*





*Cres.* I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath ;  
Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

*Dio.* Good night.

*Tro.* Hold, patience !

*Ulyss.* How now, Trojan ?

*Cres.* Diomed,——

*Dio.* No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

*Tro.* Thy better must.

*Cres.* Hark ! one word in your ear.

*Tro.* O plague and madness !

*Ulyss.* You are mov'd, prince ; let us depart, I pray  
you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself  
To wrathful terms : this place is dangerous ;  
The time right deadly ; I beseech you, go.

*Tro.* Behold, I pray you !

*Ulyss.* Now, good my lord, go off ;  
You flow to great distraction<sup>2</sup> ; come, my lord.

*Tro.* I pr'ythee, stay.

*Ulyss.* You have not patience ; come.

*Tro.* I pray you, stay ; by heaven and all hell's torments,  
I will not speak a word.

*Dio.* And so, good night.

*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.

*Tro.* Doth that grieve thee ?

O wither'd truth !

*Ulyss.* Why, how now, lord !

*Tro.* By Jove,  
I will be patient.

*Cres.* Guardian ! why, Greek !

*Dio.* Pho, pho ! adieu ; you palter<sup>3</sup>.

*Cres.* In faith, I do not ; come hither once again.

<sup>2</sup> The folio reads *distraction*. The quartos *destruction* ; an evident misprint.

<sup>3</sup> To *palter* is to *equivocate*, to *shuffle*. Thus in *Macbeth* :—  
“ That *palter* with us in a double sense.”

*Ulyss.* You shal<sup>d</sup> lord, at something ; will you go ?

You will break out.

*Tro.* She strokes his cheek !

*Ulyss.* Come, come.

*Tro.* Nay, stay ; by Jove, I will not speak a word :  
There is between my will and all offences  
A guard of patience : stay a little while.

*Ther.* How the devil luxury,<sup>4</sup> with his fat rump, and  
potato finger<sup>4</sup>, tickles these together ! Fry, lechery,  
fry !

*Dio.* But will you then ?

*Cres.* In faith, I will, la ; never trust me else.

*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.

*Cres.* I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

*Ulyss.* You have sworn patience.

*Tro.* Fear me not, my lord ;  
I will not be myself, nor have cognition  
Of what I feel ; I am all patience.

*Re-enter CRESSIDA.*

*Ther.* Now the pledge ; now, now, now !

*Cres.* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve<sup>5</sup>.

*Tro.* O beauty ! where is thy faith !

*Ulyss.* My lord,——

*Tro.* I will be patient ; outwardly I will.

<sup>4</sup> *Luxuria* was the appropriate term of the old school divines for the sin of *incontinence*, which is accordingly called *luxury* by all our old English writers. The degrees of this sin and its partitions are enumerated by Richard Rolle, the Hermit of Hampole, in his *Speculum Vitæ*, MS. *penes me*. And Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*, makes it one of the seven deadly sins. *Luxury*, or lasciviousness, is said to have a *potato*-finger, because that root was thought "to strengthen the bodie, and procure bodily lust." See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v. Sc. 5, note 2.

<sup>5</sup> This *sleeve* was given by Troilus to Cressida at their parting, and she gave him a glove in return. It was probably such a sleeve as was formerly worn at tournaments : one of which Spenser describes in his *View of the State of Ireland*, p. 43, ed. 1663.

"Cœlo scintillant astra sereno  
Endymionæ turba ministra deæ."

And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

*Tho.* Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,  
It should be challeng'd.

*Cres.* Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past,—and yet it is  
not;

I will not keep my word.

*Dio.* Why then, farewell;  
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

*Cres.* You shall not go: One cannot speak a word,  
But it straight starts you.

*Dio.* I do not like this fooling.

*Ther.* Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,  
pleases me best.

*Dio.* What, shall I come? the hour?

*Cres.* Ay, come:—O Jove!—  
Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

*Dio.* Farewell till then.

*Cres.* Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—

[*Exit* DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see<sup>7</sup>.

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err; O! then conclude,

Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit* CRESSIDA.]

<sup>7</sup> The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shakespeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. Lydgate, speaking of Cressida, says only:—

“She gave her heart and love to Diomedé,  
To show what trust there is in womankind;  
For she of her new love no sooner sped,  
But Troilus was cleane out of her mind,  
As if she never had him known or seen,  
Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean.”

*Ther.* A proof of strength, she could not publish  
more,

Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

*Ulyss.* All's done, my lord.

*Tro.* It is.

*Ulyss.* Why stay we then?

*Tro.* To make a recordation to my soul  
Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears<sup>8</sup>,

As if those organs had deceptious functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

*Ulyss.* I cannot conjure, Trojan.

*Tro.* She was not, sure.

*Ulyss.* Most sure she was.

*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

*Ulyss.* Normine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

*Tro.* Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn criticks<sup>9</sup>, apt, without a thème,

For depravation, to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

*Ulyss.* What hath she done, prince, that can soil  
our mothers?

*Tro.* Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

*Ther.* Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

*Tro.* This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

<sup>8</sup> Thus the quarto. The first folio altered it to *that test*, and the second still further corrupted it to *that rest*.

<sup>9</sup> *Critick* has here probably the signification of *cynic*. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

“And *critick* Timon laugh at idle toys.”

So Iago says in *Othello*:—

“I am nothing if not *critical*.”

If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;  
 If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,  
 If sanctimony be the gods' delight,  
 If there be rule in unity itself,  
 This is not she. O ! madness of discourse,  
 That cause sets up with and against itself !  
 Bi-fold authority<sup>10</sup> ! where reason can revolt  
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason  
 Without revolt : this is, and is not, Cressid !  
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight<sup>11</sup>  
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate<sup>12</sup>  
 Divides more wider than the sky and earth ;  
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division  
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle  
 As Ariachne's<sup>13</sup> broken woof, to enter.  
 Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's gates ;  
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven :  
 Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself ;  
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd ;  
 And with another knot, five-finger-tied<sup>14</sup>,

<sup>10</sup> The folio reads "*By foul authority*," &c. There is a madness in that disquisition, in which a man reasons at once *for* and *against himself upon authority* which he knows *not to be valid*. The words *loss* and *perdition*, in the subsequent line, are used in their common sense ; but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of *reason*.

<sup>11</sup> The old copies have *conduce*, but this cannot have been intended by the poet. We have in Hamlet:—

"Sir, *in my heart* there was a kind of *fighting*."

<sup>12</sup> i. e. *the plighted faith of lovers*. Troilus considers it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken, though he has unfortunately found that it sometimes is.

<sup>13</sup> One quarto copy reads *Ariachna's* ; the other *Ariathna's* ; the folio *Ariachne's*. It is evident Shakespeare intended to make *Arachne* a word of four syllables. Our ancestors were not very exact either in writing or pronouncing proper names, even of classical origin. Steevens thinks it not improbable that the poet may have written "*Ariadne's* broken woof," confounding the two stories in his imagination, or alluding to the clue of thread, by the assistance of which Theseus escaped from the Cretan labyrinth.

<sup>14</sup> A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed.

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques  
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are given<sup>15</sup> to Diomed.

*Ulyss.* May worthy Troilus be half attach'd  
With that which here his passion doth express?

*Tro.* Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well  
In characters as red as Mars his heart  
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy<sup>16</sup>  
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek;—as much as I do Cressid love,  
So much by weight hate I her Diomed.  
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;  
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,  
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,  
Which shipmen do the hurricano call<sup>17</sup>  
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun<sup>18</sup>,  
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear  
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword  
Falling on Diomed.

*Ther.* He'll tickle it for his concupy<sup>19</sup>.

*Tro.* O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!  
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
And they'll seem glorious.

*Ulyss.* O, contain yourself;  
Your passion draws ears hither.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:  
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;  
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

<sup>15</sup> The folio reads *bound*.

<sup>16</sup> *Fancy*, i. e. *love*.

<sup>17</sup> "And down the shower impetuously doth fall  
Like that *which men the hurricano call*." *Drayton*.

<sup>18</sup> Thus the quarto. The folios have the strange error *Fenne*  
for *Sunne*.

<sup>19</sup> A cant word, formed from *concupiscence*.

*Tro.* Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord,  
adieu.—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,  
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head<sup>20</sup>

*Ulyss.* I'll bring you to the gates.

*Tro.* Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.

*Ther.* [*Coming forward.*] 'Would, I could meet  
that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I  
would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any  
thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot  
will not do more for an almond, than he for a com-  
modious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and le-  
chery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil  
take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

*Enter* HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

*And.* When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,  
To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

*Hect.* You train me to offend you; get you in:  
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.<sup>a</sup>

*And.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day<sup>1</sup>.

*Hect.* No more! I say.

<sup>20</sup> i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common security. So in *The History of Prince Arthur*, 1634, c. clviii.—“Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine; therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we shall soon come after, and breake the strongest castle that thou hast upon thy head.” It appears that a kind of close helmet was called a *castle*. See *Titus Andronicus*, Act. iii. Sc. 1, note 10.

<sup>a</sup> The folio omits *all*, and in the preceding line has “get you gone.”

<sup>1</sup> The hint for this dream of Andromache might be taken from *Lydgate*, or a passage of Chaucer's *Nonne's Prestes Tale*, v 15147.



*Enter CASSANDRA.*

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector?

*And.* Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent;  
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,  
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt  
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

*Cas.* O! 'tis true.

*Hect.* Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

*Hect.* Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish<sup>2</sup> vows;  
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*And.* O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy  
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful  
(For we would give much) to commit violent thefts<sup>3</sup>,  
And rob in the behalf of charity.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *foolish*.

<sup>3</sup> In the first folio this passage is thus given:—

“O, be persuaded: doe not count it holy,  
To hurt by being iust; it is as lawful:  
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.”

Rowe made the first attempt upon the nonsensical third line, and gave it thus:—

“For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts.”

Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed:—

“For we would give much *to use* violent thefts.”

Which reading was adopted by subsequent editors, until Mr. Knight's edition in which we have it:—

“For we would give much, to count violent thefts.”

Mr. Collier, at the suggestion of Mr. Amyot, who pronounced it a desperate passage, reads:—

“For us to give count to violent thefts.”

An innovation as bold as Rowe's, which he condemns! and yet far from satisfactory. The passage was evidently printed from an interlined copy, and two words jumbled into wrong places, one of them being also *misprinted*. To *count* violent thefts is sheer nonsense; and we should recollect how easily *commit* is mis-

*Cas.* It is the purpose that makes strong the vow ;  
But vows to every purpose must not hold.

Unarm, sweet Hector.

*Hect.* Hold you still ! I say ;  
Mine honour keeps the y<sup>e</sup>ather<sup>4</sup> of my fate :  
Life every man holds de<sup>r</sup> ; but the dear man<sup>5</sup>  
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

*Enter* TROILUS.

How now, young man ! mean'st thou to fight to-day ?

*And.* Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit* CASSANDRA.]

*Hect.* No, 'faith, young Troilus ; doff thy harness,  
youth ;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry :  
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.  
Unarm thee, go ; and doubt thou 'not, brave boy,  
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a lion, than a man<sup>6</sup>.

*Hect.* What vice is that, good Troilus ? chide me for it.

taken for *count*. The line, as it stands in the text, is more metrical than with *count*, and affords the sense required by the context. "It is as lawful to commit thefts, *because* we would give much." *For* stands for *because*.

<sup>4</sup> *To keep the weather* is nautically *to keep the wind or advantage*. *Estre au dessus du vent* is the French proverbial phrase.

<sup>5</sup> The *dear man* is the man *of worth*.

<sup>6</sup> The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct and pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man. We find it recorded in Pliny's Natural History, c. 16, that "the lion alone of all wild beasts is gentle to those that humble themselves before him, and will not touch any such upon their submission, but spareth what creature soever lieth prostrate before him." Hence Spenser's *Una*, attended by a Lion ; and *Perceval's Lion*, in *Morte Arthur*, b. xiv. c. 6.

*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecians fall,  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise, and live<sup>7</sup>.

*Hect.* O ! 'tis fair play.

*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

*Hect.* How now ! how now !

*Tro.* For the love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother ;  
And when we have our armours buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords ;  
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth<sup>8</sup>.

*Hect.* Fye, savage, fye !

*Tro.* Hector, then 'tis wars.

*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

*Tro.* Who should withhold me ?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire ;  
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears<sup>9</sup> ;  
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,  
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin.<sup>a</sup>

*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.*

*Cas.* Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast :

<sup>7</sup> Shakespeare seems not to have studied the Homeric character of Hector ; whose disposition was by no means inclined to clemency, as we learn from Andromache's speech in the 24th Iliad :—

“ Οὐ γὰρ μείλιχος ἔσκε πατήρ τεὸς ἐν δαΐ λυγρῇ.

“ For thy stern father never spar'd a foe.” *Pope.*

“ Thy father, boy, bore never into fight

A milky mind.” *Cowper.*

<sup>8</sup> *Ruthful* is *rueful*, *woful* ; and *ruth* is *mercy*. The words are opposed to each other.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *tears that continue to course each other down the face*. So in *As You Like It* :—

“ The big round tears

*Cours'd one another down his innocent nose.*”

<sup>a</sup> *But by my ruin.* These words are only found in the folio

He is thy crutch ; now if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

*Pri.* Come, Hector, come, go back :  
Thy wife hath dreamt ; thy mother hath had visions ;  
Cassandra doth foresec ; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,  
To tell thee, that this day is ominous :  
Therefore, come back.

*Hect.* Æneas is afield ;  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valour, to appear  
This morning to them.

*Pri.* Ay, but thou shalt not go.

*Hect.* I must not break my faith.  
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

*Cas.* O Priam, yield not to him.

*And.* Do not, dear father.

*Hect.* Andromache, I am offended with you :  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

*Tro.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,  
Makes all these bodements.

*Cas.* O farewell, dear Hector<sup>10</sup> !  
Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye turns pale !  
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !  
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !  
How poor Andromache shrills<sup>11</sup> her dolours forth !

<sup>10</sup>-The interposition and clamorous sorrow of Cassandra are copied from Lydgate.

<sup>11</sup> So in Spenser's *Epithalamium* :—

“ Hark how the minstrels gin to *shrill* aloud  
Their merry music,” &c.

And in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613.—

Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,  
 Like witless anticks, one another meet,  
 And all cry—Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

*Tro.* Away ! Away !

*Cas.* Farewell !—Yet, soft :—Hector, I take my  
 leave :

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit*

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim :  
 Go in, and cheer the town : we'll forth, and fight ;  
 Do deeds worth praise<sup>12</sup>, and tell you them at night.

*Pri.* Farewell ; the gods with safety stand about  
 thee ! [*Exeunt severally* PRIAM and HECTOR.

*Alarums.*

*Tro.* They are at it ; hark ! Proud Diomed, believe,  
 I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve. [*Going.*

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side.*

PANDARUS.

*Pan.* Do you hear, my lord ? do you hear ?

*Tro.* What now ?

*Pan.* Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

*Tro.* Let me read.

*Pan.* A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl ; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days : And I have a rheum in mine eyes too ; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she there ?

*Tro.* Words, words, mere words, no matter from  
 the heart ; [*Tearing the letter.*  
 The effect doth operate another way.  
 Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

“ Through all th' abyss I have shrill'd thy daughter's loss  
 With my concave trump.”

<sup>2</sup> The folio, “ deeds of praise.”

My love with words and errors still she feeds ;  
But edifies another with her deeds<sup>13</sup>.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV. *Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another ; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm : I would fain see them meet ; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand.<sup>14</sup> O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals<sup>1</sup>, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor ; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry. They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles : and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day : whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft ! here comes sleeve, and t' other.

*Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.*

*Tro.* Fly not ; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

<sup>13</sup> After this line the folio adds :—

“ *Pan.* Why, but hear you !

“ *Troy.* Hence brother lackey, ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye wit' thy name.”

But the two last lines with a similar introduction occur at the close of the play. They are omitted here in the quartos.

<sup>14</sup> A useless errand. *Sleeveless* silk was silk which could not be unravelled by passing it through the weaver's *sley*. See p. 263, note 7.

<sup>1</sup> Theobald proposes to read “ *sneering* rascals ; ” which seems more suitable to the characters of Ulysses and Nestor than *swearing*.

*Dio.* Thou dost miscall retire :  
 I do not fly ; but advantageous care  
 Withdrew me from the odds of multitude :  
 Have at thee !

*Ther.* Hold thy whore, Grecian ! now for thy  
 whore, Trojan ! now the sleeve, now the sleeve !  
 [*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* What art thou, Greek ? art thou for Hector's  
 match ?

Art thou of blood, and honour<sup>2</sup> ?

*Ther.* No, no : I am a rascal ; a scurvy railing  
 knave ; a very filthy rogue.

*Hect.* I do believe thee : live. [*Exit.*]

*Ther.* God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me ; but  
 a plague break thy neck, for frightening me ! What's  
 become of the wenching rogues ? I think they have  
 swallowed one another : I would laugh at that mira-  
 cle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.  
 [*Exit.*]

<sup>2</sup> This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantic chivalry, and even from the usage of the poet's age ; as is the following one in the speech of Diomedes :—

“ And am her knight by proof.”

It appears from Segar's *Honour, Military and Civil*, folio, 1602, That a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or if challenged might refuse combat. Alluding to this circumstance, Cleopatra says :—

“ These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself.” *Ant. and Cleop.*

We learn from Melvil's *Memoirs*, p. 165, ed. 1735, “ the laird of Grange offered to fight Bothwell, who answered that he was neither earl nor lord, but a baron ; and so was not his equal. The like answer made he to Tullibardine. Then my Lord Lindsay offered to fight him, which he could not well refuse ; but his heart failed him, and he grew cold on the business.” These punctilios are well ridiculed in *Albumazar*, Act iv. Sc. 7.

SCENE V.    *The same.**Enter* DIOMEDES *and a* Servant.

*Dio.* Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse<sup>1</sup> ;  
 Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid :  
 Fellow, commend my service to her beauty ;  
 Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,  
 And am her knight by proof.

*Serv.* I go, my lord. [*Exit* Servant.]

*Enter* AGAMEMNON.

*Agam.* Renew, renew ! The fierce Polydamas  
 Hath beat down Menon : bastard Margarelon  
 Hath Doreus prisoner :  
 And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam<sup>2</sup>,  
 Upon the pashed<sup>3</sup> corscs of the kings  
 Epistrophus and Cedius : Polixenes is slain ;  
 Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt ;  
 Patroclus ta'en, or slain ; and Palamedes  
 Sore hurt and bruised : the dreadful Sagittary<sup>4</sup>  
 Appals our numbers ; haste we, Diomed,  
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

*Enter* NESTOR.

*Nest.* Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles ;

<sup>1</sup> This circumstance is taken from Lydgate, as is the introduction of a bastard son of Priam under the name of Margarelon. The latter is also in the Old History of the Destruction of Troy.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. his *lance*, like a weaver's beam ; as Goliath's spear is described. So in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. iii. vii. 40 :—

“All were the *beame* in bigness like a mast.”

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *bruised*, *crushed*. See Act ii. Sc. 3, note 27, p. 207.

<sup>4</sup> “A mervayllous beaste that was called *Sagittayre*, that be-hynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man : this beste was heery like an horse, and shotte well with a bowe : this beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe.”—*Destruction of Troy*, by Caxton.

A more circumstantial account of this Sagittary is to be found in Lydgate.



And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.  
 There is a thousand Hector's in the field :  
 Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,  
 And there lacks work ; anon, he's there afoot,  
 And there they fly, or die, like scaled skulls<sup>5</sup>  
 Before the belching whale ; then is he yonder,  
 And there the strawy<sup>6</sup> Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :  
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes ;  
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,  
 That what he will, he does ; and does so much,  
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

*Enter ULYSSES.*

*Ulyss.* O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles  
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :  
 Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,  
 Together with his mangled myrmidons,

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *shoals*. "A *scull* of fishes: examen vel agmen piscium" (*Baret*) was also in more ancient times written "a *scoole*," as in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519, which is nearer to its Saxon original *rcole*, and its modern derivative *shoal*. The word was not confined to a multitude or throng of fishes alone; for Drant, in the *Epistle to the Reader*, prefixed to his translation of Horace, has "so greate a *scull* of amarouse pamphlets." And in the *Boke of St. Albans*, among the *Companyes of Bestes*, we find a *skull* of monks as well as of fishes. Lyly, in his *Midas*, has made a humorous misapplication of it:—"He hath, by this, started a covey of bucks, or roused a *scull* of pheasants." Drayton uses it in his *Polyolbion*, Song xxvi.—

"My silver-scaled *sculs* about my streams do sweep."  
 And Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, b. vii. v. 399 :—

"Each bay  
 With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals  
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales  
 Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft  
 Bank the mid sea."

Homer compares Achilles to a dolphin driving other fishes before him :—

"Ὡς δ' ὑπὸ δελφίνου μεγακήτεος ἰχθυες ἅλλοι  
 Φευγοντες," &c.

<sup>6</sup> The folio has *straying*.

That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to  
him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,  
And foams at mouth, and he is aim'd, and at it,  
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day  
Mad and fantastic execution;  
Engaging and redeeming of himself,  
With such a careless force, and forceless care,  
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  
Bade him win all.

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajax.* Troilus! thou coward Troilus!      [*Exit.*

*Dio.*      Ay, there, there.

*Nest.* So, so, we draw together<sup>7</sup>.

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.*      Where is this Hector?  
Come, come, thou boy-queller<sup>8</sup>, show thy face;  
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.  
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.    *Another part of the Field.*

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

<sup>7</sup> This remark seems to be made by Nestor, in consequence of the return of Ajax to the field, he having lately refused to co-operate or *draw together* with the Greeks, though at present he is roused from his sullen fit by the loss of a friend.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *murderer of boys*. So in King Henry IV. Part II. Act II. Sc. 1:—

“A man-*queller* and a woman-*queller*.”

*Ajax.* What would'st thou?

*Dio.* I would correct him.

*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou should'st have my office

Ere that correction: Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

*Dio.* Ha! art thou there?

*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

*Dio.* He is my prize, I will not look upon<sup>1</sup>.

*Tro.* Come both, you cogging<sup>2</sup> Greeks; have at you both.  
[*Excunt, fighting.*]

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Now do I see thee; Ha! Have at thee, Hector.

*Hect.* Pause, if thou wilt.

*Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy, that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune.

[*Exit.*]

*Hect.*

Fare thee well:

<sup>1</sup> That is, as we should now say, *I will not be a looker on.*

<sup>2</sup> The poet probably refers to the *Græcia mendax*. Diomedes had defrauded him of his mistress, and he bestows the epithet on both, *unius ob culpam*. Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks:—"Testimoniorum religionem et fidem nunquam ista natio coluit." And again:—"Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt." Their own countryman, Polybius, is equally severe.

I would have been much more a fresher man,  
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

*Re-enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; shall it be?  
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,  
He shall not carry him<sup>3</sup>; I'll be taken, too,  
Or bring him off.—Fate, hear me what I say!  
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

*Enter One in sumptuous Armour.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly  
mark:

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well<sup>4</sup>;  
I'll frush<sup>5</sup> it, and unlock the rivets all,  
But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?  
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[*Exeunt*

# SCENE VII. *The same.*

*Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.*

*Achil.* Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;  
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:  
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;  
And when I have the bloody Hector found,  
Empale him with your weapons round about;  
In fellest manner execute<sup>1</sup> your arms.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. prevail over him.

<sup>4</sup> This circumstance is also taken from Lydgate's poem, who furnished Shakespeare with the hint for the following line:—

"I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek."

<sup>5</sup> To *frush* is to *break* or *bruise*. So in the Destruction of Troy:—"Saying these words, Hercules caught by the head poor Lychas—and threw him against a rock so fiercely that he *to-frushed* and all-to-burst his bones, and so slew him."

<sup>1</sup> Thus the quarto. The folio has "your arm." To *execute their arms* is to *employ them*, to *put them to use*. So in Othello:—

"Witness that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service."

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye.- 257  
It is decreed, Hector the great must die.

SCENE VIII. *The same.*

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; th*  
THERSITES.

*Ther.* The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now, my double-henn'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

*[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.]*

*Enter MARGARELON.*

*Mar.* Turn, slave, and fight.

*Ther.* What art thou?

*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's.

*Ther.* I am a bastard too; I love bastards<sup>2</sup>: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

*Mar.* The devil take thee, coward! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the Field.*

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* Most putrified core, so fair without,  
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.  
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:  
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

*[Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield  
behind him.]*

<sup>2</sup> *Bastard*, in ancient times, was not a disreputable appellation. See King Henry VI. Part I. Act i. Sc. 2, note 6, p. 16.

*Enter* ACHILLES *and* Myrmidons.

*Achil.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set ;  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :  
Even with the vail<sup>1</sup> and dark'ning of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*Hect.* I am unarm'd ; forego this vantage, Greek.

*Achil.* Strike, fellows, strike ! this is the man I  
seek<sup>2</sup>. [HECTOR falls.

So, Ilion, fall thou next ! now, Troy, sink down :  
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.  
On, Myrmidons ; and cry you all amain,  
*Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.*

[A Retreat sounded

Hark ! a retire<sup>3</sup> upon our Grecian part.

*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,  
And, stickler<sup>4</sup>-like, the armies separates.  
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,  
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.

[Sheaths his sword.

<sup>1</sup> The *vail* of the sun, is the *sinking, setting, or vailing* of it. For *dark'ning* the folio has *darking*. To *vail* is to *lower*, from the Fr. *avaller*.

<sup>2</sup> Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, gives the same account of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers. In Lydgate and the old story book the same account is given of the death of Troilus. Lydgate, following Guido of Colonna, who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer, reprehends the Grecian poet as the original offender.

<sup>3</sup> Thus the quartos. The folio has *retreat*. In a previous line the folio omits *next*.

<sup>4</sup> *Sticklers* were persons who attended upon combatants in trials of skill, to part them when they had fought enough, and, doubtless, to see fair play. They were probably so called from the *stick* or wand which they carried in their hands. The name is still given to the arbitrators at wrestling matches in the west country. In the *Iliad* the Heralds separate the single combat of Hector and Ajax by putting their sceptres between them, and bidding them cease on account of the night, vii. 777.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail ;  
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt*

SCENE X. *The same.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,  
DIOMEDES, and Others, marching. *Shouts within.*

*Agam.* Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

*Nest.* Peace! drums.

[Within.] Achilles!

Achilles ! Hector's slain ! Achilles !

*Dio.* The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

*Ajax.* If it be so, yet bragless let it be ;

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Agam.* March patiently along : Let one be sent  
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,  
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching*]

SCENE XI. *Another part of the Field.*

*Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.*

*Æne.* Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the field :  
Never go home ; here starve we out the night.

*Enter* TROILUS.

*Tro.* Hector is slain.

*All.* Hector? The gods forbid!

*Tro.* He's dead ; and at the murderer's horse's tail,  
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.  
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed !  
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smite<sup>1</sup> at Troy !

<sup>1</sup> The old copies have "*smile* at Troy!" Warburton and Hammer corrected this to *smite*, which is evidently the true reading, as the context shows. "*Frown* on, you heavens—and *smile* at Troy," is palpable nonsense. We have the same error in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 2.

*Note on The Interlude of Thersites.*

**I**T may not be unacceptable to the reader to have here some notion of the Interlude of "Thersytes" mentioned in the Preliminary Remarks. The title is "A Newe Enterlude called Thersytes. Thys Enterlude following dothe declare howe that the greatest boesters are not the greatest doers. The names of the players,—Thersites, a boster; Mulciber, a smyth; Mater, a mother; Miles, a knyght; Telemachus, a chylde." It opens thus:—

*TERSITES commeth in fyrste havinge a clubbe upon his necke.*

Have in a Ruffler, soorth of the greke lande,  
 Called Thersites, if ye wyll me knowe.  
 Abacke! geve me rounne, in my way do ye not stand,  
 For if ye do I wyll soone laye you lowe.  
 In Homer of my actes ye have red I trowe,  
 Neyther Agamemnon nor Ulysses I spared to chcke,  
 They coude not bringe me to be at theyr becke.  
 Of late from the sege of Troy I retourned,  
 Where all my harnes, excepte this clubbe, I lost  
 In an olde house there it was quyte burned  
 Whyle I was preparinge vytayles for the host,  
 I must nedes get me newe what so ever it cost.  
 I wyll go seke adventüres, for I can not be ydle,  
 I wyll hamper some of the knaves in a brydle:  
 It greveth me to heare howe the knaves do bragge,  
 But by supreme Jupiter, when I am harnesssed well  
 I shall make the dasters to renne in a bagge  
 To hyde them fro me as from the devyll of helle  
 I doubt not but hereafter, of me ye shall heare tell,  
 How I have made the knaves for to play crowch-quaille.  
 But now to the shop of Mulciber to go I wyll not faile.

*Mulciber must have a shop made in the place and THERSITES  
 commethe before it sayinge a loude.*

Mulciber, whom the Poetes doth call the god of fyre,  
 Smyth unto Jupiter kinge over all,  
 Come soorth of thy offyce I the desyre  
 And graunte me my peticyon, I aske a thinge but small,  
 I wyll none of thy lightning that thou art wont to make  
 For the goddes supernall, for yre when they do shake,  
 With which they thruste the gyantes downe to hell.  
 That were at a convention heaven to bye and sell;  
 But I woulde have some helpe of Lemnos and Ilua  
 That of theyr stele, by thy crafte, condatur mihi galea.



Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name !

[*Exit* TROILUS.]

*Pan.* A goodly med'cine for mine aching bones ! O world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent despised ! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited ! Why should our endeavour be so loved<sup>6</sup>, and the performance so loathed ? what verse for it ? what instance for it ? Let me see :

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting :  
And being once subdued in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths<sup>7</sup>.

As many as be here of pander's hall,  
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall :  
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,  
Some two months hence my will shall here be made.  
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—  
Some galled goose of Winchester<sup>8</sup> would hiss.  
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;  
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]

"This bawd, *this broker*, this all changing word," &c.  
The second folio misprints *brother*. The third folio gives it,  
"*brothel* lackey."

<sup>6</sup> The folio has *desired* instead of *loved*.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *Canvass hangings for rooms*, painted with emblems and mottoes. See vol. iii. p. 62, note 32.

<sup>8</sup> See King Henry VI. Part I. Act I. Sc. 3, note 9, p. 23.

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,  
And linger not our sure destructions on !

*Æne.* My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

*Tro.* You understand me not, that tell me so ;  
I do not speak of flight, of fear of death ;  
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,  
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone !  
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ?  
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,  
Go in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead :  
There is a word will Priam turn to stone ;  
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,  
Cold<sup>2</sup> statues of the youth ; and, in a word,  
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away :  
Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.  
Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,  
Thus proudly pight<sup>3</sup> upon our Phrygian plains,  
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,  
I'll through and through you ! And thou, great-siz'd  
coward !

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates ;  
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,  
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts<sup>4</sup>.  
Strike a free march to Troy ! with comfort go :  
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS and Trojans.]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,  
PANDARUS.

*Pan.* But hear you, hear you !

*Tro.* Hence, broker<sup>5</sup> ! lackey ! ignomy and shame

<sup>2</sup> The folio has *cool*.

<sup>3</sup> The quartos have *pitched*.

<sup>4</sup> The old copies have "swift as *frenzy's* thoughts," a reading long since corrected, but which Mr. Collier alone has for some incomprehensible reason restored.

<sup>5</sup> *Broker* anciently signified a *bawd* of either sex. So in King John :—

*Mulciber.* What! fellowe Thersites, do ye speake latyn now? Nay then, farewell! I make god a vowe  
I do not you understande, no Latin is in my palet.

[*And then he must do as he would go awaye.*]

*Thersites.* I say abyde good Mulciber; I pray ye make me a sallet.

*Mul.* Why, Thersites, hast thou any wytte in thy head? Woldest thou have a sallet nowe all the herbes are dead? Besyde that it is not mete for a smyth  
To gether herbes, and sallets to medle with.  
Go get the to my lover Venus,  
She hath sallettes ynough for all us,  
I eate none suche sallettes, for now I waxe olde  
And for my stomacke they are verye coulde.

*Ther.* Nowe I praye to Jupiter that thou dye a cuckolde, I meane a sallet with whiche men do fyght.

*Mul.* It is a small tastinge of a mannes mighte  
That he shoulde for any matter  
Fyght with a fewe herbes in a platter  
No greate laude shoulde followe that victorie.

*Ther.* Goddes passion! Mulciber where is thy wit and memory? I wolde have a sallet made of stele.

*Mul.* Whye, syr, in your stomacke longe you shall it fele,  
For stele is harde for to digest.

*Ther.* Man's bones and sydes! hee is worse then a beest:  
I wolde have a sallet to were on my hed,  
Which under my chyn with a thonge red  
Buckeled shall be:

Doeest thou yet parceyve me?

*Mul.* Your mynde nowe I se.

Why thou pevysshe ladde,

Art thou almost madde,

Or well in thy wytte?

Get the a wallette,

Wolde thou have a sallette,

What woldest thou do with it?

*Ther.* I pray the, good Mulciber, make no mo bones,  
But let me have a sallet made at ones.

*Mul.* I must do somewhat for this knaue,—  
What maner of sallet, syr, wolde ye have?

Thersites explains: "And then he goeth into his shop and maketh a sallet for him," &c. When Thersites receives the helmet he breaks out into a vapouring rhodomontade boasting speech, but at last requests Mulciber to make him an habergeon. Mulciber does this promptly, and on giving it to him says, among other strange things:—

"Yf Malvern hylles shoulde on thy shoulders light,  
They shall not hurte the nor suppress thy might,

Yf Bevis of Hampton, Colburne and Guy  
Will the assaye, set not by them a flye."

Then Thersites breaks out into another braggadocio speech, calling upon King Arthur and all the heroes of romance. He is afterwards furnished with "briggen irons" for his arms and a sword "that will pare yron as it were a rope." But although thus furnished, and full of speeches of a Termagant character, by which he deceives his mother who endeavours to pacify him, his prowess ends in being afraid of a snail, "Here snaile must appeare unto him and he must loke fearfully upon the snaile." He calls upon his attendants for assistance, and "Miles, a poor soldieour lately come from Calice, enters," makes comments on his cowardice, and when Thersites has succeeded in making the snail draw in its horns, Miles offers to fight with him, from whom he escapes and takes refuge with his mother who hides him. Telemachus then comes in bringing a letter requesting the mother of Thersites to charm the boy "from the wormes that do him harme." The old dame is refractory and Thersites reviles her in most unfilial and ungracious terms, and threatens to beat her; she curses him and he makes her revoke her curse and give him a blessing, and at length she consents to charm Telemachus. When she makes her exit Thersites renews his opprobrious scurrilous and beastly vituperation of her defects in the style of the worst parts of Skelton's *Ellinour Rummin*, because she keeps him without money, and even threatens—

"Yf she wyll no soner ded be,  
I wyll with a cushion stop her breth  
Tyll that she have forgot New-Marketh Heth."

After more vapouring "Miles cometh in," having overheard him, saying:—

"Wolte thou so indeede?  
Have now at thy face  
Kepe off if thou canue.

*[And then he muste stryke at hym, and Thersites must runne away and leave his clubbe and sworde behinde.]*

It closes with an address to the spectators from Miles, in which he says:—

"Maysters ye maye see by this playe in sighte  
That great barking dogges do not most byte,"

and other moral deductions, ending with requesting the audience to pray for the King, "the lovely Lady Jane and the Prince." So that the date of its composition must have been in August, 1537. It appears not to have been printed for some years after, as the printer, John Tysdale, is thought not to have exercised his craft before the year 1550.





CORIO LANUS.





## CORIOLANUS.



*Flourish.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

Act V. Sc. 5.





Appear in your impediment<sup>4</sup>!—For the dearth,  
 The gods, not the patricians, make it; and  
 Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,  
 You are transported by calamity  
 Thither where more attends you; and you slander  
 The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,  
 When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er  
 cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-  
 houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury,  
 to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act  
 established against the rich; and provide more pierc-  
 ing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor.  
 If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all  
 the love they bear us.

*Men.* Either you must  
 Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,  
 Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you  
 A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;  
 But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture  
 To stale't<sup>5</sup> a little more.

<sup>4</sup> Thus in Othello:—

"I have made my way through more *impediments*  
 Than twenty times your stop."

<sup>5</sup> Upon this passage Gifford remarks:—"The old copies have  
 '*scale't* a little more;" for which Theobald judiciously proposed  
*stale't*. To this Warburton objects petulantly enough, it must  
 be confessed, because to *scale* signifies to *weigh*; so indeed it does,  
 and many other things; none of which, however, bear any re-  
 lation to the text. Steevens too prefers *scale*, which he proves  
 from a variety of authorities to mean 'scatter, disperse, spread:'  
 to make any of them, however, suit his purpose, he is obliged to  
 give an unfaithful version of the text. 'Though some of you  
 have heard the story, I will *spread* it yet wider, and diffuse it  
 among the rest.' There is nothing of this in Shakespeare; and  
 indeed I cannot avoid looking upon the whole of his long note as  
 a feeble attempt to justify a palpable error of the press, at the  
 cost of taste and sense."

. It may be observed that *to stale* is used in the same sense in  
 Julius Caesar, Act i. Sc. ii.—

He knew that his acts  
men, but his modesty shrunk from their open recognition of it;  
he could not bear to hear "his nothings monstered:—"

"Pray you, no more: my mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
When she does praise me, grieves me."

But yet his pride was his greatest characteristic:—

"Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
The happy man."

This it was that made him seek distinction from the ordinary herd of popular heroes; his honour must be won by difficult and daring enterprise, and worn in silence. It was this pride which was his overthrow; and from which the moral of the piece is to be drawn. He had thrown himself with the noble and confiding magnanimity of a hero into the hands of an enemy, knowing that the truly brave are ever generous; but two suns could not shine in one hemisphere; Tullus Aufidius found he was darkened by his light, and he exclaims:—

"He bears himself more proudly  
Even to my person than I thought he would  
When I did first embrace him: Yet his nature  
In that's no changeling."

The closeness with which Shakespeare has followed his original, Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, will be observed upon comparison of the following passage with the parallel scene in the play, describing Coriolanus's flight to Antium, and his reception by Aufidius. "It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went immediately to Tullus Aufidius' house; and when he came thither he got him up straight to the chimney hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For ill-favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence: whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and, coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled himself, and, after he had paused awhile, making no answer, he said unto him, 'If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity bewray myself to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname of Coriolanus that I bear. For I never had other benefit nor recompense of the true and painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but only this surname: a

goodness or the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me; for the rest, the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor, to take thy chimney-hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I feared death, I would not have come hither to put my life in hazard; but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, which now I do begin, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it as my service may be a benefit to the Volscres; promising thee that I will fight with better good will for all you, than I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help or pleasure thee.' —Tullius, hearing what he said, was a marvellous glad man, and, taking him by the hand, he said to him, 'Stand up, O Martius, and be of good cheer, for in proffering thyself unto us, thou doest as great honour: and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater thing at all the Volscres' hands.' So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could, talking with him of no other matters at that present; but within a few days after they fell to consultation together in what sort they should begin their wars."

In the scene of the meeting of Coriolanus with his wife and mother, when they come to supplicate him to spare Rome, Shakespeare has adhered very closely to his original. He felt that it was sufficient to give it merely a dramatic form. The speech of Volumnia, as we have observed in a note, is almost in the very words of the old translator of Plutarch.

The time comprehended in the play is about four years; commencing with the secession to the Mons Sacer, in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266.

The play was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it is very carelessly given, although Mr. Collier says in his introduction to the play, "It is on the whole *well printed for the time*:" while in his "Notes and Emendations" he tells us "There is certainly no play in the volume so badly printed."

Malone conjectures it to have been written in the year 1610.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*  
 TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians.*  
 COMINIUS, }  
 MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*  
 SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*  
 JUNIUS BRUTUS, }  
 Young MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*  
 A Roman Herald.  
 TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*  
 Lieutenant to Aufidius.  
 Conspirators *with* Aufidius  
 A Citizen of Antium.  
 Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*  
 VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*  
 VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*  
 Gentlewoman, *attending* Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors,  
 Soldiers, Citizens, Messenger, Servants to Aufidius, and  
 other Attendants.

SCENE—*partly in Rome ; and partly in the Territories of the*  
*Volscians and Antiates.*



## CORIOLANUS.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

*Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

1 Citizen.

**B**EFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

*Cit.* Speak, speak.

*[Several speaking at once*

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

*Cit.* Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

*Cit.* We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

*Cit.* No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patri-

cians, good<sup>1</sup>: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance: our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes<sup>2</sup>: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

*Cit.* Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say, he is covetous.

<sup>1</sup> *Good*, in a commercial sense. As in Eastward Hoe:—

“Known *good* men, well monied.”

Again in the Merchant of Venice:—

“Antonio's a *good* man.”

<sup>2</sup> It should be remembered that “as lean as a *rake*” is an old proverbial expression. There is, as Warburton observes, a joke intended:—“Let us now revenge this with *forks*, before we become *rakes*;” a *pike*, or *pike-fork*, being the ancient term for a *pitchfork*. The origin of the proverb is doubtless, “as lean as a *rache* or *ræcc*” (pronounced *rake*), and signifying a *greyhound*. See vol. iii. p. 120, note 7.

1 *Cit.* I must not. I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? To the Capitol!

*Cit.* Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.*

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

*Men.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand?

Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.*<sup>3</sup> Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

*Men.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman-state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever

<sup>3</sup> This and the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given in the folio to the *second* citizen. But the preceding dialogue clearly shows that they belong to the *first* citizen; the second being favourably inclined to Coriolanus.





## CORIOLANUS.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

1 *Citizen.*

**B**EFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

*Cit.* Speak, speak.

[*Several speaking at once*

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

*Cit.* Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

*Cit.* We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

*Cit.* No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patri-

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace<sup>6</sup> with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

*Men.* There was a time, when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—

That only like a gulf it did remain

I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,

Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labour with the rest; where<sup>7</sup> the other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,

And, mutually participate, did minister

Unto the appetite and affection common

Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus  
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile<sup>8</sup>,  
As well as speak), it tauntingly replied  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly  
As you malign our senators, for that  
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What?  
The kingly-crown'd head, the vigilant eye,  
The counsellor heart<sup>9</sup>, the arm our soldier,

“Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
To *stale* with ordinary oaths my love.”

There are numerous passages in our early dramas where *stale* occurs in the same sense. In two other instances pointed out by Mr. Dyce the word has been misprinted *scalè*, as it was here.

<sup>6</sup> *Disgraces* are *hardships, injuries*.

<sup>7</sup> *Where* for *whereas*.

<sup>8</sup> “And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, *laughed* at their folly and sayed,” &c.—*North's Plutarch*, p. 240, ed. 1579.

<sup>9</sup> The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of the understanding, *cor sapit*. See the next note.

Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
 With other muniments and petty helps  
 In this our fabrick, if that they—

*Men.*

What then?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,  
 Who is the sink o' the body,—

*Men.*

Well, what then?

1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,  
 What could the belly answer?

*Men.*

I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)  
 Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.

*Men.*

Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
 Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.

*True is it, my incorporate friends,* quoth he,

*That I receive the general food at first,*

*Which you do live upon: and fit it is;*

*Because I am the store-house, and the shop*

*Of the whole body: but if you do remember,*

*I send it through the rivers of your blood,*

*Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain<sup>10</sup>;*

<sup>10</sup> Shakespeare uses *seat* for *throne*. "I send it (says the belly) through the blood, even to the *royal residence*, the heart, in which the kingly crowned understanding *sits enthroned*." The poet, besides the relation in Plutarch, had seen a similar fable in Camden's Remaines; Camden copied it from John of Salisbury De Nugis Curialium, b. vi. c. 24. Mr. Douce, in a very interesting note, has shown the high antiquity of this apologue, "which is to be found in several ancient collections of Æsopian Fables: there may be, therefore, as much reason for supposing it the invention of Æsop, as there is for making him the parent of many others. The first writer who has introduced Menenius as reciting the fable is Dionysius of Halicarnassus, book vi. Then followed Livy, lib. ii.; Plutarch, in his life of Coriolanus; Florus, lib. i. c. 23; each of whom gives it in his own manner." Mr. Douce observed that "our English Pliny, Bartholomew Glanville,

*And, through the cranks<sup>11</sup> and offices of man,  
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,  
From me receive that natural competency  
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,  
You, my good friends (this says the belly), mark me,—*  
1 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

*Men.* *Though all at once cannot  
See what I do deliver out to each;  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flour of all,  
And leave me but the bran.* What say you to't?

1 *Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members. For,—examine  
Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly;—  
Touching the weal of the common, you shall find  
No public benefit, which you receive,  
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,  
And no way from yourselves. What do you think?  
You the great toe of this assembly?

1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

*Men.* For that being one o' the lowest, basest,  
poorest,  
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:  
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run<sup>12</sup>,

informs us from Aristotle, that the substance of the brain being cold, it is placed before the well of heat, which is the heart; and that small veins proceed from the heart, of which is made a marvellous caul wherein the brain is wrapped." *De Propr. Rer. lib. v. c. 3.* The same authority tells us that in the heart is "all business and knowing." A very curious imitation of this passage in Shakespeare has been pointed out by Mr. Douce in "The Curtaine-Drawer of the World, by W. Parkes," 1612, 4to.

<sup>11</sup> *Cranks* are *windings*; the meandering ducts of the human body.

<sup>12</sup> *Rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest, both here used equivocally. The meaning seems to be, "thou worthless scoundrel, though thou art in the worst plight for running of all this

Lead'st first to win some vantage.  
 But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs ;  
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,  
 The one side must have bale<sup>13</sup>. Hail, noble Marcius !

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious  
 rogues,  
 That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
 Make yourselves scabs ?

<sup>1</sup> *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee, will  
 flatter  
 Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,  
 That like nor peace, nor war ? the one affrights you,  
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
 Where he should find you lions finds you hares ;  
 Where foxes, geese : You are no surer, no,  
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,  
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
 And curse that justice did it<sup>14</sup>. Who deserves great-  
 ness,  
 Deserves your hate : and your affections are  
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust ye ?  
 With every minute you do change a mind ;

herd of plebeians, like a deer not *in blood*, thou takest the lead in this tumult in order to obtain some private advantage to thyself." *Worst in blood* has a secondary meaning of *lowest in condition*.

<sup>13</sup> *Bale* is *evil* or *mischief*, *harm* or *injury*. The word is pure Saxon, and was becoming obsolete in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>14</sup> "Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice ; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished."

And call him noble that was now your hate,  
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,  
 That in these several places of the city  
 You cry against the noble senate, who,  
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
 Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

*Men.* For corn at their own rates; whereof, they  
 say,

The city is well stor'd.

*Mar.* Hang 'em! They say?

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
 What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,  
 Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and  
 give out  
 Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,  
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking,  
 Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain  
 enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth<sup>15</sup>,  
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry<sup>16</sup>  
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
 As I could pick<sup>17</sup> my lance.

*Men.* Nay, these are all most thoroughly persuaded;  
 For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
 Yet are they passing cowardly. But I beseech you,  
 What says the other troop?

*Mar.* They are dissolved. Hang 'em!  
 They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth pro-  
 verbs;—

<sup>15</sup> i. e. *pity, compassion.*

<sup>16</sup> *Quarry* or *querre* signified *slaughtered game of any kind*, which was so denominated from being deposited in a square enclosed space in royal hunting. See note on *Macbeth*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

<sup>17</sup> *Pick, peck, or picke*, i. e. *pitch*; still in provincial use. The fact is, that, in ancient language, to *pick* was used for to *cast, throw, or hurl*: to *pitch* was to *set or fix any thing in a particular spot.*

That, hunger broke stone walls ; that, dogs must eat ;  
That, meat was made for mouths ; that. the gods sent

not

Corn for the rich men only.—With these shreds  
They vented their complainings ; which being an-  
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one  
(To break the heart of generosity<sup>18</sup>,  
And make bold power look pale), they threw their  
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,  
Shouting their emulation<sup>19</sup>.

*Men.* What is granted them ?

*Mar.* Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,  
Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath !  
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,  
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time  
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go, get you home, you fragments !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where's Caius Marcius ?

*Mar.* Here : What's the matter ?

*Mess.* The news is, sir, the Volscies are in arms.

*Mar.* I am glad on't ; then we shall have means to  
vent

Our musty superfluity :—See, our best elders.

<sup>18</sup> *Generosity*, in the sense of its Latin original, for nobleness,  
high birth. Thus in Measure for Measure :—

“ The generous and gravest citizens.”

See vol. i. p. 391, note 2.

<sup>19</sup> *Emulation* is *factionous contention*. See Troilus and Cressida,  
Act ii. Sc. 2, note 27. The old copies misprint *shooting* for *shouting*

Within Corioli's gates : where he hath won,  
 With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ; these  
 In honour follows, Coriolanus :—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus ! [*Flourish.*

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

*Cor.* No more of this, it does offend my heart ;  
 Pray now, no more.

*Com.* Look, sir, your mother,—

*Cor.* O !

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods  
 For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*

*Vol.* Nay, my good soldier, up ;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and  
 By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,  
 What is it ? Coriolanus, must I call thee ?

But O, thy wife,—

*Cor.* My gracious silence<sup>16</sup>, hail !

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,  
 That weep'st to see me triumph ? Ah ! my dear,  
 Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,  
 And mothers that lack sons.

*Men.* Now the gods crown thee !

*Cor.<sup>n</sup>* And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VALERIA.*

<sup>16</sup> Thus in *Love's Cure, or The Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"A lady's tears are silent orators,  
 Or should be so at least, to move beyond  
 The honey-tongued rhetorician."

Again in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond*:—

"Ah, beauty, siren, fair enchanting good !  
 Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes !

Dumb eloquence, whose pow'r doth move the blood  
 More than the words or wisdom of the wise !"

And in *Every Man Out of his Humour*:—"You shall see sweet  
*silent rhetoric* and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye." *Gracious*  
 is frequently used by Shakspeare for *grateful, acceptable*, in the  
 sense of the Italian *gratiato*.

▪ This speech is erroneously given to Cominius in the old copy.



1 *Sen.* Hence ! To your homes, be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*

*Mar.* Nay, let them follow :  
The Volsces have much corn ; take these rats thither,  
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,  
Your valour puts<sup>22</sup> well forth : pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and  
MENEN. Citizens steal away.*

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip, and eyes ?

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird<sup>23</sup> the gods.

*Sic.* Be-mock the modest moon.

*Bru.* The present wars devour him : he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant<sup>24</sup>.

*Sic.* Such a nature,  
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
Which he treads on at noon : But I do wonder,  
His insolence can brook to be commanded  
Under Cominius.

*Bru.* Fame, at the which he aims,—

<sup>22</sup> That is, *You have in this mutiny shown fair blossoms of valour.*  
So in King Henry VIII.—

"To-day he *puts forth*

The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms," &c.

<sup>23</sup> A *gird* is a *cut*, or *sarcasm*, or *stroke of satire*. See King Henry IV. Part II. Act i. Sc. 2, p. 153.

<sup>24</sup> *The present wars* Shakespeare uses to express the pride of Coriolanus, grounded on his military prowess ; which kind of pride, Brutus says, *devours* him. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Sc. 3, we have :—

"He that's proud *eats up* himself."

Perhaps the meaning of the latter member of the sentence is, *He is grown too proud of being so valiant to be endured*. It is still a common expression to say, "eat up with pride."

In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot  
 Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
 A place below the first: for what miscarries  
 Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
 To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure  
 Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*  
*Had borne the business!*

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,  
 Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
 Of his demerits<sup>25</sup> rob Cominius.

*Bru.* Come:  
 Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
 Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults  
 To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,  
 In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence, and hear  
 How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,  
 More than his singularity<sup>26</sup>, he goes  
 Upon this his present action.

*Bru.* Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.*

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
 That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,

<sup>25</sup> *Demerits* and *merits* had anciently the same meaning.

—“And my *demerits*

May speak,” &c. *Othello.*

Thus in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, p. 200, ed. 1825:—“I have not promoted and preferred you to condign preferments according to your *demerits*.”

∴<sup>26</sup> Perhaps the word *singularity* implies a sarcasm on Coriolanus, and the speaker means to say—after what fashion *beside that in which his own singularity of disposition invests him*, he goes into the field. So in *Twelfth Night*:—

“Put thyself into the trick of *singularity*.”

And know how we proceed.

*Auf.*

Is it not yours?

What ever have been thought on in this state<sup>1</sup>,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,  
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,  
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*  
*They have prest<sup>2</sup> a power, but it is not known  
Whether for east, or west. The dearth is great;  
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy  
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
These three lead on this preparation  
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:  
Consider of it.*

*1 Sen.*

Our army's in the field:

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
To answer us.

*Auf.*

Nor did you think it folly,  
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when  
They needs must show themselves; which in the  
hatching,  
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,  
To take in<sup>3</sup> many towns, ere, almost, Rome  
Should know we were afoot.

<sup>1</sup> We must either suppose this an ellipsis for "What things have," &c. or read, with Steevens, *hath*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *ready*; from the old French *prést*. Thus in the Merchant of Venice, Act i. Sc. 1:—

"Say to me what I should do  
That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
And I am *prest* unto it."

<sup>3</sup> To *take in* was formerly used as we now use to *take* for to *capture*. Thus in Antony and Cleopatra:—

"Cut the Ionian seas,  
And *take in* Toryne."

2 *Sen.*

Noble Aufidius,

Take your commission ; hie you to your bands :

Let us alone to guard Corioli :

If they set down before us, for the remove

Bring up your army ; but I think you'll find

They've not prepar'd. for us.

*Auf.*

O, doubt not that ;

I speak from certainties. Nay, more ;

Some parcels of their power are forth already,

And only hitherward. I leave your honours.

If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,

'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike

Till one can do no more.

*All.*

The gods assist you !

*Auf.* And keep your honours safe !1 *Sen.*

Farewell.

2 *Sen.*

Farewell.

*All.* Farewell.[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III. Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' House.**Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA : They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb ; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way ; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding ; I,—considering how honour would become such a person ; that it was no better than picture-like

to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak<sup>1</sup>. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

*Vol.* Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*Vir.* Beseech you, give me leave to retire<sup>2</sup> myself.

*Vol.* Indeed, you shall not. [*They rise.*]

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;  
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;  
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning him:  
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—  
*Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,*  
*Though you were born in Rome:* His bloody brow  
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;  
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow  
O'er all<sup>a</sup>, or lose his hire.

<sup>1</sup> The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other.

<sup>2</sup> This verb active (signifying to *withdraw*) occurs in *The Tempest*:—  
“I will thence  
Retire me to my Milan.”

<sup>a</sup> The folio has *Or* all.

*Vir.* His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

*Vol.* Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man,  
Than gilt<sup>3</sup> his trophy. The breasts of Hecuba,  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian swords contemning.<sup>4</sup>—Tell Valeria,  
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gent.]

*Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

*Vol.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,  
And tread upon his neck.

*Re-enter* Gentlewoman, *with* VALERIA and her Usher.

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*Vol.* Sweet madam,—

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both ? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here ? A fine spot<sup>5</sup>, in good faith.—How does your little son ?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship ; well, good madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

*Val.* O' my word, the father's son : I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together : he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly ; and when he caught it, he let it go again ; and after it again ; and over and over he comes, and

<sup>3</sup> *Gilt* means a *superficial display of gold*. The word is now obsolete in this sense.

"Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmirched."

*King Henry V.*

<sup>4</sup> The first folio reads, "At Grecian sword. *Contemning*," the last word being in italics. The second folio has "At Grecian swordes *contending*;" a reading which has been pretty generally adopted. It appears to me that *contemning* was an error for *contending* in the first folio, and not for *contending*, and I think the passage improved in sense by its adoption.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. a handsome spot of embroidery.

up again ; catch'd it again : or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it ; O, I warrant, how he mammoct<sup>6</sup> it !

*Vol.* One of his father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack<sup>7</sup>, madam.

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery ; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

*Vir.* No, good madam ; I will not out of doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors !

*Vol.* She shall, she shall.

*Vir.* Indeed, no, by your patience : I'll not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

*Val.* Fye ! you confine yourself most unreasonably ; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*Vir.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers ; but I cannot go thither.

*Vol.* Why, I pray you ?

*Vir.* 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*Val.* You would be another Penelope : yet they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come ; I would your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

*Vir.* No, good madam, pardon me ; indeed, I will not forth.

*Val.* In truth, la, go with me ; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

*Vir.* O, good madam, there can be none yet.

<sup>6</sup> To *mammoth* is to *tear* or *cut in pieces*.

<sup>7</sup> A *crack* signifies a *sprightly forward boy* : it is often used by Jonson and his cotemporaries :—

“ If we could get a witty *boy* now, Eugene,  
That were an excellent *crack*, I could instruct him  
To the true height.” *Devil is an Ass.*

“ A notable dissembling lad, a *crack*.”

*Four Prentices of London*, 1615.

*Val.* Verily I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

*Vir.* Indeed, madam?

*Val.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volscres have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

*Vir.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*Vol.* Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*Val.* In troth, I think she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

*Vir.* No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Val.* Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV. *Before Corioli.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

*Mar.* Yonder comes news: A wager, they have met.

*Lart.* My horse to yours, no.

*Mar.* 'Tis done.

*Lart.* Agreed.

*Mar.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mess.* They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet

*Lart.* So, the good horse is mine.

*Mar.* I'll buy him of you

*Lart.* No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him.

I will,



For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

*Mar.* How far off lie these armies?

*Mess.* Within this mile and half.

*Mar.* Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours.  
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee make us quick in work;  
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,  
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some  
Senators, and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

*1 Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,  
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

*[Alarums afar off.]*

Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls,  
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,  
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;  
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

*[Other Alarums.]*

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes  
Amongst your cloven army.

*Mar.* O, they are at it!

*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

*The Volsces enter and pass over the Stage.*

*Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.  
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight  
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance,  
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,  
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my  
fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volscé,  
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting.  
The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-  
enter MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you,  
You shames of Rome! you herd of<sup>1</sup>——Boils and  
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd. [plagues  
Farther than seen, and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,  
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!  
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale  
With flight and ague I fear! Mend, and charge home,  
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another Alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter,  
and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into  
Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: Now prove good seconds:  
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness! not I.

2 *Sol.*

Nor I.

3 *Sol.*

See, they

Have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*

*All.*

To the pot<sup>2</sup>, I warrant him.

<sup>1</sup> The folios print this passage thus:—

“You shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues  
Plaister you o'er.”

<sup>2</sup> As doubts have been thrown upon this reading of the old copy, it may be as well to observe that the phrase is put into the mouth of characters of a much higher grade by Shakespeare's cotemporaries; Whetstone, in his poem to the memory of Sir Nicholas Bacon, does not disdain to use it:—

“When death doth come all pleasures *goe to pot*.”

*Enter* TITUS LARTIUS.

*Lart.* What is become of Marcius?

*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,  
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,  
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.

*Lart.* O noble fellow!  
Who, sensibly<sup>3</sup>, outdares his senseless sword,  
And, when it bows, stands't up! Thou art lost<sup>4</sup>, Mar-  
cius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel<sup>5</sup>. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish<sup>6</sup>, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> *Sensibly* is here having *sensation*. So before:—"I would your cambrick were as *sensible* as your finger." Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *senseless* sword; for *after* it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field. There is a similar thought in Sidney's *Arcadia*, ed. 1633, p. 293:—"Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them: yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less *sensible* of smart than the senseless armour," &c.

<sup>4</sup> The old copy has "Thou art *left*," but the words were easily confounded in old MS. where the word would be written *loft*.

<sup>5</sup> We have a similar thought in *Othello*:—

"If heaven had made me such another woman,  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have ta'en it for her."

<sup>6</sup> The old copy has erroneously "*Calues* wish;" the error would easily arise: Shakespeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, "*Catoes* wish," omitting to cross the *t*, and forming the *o* inaccurately. Cato was not born till the year of Rome 519, that is, 255 years after the death of Coriolanus; but the poet was led into the anachronism by following Plutarch.

<sup>7</sup> "Some say, the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake." *Macbeth*.

*Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 *Sol.*

Look, sir.

*Lart.*

O, 'tis Marcius :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike<sup>8</sup>.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

SCENE V. *Within the Town. A Street.*

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain<sup>9</sup> on't ! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

*Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.*

*Mar.* See here these movers, that do prize their hours<sup>9</sup>

At a crack'd drachma ! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.—Down with them.  
And hark, what noise the general makes !—To him !  
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans : then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city ;  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help Cominius.

*Lart.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;

Thy exercise hath been too violent

For a second course of fight.

<sup>8</sup> *Make remain* is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than *remain*.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *their time*. Johnson adopted Pope's reading, *honours* ; for which there was no necessity.

*Mar.* Sir, praise me not :  
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well.  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

*Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page !

*Mar.* Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest ! So farewell.

*Lart.* Thou worthiest Marcius !—

[*Exit* MARCIUS.]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;  
Call thither all the officers of the town,  
Where they shall know our mind. Away ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Near the Camp of Cominius.*

*Enter* COMINIUS *and Forces, retreating.*

*Com.* Breathe you, my friends ? Well fought : we  
are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire : believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,  
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard  
The charges of our friends :—Ye<sup>1</sup> Roman gods,  
Lead their successes as we wish our own ;  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,  
May give you thankful sacrifice !—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy news ?

<sup>1</sup> It is "*The Roman Gods*" in the old copy, which the context shows to be an error, probably arising from its being taken for the contraction of *the—y<sup>e</sup>*.

*Mess.* The citizens of Corioli have issued,  
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

*Mess.* Above an hour, my lord.

*Com.* 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:  
How could'st thou in a mile confound<sup>2</sup> an hour,  
And bring thy news so late?

*Mess.* Spies of the Volscas  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

*Com.* Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!  
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a  
tabor,  
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man<sup>a</sup>

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your own.

So in King Henry VI. Part i. Act i. Sc. 3:—

"He did *confound* the best part of an hour," &c.

*Confound* is here used not in its common acceptation, but in the sense of *to expend*: *conterere tempus*. We have a similar Latinism in the Taming of the Shrew:—

"Please you we may *contrive* this afternoon,  
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health."

<sup>a</sup> i. e. From *that* of every meaner man. We have other instances of similar ellipsis.

*Mar.* O ! let me clip ye  
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd ; in heart  
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward<sup>3</sup>.

*Com.* Flower of warriors,  
How is't with Titus Lartius ?

*Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees :  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other ;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

*Com.* Where is that slave,  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ?  
Where is he ? Call him hither.

*Mar.* Let him alone,  
He did inform the truth. But for our gentlemen,  
The common file (A plague !—Tribunes for them !)  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you ?

*Mar.* Will the time serve to tell ? I do not think—  
Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o' the field ?  
If not, why cease you till you are so ?

*Com.* Marcius,  
We have at disadvantage fought, and did  
Retire, to win our purpose.

*Mar.* How lies their battle ? Know you on which side

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *towards bed or rest, or the time of resting.* Compounds were formerly made at pleasure, by subjoining *ward* to the thing towards which the action tended. Tooke makes *ward* the imperative of the A. S. verb *waþ'dian*, *to look out, or to direct the view.* We have in the New Testament, *to us-ward*, and *to God-ward*; and such compounds as *Rome-ward*, *Paris-ward*, &c. were very common. The word in the text is used by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 350:—

“ Couch'd and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,  
Or *bedward* ruminating.”

They have plac'd their men of trust?

*Com.* As I guess, Marcius,  
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates<sup>4</sup>,  
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.

*Mar.* I do beseech you,  
By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows  
We have made to endure friends, that you directly  
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:  
And that you not delay the present; but,  
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,  
We prove this very hour.

*Com.* Though I could wish  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
Deny your asking: take your choice of those  
That best can aid your action.

*Mar.* Those are they  
That most are willing;—If any such be here  
(As it were sin to doubt), that love this painting  
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear  
Lesser his person than an ill report<sup>5</sup>;  
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,  
And that his country's dearer than himself;  
Let him alone, or so many, so minded,

<sup>4</sup> *Antiates*. The folio, 1623, erroneously, *antients*. i. e. in the front are the soldiers of *Antium*. Shakespeare uses *Antiates* as a trisyllable, as if it had been written *Antiat's*.

<sup>5</sup> "If any fear

*Lesser his person than an ill report.*"

The old copy reads *Lessen*. The reading of the text was introduced by Steevens. His *person* means his *personal danger*. We have nearly the same sentiment in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

"If there be one among the fair'st of Greece

That holds his honour higher than his ease."

And in *King Henry VI. Part III.*—

"But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour."



Wave thus, [*waving his sword,*] to express his disposition,

And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords ; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

Come ! along<sup>6</sup> ! Make you a sword of me,  
If these shows be not outward, which of you  
But is four Volsces ? None of you but is  
Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
Though thanks to all, must I select from all : the rest  
Shall bear the business in some other fight<sup>7</sup>,  
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march ;  
And some shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd<sup>8</sup>.

*Com.*

March on, my fellows :

Make good this ostentation, and you shall

Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> The old copy misprints "*Oh me alone for Come along !*" So Brutus says in the first scene, "*Let's along,*" and the poet's frequent use of the word in the same manner confirms this reading.

<sup>7</sup> In Malone's edition by Boswell "*sight*" is erroneously printed here for "*fight*," the reading of the folio.

<sup>8</sup> The folio reads :—

" Please you to march ;  
And *four* shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd."

From the obscurity of this passage and the corruptions in this speech there is good reason to suspect that *four* has been printed for *some*, words easily confounded in old MSS. So in the quarto King Richard III. where Hastings is ordered for execution, Richard says, "*some* see it done." The old translation of Plutarch only says :—" Wherefore, with those that willingly offered themselves to followe him, he went out of the citie."

SCENE VII. *The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

*Lart.* So, let the ports<sup>1</sup> be guarded : keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch Those centuries<sup>2</sup> to our aid ; the rest will serve For a short holding : If we lose the field, We cannot keep the town.

*Lieu.* Fear not our care, sir.

*Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.  
Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct us.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.*

*Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*Mar.* I'll fight with none but thee · for I do hate thee Worse than a promise-breaker.

*Auf.* We hate alike ;  
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor  
More than thy fame and envy<sup>3</sup>. Fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
And the gods doom him after<sup>4</sup> !

<sup>1</sup> *Ports*, i. e. *gates*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *companies of a hundred men*.

<sup>3</sup> The construction here appears to be, "Not Africk owns a serpent I more abhor and envy than thy fame." The verb to *envy*, in ancient language, conveyed the sense of extreme hatred.

<sup>4</sup> Thus in *Macbeth* :—

"And damn'd be he that first cries, Hold, enough !"

*Auf.* If I fly, Marcius,  
Hallow me like a hare.

*Mar.* Within these three hours, Tullus,  
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,  
And made what work I pleas'd. 'Tis not my blood,  
Wherein thou seest me mask'd ; for thy revenge,  
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

*Auf.* Wert thou the Hector,  
That was the whip<sup>5</sup> of your bragg'd progeny,  
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volscres come to the  
aid of AUFIDIUS.*]

Officious, and not valiant, you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds<sup>6</sup>.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*]

#### SCENE IX. *The Roman Camp.*

*Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at  
one side, COMINIUS, and Romans ; at the other side,  
MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Ro-  
mans.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,  
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it  
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles ;  
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,  
I' the end admire ; where ladies shall be frightened,

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *who whipped or surpassed them all*. The phrase "that *whips* all," is still common in familiar speech. Steevens was right in saying that *whip* might be used as *crack* has been since, to denote anything peculiarly boasted of ; as the *crack* house in the country, the *crack* boy of the school, &c. *Progeny* for *ancestry* is peculiar as English, but follows correct Latin analogy.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *You have to my shame sent me help, which I must condemn as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary*. But perhaps we should read "In your contemned seconds?"

And, gladly quak'd<sup>1</sup>, hear more ; where the dull tri  
bunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,  
Shall say, against their hearts, *We thank the gods,*  
*Our Rome hath such a soldier !*

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel' of this feast,  
Having fully dined before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from  
the pursuit.*

*Lart.* O general,  
Here is the steed, we the caparison<sup>2</sup> :  
Hadst thou beheld——

*Mar.* Pray now, no more : my mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,  
As you have done ; that's what I can : induc'd  
As you have been ; that's for my country :  
He, that has but effected his good will,  
Hath overta'en mine act<sup>4</sup>.

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving ; Rome must know  
The value of her own : 'twere a concealment  
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
To hide your doings ; and to silence that,  
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you  
(In sign of what you are, not to reward

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *thrown into grateful trepidation*. To *quake* is used as a verb active by T. Heywood in his *Silver Age*, 1613:—

“ We'll *quake* them at the bar,

Where all souls wait for sentence.”

<sup>2</sup> *Here is the steed, we the caparison*. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show*.

<sup>4</sup> So in *Macbeth*:—

“ The flighty *purpose* never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed goes with it.”

What you have done, before our army hear me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.

*Com.* Should they not<sup>5</sup>,  
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses  
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store), of all  
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,  
We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution,  
At your only choice.

*Mar.* I thank you, general ;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword : I do refuse it ;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius ! Marcius !  
cast up their caps and lances : COMINIUS and  
LARTIUS stand bare.*]

*Mar.* May these same instruments, which you pro-  
fane,  
Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets shall  
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
Made all of false-fac'd soothing :  
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,  
Let him be made an overture for the wars<sup>6</sup> :

<sup>5</sup> That is, *not be remember'd*.

<sup>6</sup> Various attempts have been made to extract a meaning from this passage, and very many various readings have been proposed. Tyrwhitt would read *coverture* instead of *overture*, but Shakespeare uses the word *coverture* only for a *concealment*, and has an *overture* in the sense here attached to it elsewhere. I have left the passage as it stands in the folio. The leading thought seems to be, "When drums, trumpets, and warlike instruments are profaned, let them lose their functions—never sound more : and let their places be taken by something else." I should however prefer to read and point thus :—

"May these same instruments, which you profane,  
Never sound more ! shall drums and trumpets, when

No more ! I say ; for that I have not wash'd  
 My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,  
 Which without note here's many else have done,  
 You shout me forth in acclamations hyperbolical ;  
 As if I lov'd my little should be dieted  
 In praises sauc'd with lies.

*Com.*

Too modest are you ;

More cruel to your good report, than grateful  
 To us that give you truly. By your patience,  
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
 (Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,  
 Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,  
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
 Wears this war's garland : in token of the which  
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
 With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,  
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,  
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,  
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.

Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*]

*All.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

*Cor.* I will go wash ;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
 Whether I blush, or no. Howbeit, I thank you :—  
 I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,  
 To undercrest your good addition,  
 To the fairness of my power.

I' the field prove flatterers ? (Let courts and cities be  
 Made all of false-faced soothing,  
 When steel grows soft as the Parasite's silk)—  
 Let *them* be made an overture for the wars !—  
 No more ! I say," &c.

*When*, I think, stands for *where* or *in which place*: and *them* relates to the martial instruments. It is *him* in the old copy, but as Mr. Dyce has remarked "The words *him* and *them* are very often confounded by our early printers."—*Marlowe's Works*, v. i. p. lxxvi.

*Com.* So, to our tent :  
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,  
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome  
The best with whom we may articulate<sup>7</sup>  
For their own good, and ours.

*Lart.* I shall, my lord.

*Cor.* The gods begin to mock me. I that now  
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.

*Com.* Take it : 'tis yours. What is't ?

*Cor.* I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly :  
He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* O, well begg'd !  
Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

*Lart.* Marcius, his name ?

*Cor.* By Jupiter, forgot :—  
I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.  
Have we no wine here ?

*Com.* Go we to our tent :  
The blood upon your visage dries ; 'tis time  
It should be look'd to : come. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>7</sup> i. e. the chief men of Corioli, with whom we may enter into articles. Bullokar has the word "articulate, to set down articles, or conditions of agreement." We still retain the word *capitulate*, which anciently had nearly the same meaning, viz. "To article or agree upon articles."

SCENE X. *The Camp of the Volsces.*

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

*Auf.* The town is ta'en !

*1 Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

*Auf.* Condition ?

I would I were a Roman ; for I cannot,  
Being a Volsce<sup>1</sup>, be that I am.—Condition !  
What good condition can a treaty find  
I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,  
I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat me ;  
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter  
As often as we eat. By the elements,  
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,  
He is mine, or I am his : Mine emulation  
Hath not that honour in't it had ; for where<sup>2</sup>  
I thought to crush him in an equal force  
(True sword to sword), I'll potch<sup>3</sup> at him some way ;  
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

*1 Sol.* He's the devil.

*Auf.* Bolder, though not so subtle : My valour poison'd<sup>4</sup>,

With only suffering stain by him ; for him  
Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep, nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick : nor fane, nor Capitol,

<sup>1</sup> The *Volsci* are called *Volsces* throughout the old translation of Plutarch, which Shakespeare followed.

<sup>2</sup> *Where* for *whereas*, as in other places before noticed.

<sup>3</sup> To *potch* is to *thrust at with a sharp pointed instrument*. Thus in Carew's Survey of Cornwal, p. 31 :—"They use to *poche* them [i. e. fish] with an instrument somewhat like a salmon-speare." It is from the Fr. *pocher*.

<sup>4</sup> The old copies read :—"My *valours* poison'd," &c. The context seems to require the emendation suggested by Tyrwhitt, "To mischief him *my valour* should deviate from its native generosity."



The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
 Embarquements<sup>5</sup> all of fury, shall lift up  
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
 My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it  
 At home, upon my brother's guard, even there  
 Against the hospitable canon, would I  
 Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city;  
 Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that must  
 Be hostages for Rome.

*1 Sol.* Will not you go?

*Auf.* I am attended<sup>6</sup> at the cypress grove:

I pray you  
 ('Tis south the city mills<sup>7</sup>), bring me word thither  
 How the world goes; that to the pace of it  
 I may spur on my journey.


*1 Sol.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. Rome. *A Publick Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

*Menenius.*

 HE augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

*Bru.* Good or bad?

<sup>5</sup> *Embarquements*, as appears from Cotgrave and Sherwood, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*; which is evidently the sense of the word in this passage. Thus Sherwood:—"To imbark, to imbargue. *Embarquer*. An imbarking, an imbarguing. *Embarquement*." In Cole's English Dictionary, 1701, the word is given *imbarge* or *embarge*.

<sup>6</sup> *Attended* is *waited for*. So in *Twelfth Night*:—

"Thy interceptor *attends* thee at the orchard end."

<sup>7</sup> Malone observes that Shakespeare often introduces these minute local descriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. The poet attended not to the anachronism of mills near Antium. Lydgate has placed corn-mills near to Troy.

*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Men.* Pray you, who does the wolf love?

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

*Bru.* He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

*Men.* He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

*Both Trib.* Well, sir.

*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius poor in<sup>1</sup>, that you two have not in abundance?

*Bru.* He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

*Sic.* Especially in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Men.* This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file? Do you?

*Both Trib.* Why, how are we censured?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

*Both Trib.* Well, well, sir, well.

*Men.* Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud!

<sup>1</sup> It has been already observed that pleonasm of this kind were by no means unfrequent in Shakespeare's age. Thus in *As You Like It*, Act ii. Sc. 7:—"The scene wherein we play in." Malone has cited several instances, one of which from a Letter of Lord Burghley to the Earl of Shrewsbury, among the Weymouth MSS. is to our present purpose:—"I did earnestly enquire of hym in what estate he stood in for discharge of his former debts." See vol. iii. p. 46, note 18.

*Bru.* We do it not alone, sir.

*Men.* I know you can do very little alone : for your helps are many ; or else your actions would grow wondrous single<sup>a</sup> : your abilities are too infantlike, for doing much alone. You talk of pride : O ! that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks<sup>2</sup>, and make but an interior survey of your good selves ! O, that you could !

*Bru.* What then, sir ?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias fools), as any in Rome.

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well enough too.

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying<sup>3</sup> Tyber in't ; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first<sup>4</sup> complaint : hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion : one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning<sup>5</sup>. What I think, I utter ; and spend my malice in my breath : Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lyncurguses), if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely,

<sup>a</sup> *Single* here means *simple*, *silly*. See vol. v. p. 159, note 21.

<sup>2</sup> With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults ; and another behind him, in which he stows his own.

<sup>3</sup> Lovelace, in his *Verses to Althea*, from Prison, has borrowed this expression :—

“ When flowing cups run swiftly round,  
With no *allaying* Thames,” &c.

<sup>4</sup> *First* may have been intended for *thirst*, as it was sometimes so written.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *rather a late liar down than an early riser*. So in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—“ In the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.” Again in *King Henry IV. Part II.*—

“ Thou art a summer bird,  
Which even in the *haunch* of winter sings  
The lifting up of day.”

I make a crooked face at it. I cannot<sup>b</sup> say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm<sup>c</sup>, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson<sup>d</sup> conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

*Bru.* Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

*Men.* You know neither me, nor ourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fox-glove-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience<sup>e</sup>. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience<sup>f</sup>; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

*Bru.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a

<sup>b</sup> The old copies have, "I can say."

<sup>c</sup> So in King Lear:—

"Strives in this little world of men,"

*Microcosm* is the title of a poem by John Davies of Hereford.

<sup>d</sup> *Bisson* is *blind*. It is found spelt different ways, *Beasome*, *Beasome*, &c. Thus in Hamlet:—

"Ran barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames  
With *bisson* rheum."

<sup>e</sup> It appears from this whole speech that Shakespeare mistook the office of *praefectus urbis* for the tribune's office. Or he may have taken this view of it in order to have a gird at their worships the city aldermen, who were no friends to the players.

<sup>f</sup> That is, *declare war against patience*.

perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den<sup>a</sup> to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians<sup>10</sup>: I will be bold to take my leave of you. [*BRU. and SIC. retire to the back of the Scene.*]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler), whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

*Vol.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

*Men.* Ha! Marcius coming home?

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home?

*Two Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

*Vol.* Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another: and, I think, there's one at home for you.

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-night: A letter for me?

*Good den*, I think, meant *good day*, and not *good e'en*, or *evening*. See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

<sup>10</sup> As kings are called *ποιμένες λαών*.

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you ; I saw it.

*Men.* A letter for me ? It gives me an estate of seven years' health ; in which time I will make a lip at the physician : the most sovereign prescription in Galen<sup>11</sup> is but empiric<sup>12</sup> tick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded ? he was wont to come home wounded.

*Vir.* O ! no, no, no.

*Vol.* O ! he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

*Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much : Brings 'a victory in his pocket ? The wounds become him.

*Vol.* On's brows, Menenius : he comes the third time home with the oaken garland<sup>13</sup>.

*Men.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly ?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

*Men.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that : an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess<sup>14</sup> of this ?

*Vol.* Good ladies, let's go :—Yes, yes, yes : the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives

<sup>11</sup> In this mention of Galen there is an anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished about 492 years before the birth of our Lord, Galen about 160 years after it. The word *empiric<sup>12</sup> tick* (*empirick<sup>12</sup> tick* in the old copy) was perhaps formed by the poet from *empirick*, a quack. In my corrected second folio six letters in the middle of the word are effaced, leaving it *empirique*. The third folio has *empirick<sup>12</sup> tick*. It has been conjectured that *Empirickphysique* may have been the true reading.

<sup>12</sup> Volunna answers Menenius without taking notice of his last words—"The wounds become him." Menenius had asked, "Brings 'a victory in his pocket ?" He brings it, says Volunna, on his *brows* ; for he comes the third time home *brow-bound* with the oaken garland, the emblem of victory. So afterwards :—

"He prov'd best man o' the field, and for his meed  
Was *brow-bound* with the oak."

*Possess* is fully informed.

"I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose."

*Merchant of Venice.*

my son the whole name of the war : he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

*Val.* In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Men.* Wondrous ? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The gods grant them true !

*Vol.* True ? pow, wow.

*Men.* True ? I'll be sworn they are true : Where is he wounded ?—God save your good worships ! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home : he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded ?

*Vol.* I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm : There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

*Men.* One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know<sup>14</sup>.

*Vol.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

*Men.* Now it's twenty-seven : every gash was an enemy's grave : [*A Shout, and Flourish.*] Hark ! the trumpets.

*Vol.* These are the ushers of Marcius : before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears. Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie ; Which being advanc'd, declines ; and then men die<sup>15</sup>.

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS ; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland ; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

<sup>14</sup> The old man is minutely particular : "Seven wounds ? let me see ; one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay, I am sure there are nine that I know of."

<sup>15</sup> Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son, to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand and let it fall.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

*1 Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us,  
The Volsces are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.  
I sin in envying his nobility:  
And were I any thing but what I am,  
I would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together.

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by the ears, and he  
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him: he is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

*1 Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is;  
And I am constant<sup>20</sup>. Titus Lartius, thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:  
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius:  
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O, true bred!

*1 Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

*Tit.* Lead you on:  
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;  
Right worthy you priority.

*Com.* Noble Lartius<sup>21</sup>!

<sup>20</sup> i. e. *immoveable in my resolution*. So in Julius Cæsar:—  
"But I am constant as the northern star."

<sup>21</sup> The old copy has *Martius*.



*Vol.* I know not where to turn: O! welcome home;  
And welcome, general:—And you are welcome all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,  
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome:  
A curse begin at very root on's heart,  
That is not glad to see thee! You are three,  
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,  
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not  
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!  
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and  
The faults of fools, but folly.

*Com.* Ever right.

*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever<sup>17</sup>.

*Her.* Give way there, and go on.

*Cor.* Your hand, and yours:  
[*To his Wife and Mother.* .

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
The good patricians must be visited;  
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,  
But with them charge of honours<sup>18</sup>.

*Vol.* I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes,  
And the buildings of my fancy:  
Only there is one thing wanting,  
Which, I doubt not, but our Rome  
Will cast upon thee.

*Cor.* Know, good mother,  
I had rather be their servant in my way,  
Than sway with them in theirs.

<sup>17</sup> By these words it should seem that Coriolanus means to say, "Menenius is still the same affectionate friend as formerly." So in Julius Cæsar:—"For *always* I am Cæsar."

<sup>18</sup> *Charge of honours.* The old copy has "*change* of honours." The error is of frequent occurrence; we have it again in this play, Act v. Sc. 3, where the old copy reads:—

"And yet to *change* thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak."

*Sic.*

'Tis right.

*Bru.* It was his word: O! he would miss it, rather  
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,  
And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.*

I wish no better,  
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it  
In execution.

*Bru.*

'Tis most like he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him then, as our good wills<sup>29</sup>,  
A sure destruction.

*Bru.*

So it must fall out  
To him, or our authorities. For an end,  
We must suggest the people, in what hatred  
He still hath held them: that, to his power, he would  
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and  
Disproportioned their freedoms: holding them,  
In human action and capacity,  
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
Than camels in their war; who have their provand<sup>30</sup>  
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic.*

This, as you say, suggested  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall touch the people<sup>31</sup> (which time shall not want,  
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,  
As to set dogs on sheep), will be his fire  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.*

What's the matter?

<sup>29</sup> i. e. as our advantage requires. *Wills* is here a verb.

<sup>30</sup> i. e. *Than camels in their war; who want their provand.* We should probably read "*the war.*" *Provand* is *provender*.

<sup>31</sup> The old copies have "*teach* the people." Theobald reads "*reach* the people." The obvious correction was suggested by Mr. Knight.

Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,  
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,  
Were slily crept into his human powers,  
And gave him graceful posture<sup>26</sup>.

*Sic.*

On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

*Bru.*

Then our office may,  
During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transpire<sup>27</sup> his honours  
From where he should begin, and end<sup>27</sup>; but will  
Lose those he hath won.

*Bru.*

In that there's comfort.

*Sic.* Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,  
But they, upon their ancient malice, will  
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;  
Which that he'll give them, make I as little q<sup>u</sup>estion<sup>28</sup>  
As he is proud to do't<sup>28</sup>.

*Bru.*

I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put  
To see in less vesture of humility;  
ing (as the manner is) his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

And in the Taming of the Shrew:—

“Such war of white and red,” &c.

Again in Venus and Adonis:—

“To note the fighting conflict of her hue,  
How white and red each other did destroy.”

Numerous examples might be adduced from Shakespeare's contemporaries, of the same image.

<sup>26</sup> That is, as if that god who leads him, whatsoever god he be.  
So in Shakespeare's 26th Sonnet:—

“Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect.”

<sup>27</sup> The meaning is, *He cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should begin to where he should end.* We have the same phraseology in Cymbeline:—“The gap

That we shall make in time, from our hence going  
And our return, to excuse.”

<sup>28</sup> *Proud to do't*, is the same as *proud of doing it*.

Com.

On to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets. Excunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights  
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse

rapture<sup>19</sup> lets her baby cry,

Tulla chats him<sup>20</sup>: the kitchen malkin<sup>21</sup> pins

I sin in lockram 'bout her reechy<sup>22</sup> neck,

And were he walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, win-

I would

Com. d up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd

Maie complexions; all agreeing

Uponness to see him: seld-shown<sup>23</sup> flamens

On among the popular throngs, and puff

Th a vulgar station<sup>24</sup>; our veil'd dames

t the war of white and damask, in

Anicely-gawd'd<sup>25</sup> cheeks, to the wanton spoil

rapture anciently was synonymous with a fit or trance.  
Corriano:—"Ratto, s. a rapture or trance of the mind, or a  
tion of the spirits." This is confirmed by Steevens's quo-  
from The Hospital for London Follies, 1602, where gossip  
says, "Your darling will weep itself into a raptus face:  
it take heed."

Thus the old copy. It has been proposed to read "while  
heers him;" but we must probably understand "while she  
ts about him."

<sup>21</sup> i. e. the kitchen-wench. A malkin was a mop made of rags,  
used for sweeping ovens, &c.; hence it came to signify a dirty  
wench. The scullion very naturally takes her name from this  
utensil, her French title *escouillon* being only another name for  
a malkin.

Lockram was a kind of coarse linen.

"Thou thought'st because I wear lockram shirts

I had no wit."

Glaphorne's *Wit in a Constable*.

<sup>22</sup> Reechy is fumant with sweat or grease.

<sup>23</sup> Seld-shown. The hyphen is wanting in the old copies, but  
there can be no doubt that the compound word was intended,  
"flamens rarely showing themselves in popular assemblies."

<sup>24</sup> A vulgar station is a common standing-place among the vulgar

<sup>25</sup> So in Tarquin and Lucrece:—

"The silent war of lilies and of roses,

Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field."

*Mess.* You are sent for to the Capitol.  
'Tis thought that Marcius shall be consul :  
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,  
And the blind to hear him speak : Matrons flung  
                    gloves,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs<sup>32</sup>,  
Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended,  
As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made  
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts :  
I never saw the like.

*Bru.*                               Let's to the Capitol ;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,  
But hearts for the event.  
*Sic.*                               Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The Capitol.*

*Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here : How many stand for consulships ?

2 *Off.* Three, they say : but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow : but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them ; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore : so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground : Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their

<sup>32</sup> Shakespeare here attributes some of the customs of his own times to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. This was exactly what occurred at tiltings and tournaments when a combatant had distinguished himself.

disposition ; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently<sup>1</sup> 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm ; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him : and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite<sup>2</sup>. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for th'ir love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country : And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted<sup>3</sup>, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him ; he is a worthy man : Make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS, the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places ; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

*Men.* Having determin'd of the Volscies, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. he would have waved indifferently, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Their adversary or opponent. See Measure for Measure, Act iii. Sc. 2, note 20.

<sup>3</sup> Bonnetted is here a verb, as *bonnetter*, Fr. to pull off the cap. To cap was used in the same manner ; see the first scene in Othello, and Jamieson's Dictionary. Mr. Knight thinks that it



*Bru.* Which the rather  
We shall be prest<sup>6</sup> to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people, than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

*Men.* That's off, that's off<sup>7</sup>,  
I would you rather had been silent. Please you  
To hear Cominius speak?

*Bru.* Most willingly :  
But yet my caution was more pertinent,  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*Men.* He loves your people :  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—  
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus : never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honours' pardon ;  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope,  
My words disbench'd you not.

*Cor.* No, sir : yet oft,  
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But, your people,  
I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down.

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,  
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit CORIOLANUS.]

*Men.* Masters o' the people,  
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter  
(That's thousand to one good one), when you now see,

<sup>6</sup> The old copy has *blest*, which is corrected to *prest*, i. e. *ready*, in both mine and Mr. Collier's second folio. That this was the phraseology of the poet is evident. See p. 316, ante, note 2.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *That is nothing to the purpose.*



He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,  
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

*Com.* I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held,  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,  
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought  
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,  
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,  
When with his Amazonian chin he drove  
The bristled lips before him : he bestrid  
An o'er press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view  
Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,  
And struck him on his knee<sup>8</sup> : in that day's feats,  
When he might act the woman in the scene<sup>9</sup>,  
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed  
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age  
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;  
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since<sup>10</sup>,  
He lurch'd<sup>11</sup> all swords of the garland. For this last,

<sup>8</sup> This does not mean that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as occasioned him to *fall on his knee* ; “ ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.”

<sup>9</sup> It has been before mentioned that the parts of women were, in Shakespeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. The poet probably disregarded the anachronism ; there were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays until about two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus.

<sup>10</sup> Plutarch says, “ *seventeen* years of service in the wars, and many and sundry battles : ” but from Coriolanus's first campaign to his death was only a period of eight years.

<sup>11</sup> To *lurch* is to win or carry off easily the prize or stake at any game. It originally signified to devour greedily, from *lurco*, Lat. then to purloin, subtract, or withdraw any thing from another. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman* :—“ You have *lurch'd* your friends of the better half of the garland.” Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, has “ A *lurch*, duplex palma facilis victoria.”

Before and in Corioli, let me say,  
 I cannot speak him home : He stopp'd the fliers ;  
 And, by his rare example, made the coward  
 Turn terror into sport. As waves<sup>12</sup> before  
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,  
 And fell below his stem : his sword (death's stamp)  
 Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot  
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
 Was timed with dying cries. Alone he enter'd  
 The mortal gate<sup>13</sup> o' the city, which he painted  
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,  
 And with a sudden reinforcement struck  
 Corioli, like a planet. Now all's his :  
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
 His ready sense : then straight his doubled spirit  
 Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,  
 And to the battle came he ; where he did  
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
 'Twere a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd  
 Both field and city ours, he never stood  
 To ease his breast with panting.

*Men.*

Worthy man !

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours  
 Which we devise him.

*Com.*

Our spoils he kick'd at ;  
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were  
 The common muck o' the world ; he covets less  
 Than misery<sup>14</sup> itself would give ; rewards  
 His deeds with doing them ; and is content  
 To spend the time, to end it.

<sup>12</sup> Thus the second folio. The first folio "as *weeds*," &c. to which Malone adheres, as well as Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier. I think with Steevens, that a vessel *stemming the waves* is an image much more suitable to the prowess of Coriolanus, than the displacing of weeds.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. *The gate which was made the scene of death.*

<sup>14</sup> *Misery* for *avarice*, because a *miser* signifies *avaricious*.

*Men.* He's right noble ;  
Let him be call'd for.

1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

*Off.* He doth appear.

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Men.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd  
To make thee consul.

*Cor.* I do owe them still  
My life, and services.

*Men.* It then remains,  
That you do speak to the people<sup>15</sup>.

*Cor.* I do beseech you,  
Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot  
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,  
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please you,  
That I may pass this doing.

*Sic.* Sir, the people  
Must have their voices ; neither will they bate  
One jot of ceremony.

*Men.* Put them not to't :  
Pray you, go fit you to the custom : and  
Take to you, as your predecessors have,  
Your honour with your form<sup>16</sup>.

*Cor.* It is a part  
That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
Be taken from the people.

<sup>15</sup> Coriolanus (as Warburton observes) was banished A. U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, A. U. C. 393, the senate chose *both* consuls ; and then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of *one*. Shakespeare follows Plutarch, who expressly says in the Life of Coriolanus, that "the custome of Rome was *at that time*, that such as dyd sue for *any* office, should for certen dayes before be in the market place, only with a poor gowne on their backes, and without any coate underneath, to *praye the people to remember them at the day of election*." North's Translation, p. 244, ed. 1579.

<sup>16</sup> *Your form* is the form which custom prescribes to you.

*Bru.* Mark you that?

*Cor.* To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus ;—  
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,  
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only :—

*Men.* Do not stand upon't.—  
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose to them<sup>17</sup> :—and to our noble consul  
Wish we all joy and honour.

*Sen.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour !

[*Flourish.* Then exeunt Senators.

*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the people.

*Sic.* May they perceive his intent ! He will require  
them,

As if he did condemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

*Bru.* Come ; we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here : on the market-place,  
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

*Enter several Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Once<sup>1</sup>, if he do require our voices, we ought  
not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it ; but it

<sup>17</sup> " We recommend to you, tribunes of the people, to declare our purpose to them," namely, the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship.

<sup>1</sup> *Once* may here mean "*Once for all*," absolutely. It is used below in a different sense, i. e. *one time*, where Rowe inserted *when*, which is indeed elliptically understood. The instances of a similar use of *once* are not unfrequent in our old writers. Malone erroneously explained it *as soon as ever*. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii. Sc. 4, note 5 ; *Comedy of Errors*, Act iii. Sc. 1, note 9 ; *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i. Sc. 1, note 34.

is a power that we have no power to do<sup>2</sup>: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent<sup>3</sup> of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

<sup>2</sup> Power in the first instance here means *natural power*, or *force*, and then *moral power*, or *right*. Davis has used the word with the same variety of meaning:—

“Use all thy *powers*, that heavenly *power* to praise,  
That gave thee *power* to do.”

*Consent* is *accord*, *agreement*. To suppose that their agreement to go all one way should end in their flying to every point of the compass, is a just description of the variety and inconsistency of the many-headed multitude.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks: You may, you may<sup>4</sup>.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

*Men.* O sir, you are not right: have you not known The worthiest men have done't?

*Cor.* What must I say?—  
“I pray, sir,”—Plague upon't! I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace:—“Look, sir;—my  
wounds!—

I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran  
From the noise of our own drums.”

*Men.* O me, the gods!  
You must not speak of that; you must desire them  
To think upon you.

*Cor.* Think upon me? Hang 'em!  
I would they would forget me, like the virtues

The force of this colloquial phrase appears to be, “You may divert yourself as you please at my expense.” It occurs again in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

“*Hel.* By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.”

Which our divines lose by 'em<sup>5</sup>.

*Men.* You'll mar all ;  
I'll leave you : Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner<sup>6</sup>. [*Exit.*]

*Enter two Citizens.*

*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean. So, here comes a brace.  
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir ; tell us what hath brought you to't.

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert ?

*Cor.* Ay, not ?

Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How ! not your own desire ?

*Cor.* No, sir :

'Twas never my desire yet,  
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,  
We hope to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship ?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

*Cor.* Kindly ?

Sir, I pray let me ha't : I have wounds to show you,  
Which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir ;  
What say you ?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

*Cor.* A match, sir :—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd :  
I have your alms ; adieu.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *I wish they would forget me, as they do the virtuous precepts which our divines preach to them.* This is another amusing instance of anachronism.

<sup>6</sup> So in Hamlet :—" If it should please you to make me a *whole-some* answer."

<sup>7</sup> The first folios have erroneously *but*. It was corrected in that of 1664.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

*Enter two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown,

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly

*Cor.* Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*Cor.* I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

*Both Cit.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Cor.* Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to sterve<sup>8</sup>,

<sup>8</sup> Here all the modern editors, including Mr. Collier and Mr.



Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.  
 Why in this wolvis<sup>9</sup>h toge should I stand here,  
 To beg of Hob and Dick<sup>10</sup>, that do appear,  
 Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't :  
 What custom wills, in all things should we do't,  
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd  
 For truth to overpeer. Rather than fool it so,  
 Let the high office and the honour go  
 To one that would do thus. I am half through :  
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Enter three other Citizens.*

Here come more voices,—  
 Your voices : for your voices I have fought ;  
 Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices, bear  
 Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six  
 I have seen, and heard of ; for your voices,<sup>11</sup>

Knight, have changed *sterve*, the reading of the old copies, to *starve* in violation of the rhyme, if not of the sense.

<sup>9</sup> Thus the first folio. The second folio reads "*woolvish gown* :"  
*tongue* was an error of the press, for *toge* ; the same mistake having  
 occurred in *Othello*, where "*tongued* consuls" is printed for "*toged*  
 consuls." By a *wolvish* gown Coriolanus means a *deceitful* one ;  
 in allusion to the fable of the wolf in sheep's clothing ; not that  
 he means to call himself the wolf, but merely to say, Why should  
 I stand here playing the hypocrite, and simulating the humility  
 that is not in my nature. Or, as Shakespeare expresses it in  
*All's Well that Ends Well* :—"To wear the surplice of humility  
 over the black gown of a big heart." Brutus afterwards says :—

"With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds."

<sup>10</sup> The poet has here given the names (as in many other places  
 he has attributed the customs) of England to ancient Rome. *Hob*  
 and *Dick* were names of frequent occurrence among the common  
 people in Shakespeare's time, and generally used to signify a  
 peasant or low person.

<sup>11</sup> Dr. Farmer says, perhaps we should read :—

"Battles thrice six

Have done many things, some less, some more:  
Your voices: indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without  
any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul. The gods give  
him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

*All.* Amen, Amen.

God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Cor.*

Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* You have stood your limitation; and the  
tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,  
That, in the official marks invested, you  
Anon do meet the senate.

*Cor.*

Is this done?

*Sic.* The custom of request you have discharg'd:  
The people do admit you; and are summon'd  
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

*Cor.* Where? at the senate-house?

*Sic.*

There, Coriolanus.

*Cor.* May I change these garments?

*Sic.*

You may, sir.

*Cor.* That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself  
again,

Repair to the senate-house.

*Men.* I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

*Bru.* We stay here for the people.

*Sic.*

Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,  
'Tis warm at's heart.

*I've seen, and you have heard of;* for your voices  
Done many things," &c.

*Bru.* With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter Citizens.*

*Sic.* How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

*Bru.* We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,  
He flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,  
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us  
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

*Sic.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*All Cit.* No; no man saw 'em.

[*Several speak.*

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could  
show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

*I would be consul*, says he: *aged custom*<sup>12</sup>,

*But by your voices, will not so permit me;*

*Your voices therefore:* When we granted that,

Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*

*Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,*

*I have no farther with you:—Was not this mockery?*

*Sic.* Why, either, were you ignorant to see't<sup>13</sup>?

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

<sup>12</sup> The Romans (as Warburton observes) had but lately changed the regal for the consular government: for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. Plutarch, as we have before seen, led the poet into the error concerning this *aged custom*. See note 15, p. 356.

<sup>13</sup> *Were you ignorant to see't?* is, *did you want knowledge to discern it?*

To yield your voices ?

*Bru.* Could you not have told him,  
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,  
But was a petty servant to the state,  
He was your enemy ; ever spake against  
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear  
I' the body of the weal : and now, arriving<sup>14</sup>  
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,  
If he should still malignantly remain  
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might  
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,  
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature  
Would think upon you for your voices, and  
Translate his malice towards you into love,  
Standing your friendly lord.

*Sic.* Thus to have said,  
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,  
And try'd his inclination ; from him pluck'd  
Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;  
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,  
Which easily endures not article  
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,  
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,  
And pass'd him unelected.

*Bru.* Did you perceive,  
He did solicit you in free contempt,  
When he did need your loves ; and do you think  
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your bodies

<sup>14</sup> "Arriving

A place of potency."

So in the Third Part of King Henry VI. Act v. Sc. 3:—

"Those powers that the queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast."

See Julius Cæsar, Act i. Sc. 2.

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry  
Against the rectorship of judgment?

*Sic.*

Have you,

Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,  
On<sup>15</sup> him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
Your sued-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to  
piece 'em.

*Bru.* Get you hence instantly; and tell those  
friends,

They have chose a consul, that will from them take  
Their liberties; make them of no more voice  
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,  
As therefore kept to do so.

*Sic.*

Let them assemble;

And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,  
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not  
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;  
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,  
Thinking upon his services, took from you  
The apprehension of his present portance<sup>16</sup>,  
Which most gibingly, ungravely he did fashion  
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*Bru.*

Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd  
(No impediment between) but that you must  
Cast your election on him.

*Sic.*

Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided

<sup>15</sup> The folio has *of* instead of *on*, an evident misprint.

<sup>16</sup> i. e. *carriage*. So in *Othello*:—

“And *portance* in my travels' history.”

By your own true affections : and that, your minds  
Preoccupy'd with what you rather must do  
Than what you should, made you against the grain  
To voice him consul : Lay the fault on us.

*Bru.* Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,  
How youngly he began to serve his country,  
How long continued : and what stock he springs of,  
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came  
That Ancus Március, Numa's daughter's son,  
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :  
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;  
[One of that family nam'd Censorinus<sup>17</sup>]  
And nobly nam'd so, twice being chosen Censor,  
Was his great ancestor.

*Sic.* One thus descended,  
That hath beside well in his person wrought  
To be set high in place, we did commend  
To your remembrances : but you have found,  
Scaling<sup>18</sup> his present bearing with his past,  
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
Your sudden approbation.

<sup>17</sup> Pope supplied a line, which the context evidently requires, but which I adapt to the narration in Plutarch, from whence this passage is taken :—"The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which sprung many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numaes daughter's sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the *same house* were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus *came of that familie*, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice." Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487 ; and the Marcian waters were not brought to the city by aqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus. Shakespeare has confounded the ancestors and posterity of Coriolanus together.

<sup>18</sup> That is, *weighing his past and present behaviour*.

*Bru.* Say, you ne'er had done't  
(Harp on that still), but by our putting on<sup>19</sup> :  
And presently, when you have drawn your number,  
Repair to the Capitol.

*Cit.* We will so : almost all [*Several speak.*  
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

*Bru.* Let them go on ;  
This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
Than stay, past doubt, for greater :  
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
With their refusal, both observe and answer  
The vantage of his anger.

*Sic.* To the Capitol :  
Come ; we'll be there before the stream o' the people ,  
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street.*

*Cornets.* Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

*Coriolanus.*



HULLUS Aufidius then had made new head ?

*Lart.* He had, my lord ; and that it was,  
which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

*Cor.* So then the Volsces stand but as at first ;  
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make read

<sup>19</sup> i. e. *our incitation.* So in King Lear :—

“ You protect this course,

And put it on by your allowance.”

And Iago says of Roderigo, in Othello :—

“ If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace

For his quick hunting, bear the putting on,” &c.

Upon us again.

*Com.* They are worn, lord consul<sup>1</sup>, so,  
That we shall hardly in our ages see  
Their banners wave again.

*Cor.* Saw you Aufidius?

*Lart.* On safeguard he came to me; and did curse  
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me?

*Lart.* He did, my lord.

*Cor.* How? what?

*Lart.* How often he had met you, sword to sword:  
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated  
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes  
To hopeless restitution, so he might  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Cor.* At Antium lives he?

*Lart.* At Antium.

*Cor.* I wish I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To LARTIUS.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;  
For they do prank them in authority,  
Against all noble sufferance.

*Sic.* Pass no further.

*Cor.* Ha! what is that?

*Bru.* It will be dangerous to  
Go on: no further.

*Cor.* What makes this change?

*Men.* The matter?

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare has here again given the usage of England to Rome. In his time the title of *lord* was given to many officers of state who were not peers, as *lords* of the council, *lord* ambassador, *lord* general.



*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

*Bru.* Cominius, no.

*Cor.* Have I had children's voices?

*1 Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the marketplace.

*Bru.* The people are incens'd against him.

*Sic.* Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

*Cor.* Are these your herd?  
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,  
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your  
offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?  
Have you not set them on?

*Men.* Be calm, be calm.

*Cor.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility:  
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,  
Nor ever will be rul'd.

*Bru.* Call't not a plot:  
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;  
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them  
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

*Cor.* Why, this was known before.

*Bru.* Not to them all.

*Cor.* Have you inform'd them sithence?

*Bru.* How! I inform them!

*Cor.* You are like to do such business<sup>2</sup>

*Bru.* Not unlike,  
Each way to better yours<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> The old copy gives this speech to Cominius, and Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight persist in the error; but the sequel of the dialogue clearly shows that it was uttered by Coriolanus.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth

*Cor.* Why then should I be consul? By yond' clouds,  
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

*Sic.* You show too much of that,  
For which the people stir : If you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,  
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit ;  
Or never be so noble as a consul,  
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

*Men.* Let's be calm.

*Com.* The people are abus'd : Set on. This palt'ring  
Becomes not Rome ; nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely <sup>4</sup>  
I' the plain way of his merit.

*Cor.* Tell me of 'corn !  
This was my speech, and I will speak't again ;—

*Men.* Not now, not now.

<sup>1</sup> *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now

*Cor.* Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,  
I crave their pardons :  
For the mutable, rank-scented many<sup>5</sup>, let them  
Regard me as I do not flatter, and  
Therein behold themselves : I say again,  
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate  
The cockle<sup>6</sup> of rebellion, insolence, sedition,  
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scat-  
ter'd,

*than you (whose business it is) will do.* To which the reply is per-  
tinent, *Why then should I be consul?*

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *treacherously*. The metaphor is from a rub at bowls.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *the populace*. The Greeks used *οἱ πολλοί* exactly in the  
same sense. The old copies have it according to its etymology,  
*meynie* and *meyny*.

<sup>6</sup> *Cockle* is a *weed* which grows up with and chokes the corn.  
The thought is from North's Plutarch :—"Moreover, he said, that  
they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle*  
of insolvency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered  
abroad among the people," &c.

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number ;  
 Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that  
 Which they have given to beggars.

*Men.*

Well, no more.

1 *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

*Cor.*

How ! no more ?

As for my country I have shed my blood,  
 Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs  
 Coin words till their decay, against those meazels<sup>7</sup>,  
 Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought  
 The very way to catch them.

*Bru.*

You speak o' the people,  
 As if you were a god to punish, not  
 A man of their infirmity.

*Sic.*

T'were well,

We let the people know't.

*Men.*

What, what ? his choler ?

*Cor.* Choler !

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
 By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

*Sic.*

It is a mind,

That shall remain a poison where it is,  
 Not poison any further.

*Cor.*

Shall remain !

Hear you this Triton of the minnows<sup>8</sup> ? mark you  
 His absolute *shall* ?

*Com.*

'Twas from the canon.

*Cor.*

*Shall !*

O good<sup>9</sup>, but most unwise patricians ! why,  
 You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus  
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,  
 That with his peremptory *shall*, (being but

<sup>7</sup> *Meazel*, or *mesell*, is the old term for a *leper*, from the Fr. *meselle*.

<sup>8</sup> So in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—"That base *minnow* of thy mirth."

<sup>9</sup> The old copy has "O *God* ! but," &c. The emendation was made by Theobald.

The horn and noise<sup>10</sup> o' the monsters) wants not spirit  
 To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
 And make your channel his? If he have power,  
 Then vail your ignorance<sup>11</sup>: if none, awake<sup>12</sup>  
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,  
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
 Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,  
 If they be senators: and they are no less,  
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
 Most palates theirs<sup>13</sup>. They choose their magistrate;  
 And such a one as he, who put his *shall*,  
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench  
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,  
 It makes the consuls base; and my soul akes,  
 To know, when two authorities are up,  
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
 The one by the other<sup>14</sup>.

*Com.* Well,—on to the market-place.

*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth  
 The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd  
 Sometime in Greece,—

*Men.* Well, well; no more of that.

*Cor.* Though there the people had more absolute  
 power;

<sup>10</sup> *The horn and noise*, alluding to his having called him *Triton* of the minnows before.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him vail or bow down before him.*

<sup>12</sup> *Awake your dangerous lenity.* The poet apparently means, "Arouse your lenity, which is dangerous," i. e. arouse yourselves from your perilous indifference.

<sup>13</sup> Malone's explanation of this passage seems to be right, "the plebeians are no less than senators, when, the voices of the senate and the people being blended together, the predominant taste of the compound smacks more of the populace than the senate."

<sup>14</sup> "The mischief and absurdity of what is called *imperium in imperio* is here finely expressed," says Warburton.

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
The ruin of the state.

*Bru.* Why, shall the people give  
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

*Cor.* I'll give my reasons,  
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn  
Was not our recompense<sup>15</sup>; resting well assur'd  
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,  
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not thread<sup>16</sup> the gates: this kind of service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd  
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation  
Which they have often made against the senate,  
All cause unborn, could never be the motive<sup>17</sup>  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?  
How shall this bissom multitude<sup>18</sup> digest  
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express  
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;  
We are the greater poll, and in true fear  
They gave us our demands.*—Thus we debase  
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope  
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows

<sup>15</sup> We should probably read "Was not *their* recompense." Southern had thus corrected it in a copy once belonging to him. At any rate we must understand "our recompense to them."

<sup>16</sup> To *thread the gates* is to *pass through them*. So in King Lear:—"Threading dark-ey'd night."

<sup>17</sup> The old copies have *native*, the correction was suggested by Mason.

<sup>18</sup> The old reading is *bosome-multiplied*; this happy emendation was made in the second folio with MS. corrections in Mr. Collier's possession. The word *bissom*, i. e. *blind*, occurs again in this play, Act ii. Sc. 1, where in both folios, by an error of the press, it is printed *beesome* as it is here *bosome*. Indeed it occurs in Huloet's Dictionary in a form, easily mistaken for *bosom*. "Blynde or *Beasom*-borne, cæcigenus."

To peck the eagles.

*Men.* Come, enough.

*Bru.* Enough, with overmeasure.

*Cor.* No, take more :

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal<sup>19</sup> ! This double worship,  
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other  
Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wisdom  
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance, it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
To unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it follows,  
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,  
You that will be less fearful than discreet ;  
That love the fundamental part of state,  
More than you doubt<sup>20</sup> the change on't ; that prefer  
A noble life before a long, and wish  
To imp<sup>21</sup> a body with a dangerous physick  
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out  
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick  
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour  
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
Of that integrity which should become it<sup>22</sup> ;

<sup>19</sup> " No, let me add this further, and may every thing divine and human that can give force to an oath, bear witness to the truth of what I shall conclude with."

<sup>20</sup> To doubt is to fear.

<sup>21</sup> The first folio having erroneously printed "*To iumpe* a body," the second folio made it "*To jumpe* a body." As no possible sense can be derived from the old reading, notwithstanding Steevens made some ingenious attempts which seem to have satisfied his successors ; I venture to omit the superfluous letter *u*, and thus restore the true reading of the poet. *To imp* is *to mend by artificial means*. And this is the sense required here—to patch up. Thus in *The Pilgrim of Beaumont and Fletcher*, Act i. Sc. 1 :—

" None of your pieced companions,—  
None of your *imped* bravadoes."

<sup>22</sup> *Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
Of that integrity which should become it.*

Not having the power to do the good it would,  
For the ill which doth control it.

*Bru.* He has said enough.

*Sic.* He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch ! despite o'erwhelm thee !  
What should the people do with these bald tribunes ?  
On whom depending, their obedience fails  
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,  
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
Then were they chosen ; in a better hour,  
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet<sup>23</sup>,  
And throw their power i' the dust.

*Bru.* Manifest treason.

*Sic.* This a consul ? no.

*Bru.* The Ædiles, ho ! Let him be apprehended.

*Enter an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Go, call the people ; [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose  
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,  
A foe to the publick weal. Obey, I charge thee,  
And follow to thine answer.

*Cor.* Hence, old goat !

*Sen. & Pat.* We'll surety him.

*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones  
Out of thy garments<sup>24</sup>.

*Sic.* Help ! ye citizens.

*Judgment is the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong.  
Integrity is in this place soundness, uniformity, consistency.*

<sup>23</sup> "Let it be said by you that what is *meet* to be done, *must* be meet, i. e. *shall be done*, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature."

<sup>24</sup> "Here's a say,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old death

Out of his rags !"

*King John.*

*Re-enter the Ædiles, and a Rabble of Citizens.*

*Men.* On both sides more respect.

*Sic.* Here's he, that would  
Take from you all your power.

*Bru.* Seize him, Ædiles.

*Cit.* Down with him, down with him !

*[Several speak.]*

*2 Sen.* Weapons ! weapons ! weapons !

*[They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.]*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens ! what ho !

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens !

*Cit.* Peace, peace, peace ! stay, hold, peace !

*Men.* What is about to be ? I am out of breath ;  
Confusion's near : I cannot speak.—You, tribunes

To the people,—Coriolanus, patience :—

Speak, good Sicinius.

*Sic.* Hear me ! people ; Peace !

*Cit.* Let's hear our tribune : Peace ! Speak, speak,  
speak.

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties :

Marcus would have all from you ; Marcus,

Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

*Men.* Fye, fye, fye !  
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

*1 Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city, but the people ?

*Cit.* True,  
The people are the city.

*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd  
The people's magistrates.

*Cit.* You so remain.

*Men.* And so are like to do.

*Cor.* That is the way to lay the city flat ;  
To bring the roof to the foundation ;  
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,



In heaps and piles of ruin<sup>a</sup>.

*Sic.* This deserves death.

*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,  
Or let us lose it : We do here pronounce,  
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power  
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy  
Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore, lay hold of him ;  
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

*Bru.* Ædiles, seize him.

*Cit.* Yield, Marcius, yield.

*Men.* Hear me one word.  
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

*Ædi.* Peace, peace.

*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,  
And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.

*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways  
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous  
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,  
And bear him to the rock.

*Cor.* No ; I'll die here.

[*Drawing his Sword.*]

There's some among you have beheld me fighting ;  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

*Men.* Down with that sword !—Tribunes, withdraw  
awhile.

*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.

*Men.* Help Marcius ! help,  
1. You that be noble ; help him, young, and old !

be meet, fit. Down with him, down with him !

tian power, [In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,  
a regard to p and the People, are all beat in.

That sh<sup>u</sup>. old copies this speech is given to *Ominius* ; but it  
Out of h<sup>e</sup> belongs to *Coriolanus*, as the rejoinder of the Tribune  
e tenor of speech itself shows.

*Men.* Go, get you to your house ; be gone, away,  
All will be naught else.

*2 Sen.* Get you gone.

*Cor.* Stand fast ;

We have as many friends as enemies.

*Men.* Shall it be put to that ?

*2 Sen.* The gods forbid !

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house ;

Leave us to cure this cause.

*Men.* For 'tis a sore upon us,

You cannot tent yourself. Begone. 'beseech you.

*Com.* Come, sir, along with us<sup>b</sup>.

*Cor.* I would they were barbarians, as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, as they are  
not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,—

*Men.* Be gone ;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;

One time will owe another<sup>25</sup>.

*Cor.* On fair ground,

I could beat forty of them.

*Men.* I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them ; yea, the two  
tribunes.

*Com.* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick ;  
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabrick. Will you hence,  
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
What they are used to bear.

*Men.* Pray you, be gone :

<sup>b</sup> This speech is also erroneously given to *Coriolanus*, and the next made part of that of *Menenius*, in the old copies.

<sup>25</sup> *One time will owe another.* I think *Menenius* means to say, "Another time will offer when you may be quits with them." There is a common proverbial phrase, "One good turn deserves another."

I'll try whether my old wit be in request  
 With those that have but little ; this must be patch'd  
 With cloth of any colour.

*Com.*

Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt COR. COM. and others.*]

1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world :  
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
 Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his  
 mouth ;  
 What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;  
 And, being angry, does forget that ever  
 He heard the name of death [*A noise within.*]  
 Here's goodly work !

2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed !

*Men.* I would they were in Tyber ! What, the  
 vengeance,  
 Could he not speak 'em fair ?

*Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.*

*Sic.*

Where is this viper,

That would depopulate the city, and  
 Be every man himself ?

*Men.*

You worthy tribunes,—

*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock  
 With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,  
 And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
 Than the severity of the public power,  
 Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.*

He shall well know,

The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
 And we their hands.

*Cit.*

He shall, sure on't<sup>26</sup>.

[*Several speak together.*]

<sup>26</sup> We should probably read :—

“He shall, *be* sure on't.”

*Men.* Sir, sir,—

*Sic.* Peace!

*Men.* Do not cry, havock<sup>27</sup>, where you should but  
hunt

With modest warrant.

*Sic.* Sir, how comes't, that you  
Have help to make this rescue?

*Men.* Hear me speak :—  
As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults :—

*Sic.* Consul ! what consul?

*Men.* The consul Coriolanus.

*Bru.* He consul !

*Cit.* No, no, no, no.

*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good  
people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ;  
The which shall turn you to no further harm<sup>28</sup>,  
Than so much loss of time.

*Sic.* Speak briefly then ;  
For we are peremptory, to despatch  
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,  
Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,  
Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,

<sup>27</sup> This signal for general slaughter was not to be pronounced with impunity, but by authority : "Item que nul soit si hardy de crier *havok*, sur peine d'avoir la test coupé."—*Ordonnances des Batailles*, 9 R. ii. Art. 10. . Again, in the Statutes and Ordynances of Warre, printed by Pynson, 1513 : "That no man be so hardy to crye *havoke*, upon payne of him that is so founde begynner, to dye therfore, and the remenánt to be emprysoned, and their bodies to be punyshed at the kinges wyll." *Dapoc*, in Saxon, is a hawk, and Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks the cry may have originally been a sporting phrase. See Julius Cæsar, Act iii. Sc. i.

<sup>28</sup> *The which shall turn you to no further harm.* This singular expression occurs again in *The Tempest* :—

"My heart bleeds

To think o' the teen that I have *turn'd you to.*"

He dies to-night.

*Men.* Now the good gods forbid,  
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
Towards her deserved<sup>29</sup> children is enroll'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own !

*Sic.* He's a disease, that must be cut away.

*Men.* O ! he's a limb, that has but a disease ;  
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death ?  
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost  
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce), he dropp'd it for his country :  
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,  
A brand to the end o' the world.

*Sic.* This is clean kam<sup>30</sup>.

*Bru.* Merely<sup>31</sup> awry : when he did love his country,  
It honour'd him.

*Men.* The service of the foot  
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
For what before it was ?

*Bru.* We'll hear no more.—  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,

<sup>29</sup> *Deserved* for *deserving* ; as *delighted* for *delighting* in Othello, and other similar changes of termination in words of like ending.

<sup>30</sup> *Clean kam*, i. e. *quite contrary*, and not *merely awry* as Mr. Collier says. "*Clean* contrarie, *quite kamme*, à contrepoil," says Cotgrave : and the same worthy lexicographer explains "*à revers*, cross, *cleane kamme*." Stanyhurst in his Virgil, and the translator of Guzman d'Alfarache, have it *him kam* :—

Scinditur studia in contraria vulgus.

"The wavering commons in *kym kam* sectes are haled."

The word is to be found in Welsh and Erse : *camurus*, in Latin, and *καμπύλος*, in Greek, have the same meaning, and the whole are doubtless derived from one common parent.

<sup>31</sup> i. e. *Absolutely awry*.

Spread further.

*Men.* One word more, one word.

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;  
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Bru.* If it were so,—

*Sic.* What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?  
Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come:—

*Men.* Consider this:—He has been bred i' the wars  
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In boulded language; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him<sup>32</sup>  
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form  
In peace, to his utmost peril.

*1 Sen.* Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course  
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer:  
Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Bru.* Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the market-place: We'll attend you  
there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed  
In our first way.

*Men.* I'll bring him to you.—

<sup>32</sup> The old copies repeat the words "in peace," which occur below, again here. It is most likely that there was a transposition intended, and that the words were written in the margin of the copy without being erased here, where they first occur. They are clearly an encumbrance.

Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He  
must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.*

Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Coriolanus's House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.*

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me  
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels<sup>1</sup> ;  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*Enter VOLUMNIA.*

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.

*Cor.* I muse, my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals, things created  
To buy and sell with groats ; to show bare heads  
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,  
When one but of my ordinance<sup>2</sup> stood up  
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you ;

[*To VOLUMNIA.*]

Why did you wish me milder ? Would you have me  
False to my nature ? Rather say, I play  
The man I am.

*Vol.* O, sir, sir, sir !

<sup>1</sup> Breaking a criminal on the wheel was a punishment unknown to the Romans ; and, except in the single instance of Metius Sufetius, according to Livy, dismemberment by being torn to death by wild horses never took place in Rome. Shakespeare attributes to them the cruel punishments of a later age.

<sup>2</sup> *Ordinance* is here used for *rank*.

I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Let go.

*Vol.* You might have been enough the man you are,  
With striving less to be so : lesser had been  
The thwartings<sup>3</sup> of your dispositions, if  
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Cor.* Let them hang.

*Vol.* Ay, and burn too.

*Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come, you have been too rough, some-  
thing too rough ;  
You must return, and mend it.

1 *Sen.* There's no remedy ;  
Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*Vol.* Pray be counsell'd :  
I have a heart as little apt as yours<sup>4</sup>,—  
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,  
To better vantage.

*Men.* Well said, noble woman :  
Before he should thus stoop to the herd<sup>5</sup>, but that  
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick  
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads "*things* of your disposition." The emendation is Theobald's.

<sup>4</sup> Here we have probably an elliptic expression, natural in excitement, which may be supplied by the words *to stoop*, or *to yield*. What Menenius says in the next speech indicates that Volumentia so understood it.

<sup>5</sup> Old copy "*stoop to the heart*." Theobald made the correction. *Herd* being anciently *heard*, the error easily crept in. Coriolanus thus describes the people in another passage:—

"You shames of Rome, you *herd* of —."



*Cor.* What must I do?

*Men.* Return to the tribunes.

*Cor.* Well,

What then? what then?

*Men.* Repent what you have spoke

*Cor.* For them? I cannot do it to the gods;

Must I then do't to them?

*Vol.* You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,  
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,  
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,  
That they combine not there.

*Cor.* Tush, tush!

*Men.* A good demand.

*Vol.* If it be honour, in your wars, to seem  
The same you are not (which, for your best ends,  
You adopt your policy), how is it less, or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war; since that to both  
It stands in like request?

*Cor.* Why force you this?

*Vol.* Because that now it lies you on to speak  
To the people; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you  
to<sup>6</sup>,

But with such words that are but roted<sup>7</sup> in  
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables  
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth<sup>8</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> *To*, which is wanting in the first folio, is supplied in the second.

<sup>7</sup> Mr. Boswell suggested that we should read *rooted*. We have no instance of such a word as *roted*, for "got by rote."

<sup>8</sup> *Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth*, i. e. of no *approbation*. *Allowance* has no connection with the subsequent words, "to your bosom's truth." The construction is, "though but bastards

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,  
Than to take in<sup>9</sup> a town with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes and my friends, at stake, requir'd ;  
I should do so in honour : I am in this,  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;  
And you will rather show our general lowts  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,  
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
Of what that want might ruin.

*Men.* Noble lady !—  
Come, go with us ; speak fair : you may salve so,  
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

*Vol.* I pr'ythee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;  
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them),  
Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
More learned than the ears), waving thy head,  
Which often—thus—correcting thy stout heart<sup>10</sup>,  
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,

to your bosom's truth, *not the lawful issue of your heart.*" The words "and syllables of no allowance," are put in apposition with bastards, and are as it were parenthetical.

<sup>9</sup> See Act i. Sc. 2, note 3.

<sup>10</sup> The meaning of the text seems to be, "Go to the people (says Volumnia), and appear before them in a supplicating attitude—with thy bonnet in thy hand, thy knees on the ground (for in such cases action is eloquence, &c.) waving thy head *thus*, (waving her head) she adds, its frequent bendings subduing thy stout heart, which now should be as humble as the ripest mulberry : or if these silent gestures of supplication do not move them, add words, and say to them," &c. Æschylus, in a fragment preserved by Athenæus, lib. ii. says of Hector, that he was softer than mulberries :—

Ἀνὴρ δ' ἐκείνος ἦν πεπαίτερος μύρων.

That will not hold the handling : or, say to them,  
 Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,  
 Hast not the soft way<sup>11</sup>, which, thou dost confess,  
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,  
 In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame  
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far  
 As thou hast power, and person.

*Men.* This but done,  
 Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours :  
 For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
 As words to little purpose.

*Vol.* Pr'ythee now,  
 Go, and be rul'd : although, I know, thou hadst rather  
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,  
 Than flatter him in a bower<sup>12</sup>. Here is Cominius.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* I have been i' the market-place : and, sir, 'tis  
 fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself  
 By calmness, or by absence ; all's in anger.

*Men.* Only fair speech.

*Com.* I think, 'twill serve, if he  
 Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Vol.* He must, and will :—  
 Pr'ythee, now, say you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go show them my unbarb'd<sup>13</sup> sconce?  
 Must I

<sup>11</sup> Thus in *Othello*, folio ed. 1623 :—

“ Rude am I in speech,  
 And little bless'd with the *soft* phrase of peace ;  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertains to feats of *broils* and battles.”

<sup>12</sup> *Bower* was the ancient term for a *chamber*. Spenser, speaking of the Temple, Prothalamion, st. viii. says :—

“ Where now the studious lawyers have their *bowers*.”

<sup>13</sup> *Unbarb'd* is *unarmed*, *unaccoutred*, *uncovered*. Cotgrave says that a *barbute* was a ridinghood, or a montero or close hood, and

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart  
 A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:  
 Yet were there but this single plot<sup>14</sup> to lose,  
 This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,  
 And throw it against the wind.—To the market-  
 place:

You have put me now to such a part, which<sup>15</sup> never  
 I shall discharge to the life.

*Com.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.

*Vol.* I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,  
 My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
 To have my praise for this, perform a part  
 Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.* Well, I must do't:  
 Away, my disposition, and possess me  
 Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,  
 Which quired<sup>16</sup> with my drum, into a pipe  
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
 That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves  
 Tent<sup>a</sup> in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up  
 The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue

that it also signified *the beaver of a helmet*. It was probably used for any kind of covering that concealed the head and face. Thus in Chaucer, *Troilus and Cressida*, II. v. 110, Pandarus says to Cressida:—

“Do way your *barbe* and show your face *bare*.”

Where Mr. Tyrwhitt explains it a *hood* or *muffler*. It should be remembered that a *barbed* steed was an accoutred steed, or one covered with trappings.

<sup>14</sup> *Plot* is *piece*, *portion*, applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body.

<sup>15</sup> Some of the modern editors substituted *as* for *which* here. Malone has shown that this was Shakespeare's usual phraseology. And Horne Tooke tells us why *as* and *which* were convertible words. See note on *Julius Cæsar*, Act i. Sc. 2.

<sup>16</sup> i. e. *which played in concert with my drum*. So in *The Merchant of Venice*:—

“Still *quiring* to the young-ey'd cherubims.”

<sup>a</sup> To *tent* here appears to be used in the sense of to *encamp*, or take up their residence.

Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,  
 Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
 That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:  
 Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
 And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
 A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.*

At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,  
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let  
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
 Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death  
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;  
 But owe<sup>17</sup> thy pride thyself.

*Cor.*

Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;  
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd  
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:  
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;  
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
 I' the way of flattery, further.

*Vol.*

Do your will. [*Exit.*

*Com.* Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself  
 To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd  
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
 Than are upon you yet.

*Cor.* The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go;  
 Let them accuse me by invention, I  
 Will answer in mine honour.

*Men.*

Ay, but mildly.

*Cor.* Well, mildly be it then; mildly! [*Exeunt.*

<sup>17</sup> i. e. own thy pride, or derive it from thyself.

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.**Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* In this point charge him home, that he affects  
Tyrannical power : If he evade us there,  
Enforce him with his envy<sup>1</sup> to the people ;  
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,  
Was ne'er distributed.

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come ?

*Æd.* He's coming.

*Bru.* How accompanied ?

*Æd.* With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

*Sic.* Have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll ?

*Æd.* I have ; 'tis ready.

*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes ?

*Æd.* I have.

*Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither :  
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*  
*I' the right and strength o' the commons*, be it either  
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say, *Fine*, cry *Fine* ; if *Death*, cry *Death* ;  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power, i' the truth o' the cause.

*Æd.* I shall inform them.

*Bru.* And when such time they have begun to cry,  
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Enforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

<sup>1</sup> *Enforce his envy*, i. e. *object his hatred*. See Act i. Sc. 8,  
note 3, and vol. ii. p. 468, note 1.

*Æd.*

Very well.

*Sic.* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint  
When we shall hap to give't them.

*Bru.*

Go about it.

[*Exit* *Ædile*.]

Put him to choler straight : He hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, and to have his word<sup>2</sup>  
Of contradiction : Being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks  
What's in his heart ; and that is there, which looks  
With us to break his neck<sup>3</sup>.

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,  
Senators, and Patricians.

*Sic.* Well, here he comes.*Men.*

Calmly, I do beseech you.

*Cor.* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume. The honour'd  
                  gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !  
Throng<sup>4</sup> our large temples with the shows of peace,  
And not our streets with war !

*1 Sen.*

Amen, amen !

*Men.* A noble wish.*Re-enter* *Ædile*, with Citizens.*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.*Æd.* List to your tribunes ; audience : Peace, I say.*Cor.* First, hear me speak.*Both Tri.*

Well, say.—Peace, ho

*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no further than this present ?

<sup>2</sup> The old copy has by mistake *worth* for *word*.

<sup>3</sup> "The sentiments of Coriolanus's heart are our coadjutors, and look to have their share in promoting his destruction."

<sup>4</sup> The old copies erroneously *Through*. The correction was made by Theobald.

Must all determine here?

*Sic.* I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,  
Allow their officers, and are content  
To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you?

*Cor.* I am content.

*Men.* Lo, citizens, he says, he is content :  
The warlike service he has done, consider ;  
Think upon the wounds his body bears, which show  
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

*Cor.* Scratches with briars,  
Scars to move laughter only.

*Men.* Consider farther,  
That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier : Do not take  
His rougher accents<sup>5</sup> for malicious sounds,  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy<sup>6</sup> you.

*Com.* Well, well, no more.

*Cor.* What is the matter,  
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again?

*Sic.* Answer to us,

*Cor.* Say then : 'tis true, I ought so,

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take  
From Rome all season'd<sup>7</sup> office, and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;  
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How ! Traitor?

*Men.* Nay ; temperately : Your promise.

<sup>5</sup> The old copies have *actions* for *accents*. This is also Theobald's correction.

<sup>6</sup> See the first note on this scene, and Act i. Sc. 8, note 3.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *wisely tempered office*, established by time.



*Cor.* The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people !  
 Call me their traitor ! Thou injurious tribune !  
 Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,  
 In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
 Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,  
 Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free  
 As I do pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people ?

*Cit.* To the rock ! to the rock with him !

*Sic.* Peace

We need not put new matter to his charge :  
 What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,  
 Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
 Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
 Those whose great power must try him ; even this,  
 So criminal, and in such capital kind,  
 Deserves the extremest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath  
 Serv'd well for Rome,——

*Cor.* What do you prate of service ?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You ?

*Men.* Is this

The promise that you made your mother ?

*Com.* Know,

I pray you,——

*Cor.* I'll know no further :

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
 Vagabond exile, flaying ; Pent to linger  
 But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
 Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;  
 Nor check my courage<sup>9</sup> for what they can give,  
 To have't with saying, Good morrow.

*Sic.* For that he has

<sup>9</sup> *Courage* here signifies *resolution*.

(As much as in him lies) from time to time  
 Envied<sup>10</sup> against the people, seeking means  
 To pluck away their power; as<sup>11</sup> now at last  
 Given hostile strokes, and that not<sup>12</sup> in the presence  
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
 That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,  
 And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
 Even from this instant, banish him our city;  
 In peril of precipitation  
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
 To enter our Rome gates. I'd ? people's name,  
 I say, it shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:  
 He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common  
 friends:—

*Sic.* He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

*Com.*

Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show for<sup>13</sup> Rome,  
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
 My country's good, with a respect more tender,  
 More holy, and profound, than mine own life,  
 My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,  
 And treasure of my loins; then if I would  
 Speak that—

*Sic.* We know your drift. Speak what?

*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,

<sup>10</sup> i. e. *showed hatred*.

<sup>11</sup> The construction is, "*He has, from time to time, &c. &c. as now at last,*" &c.

<sup>12</sup> *Not* is here again used for *not only*. It is thus used in the New Testament, 1 *Thess.* iv. 8:—

"He therefore that despiseth, despi-eth *not* man, but God."

<sup>13</sup> The old copy here reads "*from Rome*." Theobald substituted *for*, and supported his emendation by these passages:—

"To banish him that struck more blows *for* Rome."

Again:—

"Good man! the wounds that he does bear *for* Rome."

As enemy to the people, and his country :  
It shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*Cor.* You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate  
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you<sup>14</sup> ;  
And here remain with your uncertainty.  
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair ! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders ; till, at length,  
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels),  
Making not reservation of yourselves<sup>15</sup>,  
(Still your own foes), deliver you, as most  
Abated<sup>16</sup> captives, to some nation  
That won you without blows ! Despising,  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back :  
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENE-  
NIUS, Senators, and Patricians.]

<sup>14</sup> So in Lylic's *Euphues*. "When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth that the Sinopenetes had banished him Pontus ; yea, said he, *I them*." We have the same thought in King Richard II.—

"Think not the king did banish thee,  
But thou the king."

<sup>15</sup> The old copy reads, "Making *but* reservation of yourselves," which Dr. Johnson thus explains:—Coriolanus imprecates upon the base plebeians that they may still retain the power of banishing their *defenders*, till their undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city *but themselves* : so that for want of those capable of conducting their defence, they may fall an easy prey to some nation who may conquer them without a struggle. Capell substituted *not* for *but*. The meaning will then be, "the ignorance of the people made them even their own enemies, and caused them (not even sparing themselves) to deliver themselves at last defenceless captives to their enemies."

<sup>16</sup> *Abated* is *overthrown*, *depressed*. To *abate* castles and houses, &c. is to *overthrow* them. See Blount's *Glossography*, in voce. To *abate* the courage of a man was to *depress* or *diminish* it.

*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

*Cit.* Our enemy's banish'd ! he is gone ! Hoo ! hoo !

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*

*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,  
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite ;  
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
Attend us through the city.

*Cit.* Come, come, let us see him out at gates ;  
come :

The gods preserve our noble tribunes ! Come.


[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I. *The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENE-  
NIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.*

*Coriolanus.*

OME, leave your tears ; a brief farewell : the  
beast<sup>1</sup>

With many heads butts me away. Nay,  
mother,

Where is your ancient courage ? you were us'd  
To say, extremity<sup>2</sup> was the trier of spirits ;  
That common chances common men could bear ;  
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating : fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves  
A noble cunning<sup>3</sup> : you were us'd to load me

<sup>1</sup> Horace, speaking of the Roman mob, says :—

“*Bellua multorum est capitum.*”

<sup>2</sup> This is the reading of the second folio. The first folio reads,  
*extremities was, &c.*

<sup>3</sup> “When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded,  
and yet continue calm, requires a noble wisdom.” *Cunning* is

With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*Vir.* O heavens! O heavens!

*Cor.* Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in  
Rome,

And occupations perish!

*Cor.* What; what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,  
Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!  
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,  
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,  
'Tis fond<sup>4</sup> to wail inevitable strokes,  
As 'tis to laugh at them. My mother, you wot well,  
My hazards still have been your solace: and  
Believe't not lightly (though I go alone  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen  
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen), your son  
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught  
With cautelous<sup>5</sup> baits and practice.

*Vol.* My first<sup>6</sup> son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
With thee a while: Determine on some course,

often used in this sense by Shakespeare. Johnson reprehends Warburton for misinterpreting the poet's words, and has himself mistaken the meaning of this. It has been proposed to read "being gentle-minded," but the change would be of doubtful advantage.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. foolish.

<sup>5</sup> Cautelous here means insidious.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. noblest.

More than a wild exposure<sup>7</sup> to each chance  
That starts i' the way before thee.

*Cor.* O the gods!

*Com.* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,  
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I' the absence of the needer.

*Cor.* Fare ye well;  
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full  
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.  
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
My friends of noble touch<sup>8</sup>, when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still; and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthily  
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
I'd with thee every foot.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand:  
Come. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>7</sup> The old copies have *exposure*, which was most probably a typographical error carelessly continued, as no other instance of the word is known, and the poet himself uses *exposure* in the same sense in *Macbeth* and in *Troilus and Cressida*.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *of true metal*. The metaphor from the touchstone for trying metals, is common in Shakespeare.

SCENE II. *The same. A Street near the Gate.*

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Bid them all home : he's gone, and we'll no farther.

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided  
In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shown our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home :  
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS*

Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.

*Bru.* Why?

*Sic.* They say, she's mad.

*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us :  
Keep on your way.

*Vol.* O, y'are well met : The hoarded plague o' the  
gods  
Requite your love !

*Men.* Peace, peace ! be not so loud.

*Vol.* If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—  
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone ?

[*To BRUTUS.*]

*Vir.* You shall stay too : [*To SIC.*] I would I had  
the power

To say so to my husband.

*Sic.* Are you mankind<sup>1</sup> ?

<sup>1</sup> *Mankind* is *fierce, ferocious*. See vol. iv. p. 40, note 8. That it had this sense is evident, because we sometimes find it applied

*Vol.* Ay, fool ; is that a shame ? Note but this fool.  
Was not a man my father ? Hadst thou foxship  
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,  
Than thou hast spoken words ?

*Sic.* O blessed heavens !

*Vol.* More noble blows, than ever thou wise words ;  
And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what :—Yet go :—  
Nay, but thou shalt stay too :—I would my son  
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand.

*Sic.* What then ?

*Vir.* What then ?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

*Vol.* Bastards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome !

*Men.* Come, come, peace.

*Sic.* I would he had continu'd to his country,  
As he began ; and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made.

*Bru.* I would he had.

*Vol.* I would he had ! 'Twas you incens'd the  
rabble :

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
Will not have earth to know.

*Bru.* Pray, let us go.

*Vol.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone :  
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this :  
As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
The meanest house in Rome : so far, my son  
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see),

to a stubborn or ferocious animal. Thus Hall in his Epigram  
against Marston :—

“ I ask'd phisitions what their counsell was  
For a mad dogge or for a *mankind* asse.”

Sicinius uses it in that sense. Volumnia chooses to understand  
it as meaning a *human* creature.



Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*Bru.* Well, well, we'll leave you.

*Sic.* Why stay we to be baited  
With one that wants her wits?

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.  
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt* Tribunes.

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them  
But once a day, it would unclog my heart  
Of what lies heavy to't.

*Men.* You have told them home,  
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with  
me?

*Vol.* Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:  
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

*Men.* Fye, fye, fye! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Highway, between Rome and Antium.*

*Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.*

*Rom.* I know you well, sir, and you know me:  
your name, I think, is Adrian.

*Vol.* It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a Roman; and my services are, as you  
are, against 'em: Know you me yet?

*Vol.* Nicanor? No.

*Rom.* The same, sir.

*Vol.* You had more beard, when I last saw you;  
but your favour is well appayed<sup>1</sup> by your tongue.

<sup>1</sup> The old copy reads, "Your favour is well *appeared* by your tongue." For the emendation in the text I am answerable. Warburton proposed *appealed*; Johnson, *affeaed*; Steevens, *approved*; and Malone thought the old reading might be right. Mr. Knight

What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

*Rom.* There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

*Vol.* Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

*Vol.* Coriolanus banish'd?

*Rom.* Banish'd, sir.

*Vol.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said; the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars,

explains it by *rendered apparent*, which to my mind conveys no meaning. Mr. Collier passes it over without explanation! No phrase is more common in our elder language than *well appaid*, i. e. *satisfied, contented*. The Volscian means to say, "The change in your appearance is *compensated* for by your voice, which perfectly *satisfies* me."

"They buy thy help: but sin ne'er giv'ns a fee,  
He gratis comes; and thou art *well appay'd*,  
As well to hear as grant what he hath said."

*Shakespeare's Rape of Lucrece.*

"Glad in his heart, and inly *well appay'd*,  
That to his court so great a lord was brought."

*Fairfax, Tasso, ix. 5.*

his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

*Vol.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you : you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome ; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you ?

*Vol.* A most royal one : the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

*Vol.* You take my part from me, sir ; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Antium. *Before Aufidius's House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.*

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium.—City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows ; many an heir  
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop : then know me not ;  
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

*Enter a Citizen.*

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium ?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,  
At his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, 'beseech you?

*Cit.* This, here, before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*  
O, world, thy slippery turns<sup>1</sup>! Friends now fast sworn,  
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissension of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity; so, fellest foes,  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep  
To take the one the other, by some chance,  
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,  
And interjoin their issues. So with me:  
My birth-place hate I<sup>2</sup>, and my love's upon  
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,  
He does fair justice; if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

*Musick within. Enter a Servant.*

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!  
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

*Enter another Servant.*

2 *Serv.* Where's Cots? my master calls for him.  
Cots! [*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> "This fine picture of common friendship is an artful introduction to the sudden league which the poet makes him enter into with Aufidius, and a no less artful apology for his commencing enemy to Rome."—*Warburton.*

<sup>2</sup> The old copies read erroneously, *have I*. Steevens made the correction.

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.* A goodly house. The feast smells well: but I  
Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Servant.*

*1 Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence  
are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the  
door.

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
In being Coriolanus<sup>1</sup>.

*Re-enter second Servant.*

*2 Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his  
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such com-  
panions?<sup>2</sup> Pray, get you out.

*Cor.* Away!

*2 Serv.* Away? Get you away.

*Cor.* Now thou art troublesome.

*2 Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd  
with anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

*3 Serv.* What fellow's this?

*1 Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I can-  
not get him out o' the house. Pr'ythee, call my mas-  
ter to him.

*3 Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray  
you, avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

*3 Serv.* What are you?

*Cor.* A gentleman.

*3 Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

*Cor.* True, so I am.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli.

<sup>2</sup> Companion was used in the sense which we now apply to fellow.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station ; here's no place for you ; pray you, avoid. come.

*Cor.* Follow your function, go !  
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3 *Serv.* What, you will not ? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*]

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou ?

*Cor.* Under the canopy. :

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy ?

*Cor.* Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that ?

*Cor.* I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows ? What an ass it is ! Then thou dwell'st with daws too ?

*Cor.* No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir ! Do you meddle with my master ?

*Cor.* Ay ; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress :

Thou prat'st, and prat'st ; serve with thy trencher, hence ! [*Beats him away.*]

*Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow ?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir ; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

*Auf.* Whence com'st thou ? what wouldst thou ?  
Thy name ?

Why speak'st not ? Speak, man : What's thy name ?

*Cor.* If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling.*]

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not

Think me for the man I am, necessity

Commands me name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name ?

[*Servants retire*]

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what's thy name?  
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou  
me yet?

*Auf.* I know thee not.—Thy name?

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies,  
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may  
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,  
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood  
Shed for my thankless country, are requited  
But with that surname; a good memory<sup>3</sup>,  
And witness of the malice and displeasure  
Which thou should'st bear me. Only that name re-  
mains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,  
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;  
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be  
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity  
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope,  
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if  
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world  
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,  
To be full quit of those my banishers,  
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast  
A heart of wreak<sup>4</sup> in thee, that will revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims

<sup>3</sup> *Memory for memorial.* See vol. iii. p. 31, note 1.

<sup>4</sup> *Wreak* is an old term for *revenge*. So in *Titus Andronicus*:—  
"Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude."

As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own  
ways :

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :  
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall  
Say, *Yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !  
And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;  
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand ! Most  
welcome ! *[Exeunt Cor. and Auf.]*

1 *Serv.* *[Advancing.]* Here's a strange alteration !

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken  
him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his  
clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has ! He turn'd me about  
with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a  
top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was  
something in him : he had, sir, a kind of face, me-  
thought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so : looking as it were,——'Would  
I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him  
than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn : He is simply the  
rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is : but a greater soldier than  
he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who ? my master ?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six on him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither ; but I take him to be  
the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say  
that : for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.



As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
 As ever in ambitious strength I did  
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,  
 I love the maid I married ; never man  
 Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,  
 Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,  
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
 Bestride my threshold<sup>8</sup>. Why, thou Mars ! I tell thee,  
 We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose  
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
 Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out<sup>9</sup>  
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me :  
 We have been down together in my sleep,  
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,  
 Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that  
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
 From twelve to seventy ; and pouring war  
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear<sup>10</sup>. O, come, go in,  
 And take our friendly senators by the hands ;  
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
 Though not for Rome itself.

*Cor.* You bless me, gods !

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have  
 The leading of thine own revenges, take  
 The one half of my commission ; and set down,—

<sup>8</sup> Shakespeare was unaware that a Roman bride, on her entry into her husband's house, was prohibited from *bestriding* his threshold ; and that, lest she should even touch it, she was always lifted over it. Thus Lucan, lib. ii. 359 :—

"Tralata vetuit contingere limine planta."—*Steevens*.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *fully, completely*.

<sup>10</sup> I read with *Steevens* *o'er-bear* instead of *o'er-beat*, which is found in most of the old copies. Thus in *Othello* :—

"Is of such flood-gate and *o'er-bearing* nature."

Of shame<sup>5</sup> seen through thy country, speed thee straight,  
 And make my misery serve thy turn : so use it,  
 That my revengeful services may prove  
 As benefits to thee ; for I will fight  
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be  
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes  
 Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am  
 Longer to live most weary, and present  
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :  
 Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool ;  
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
 It be to do thee service.

*Anf.* O, Marcius, Marcius,  
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart  
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
 Should from yond' cloud speak divine things, and say,  
 'Tis true ; I'd not believe them more than thee,  
 All noble Marcius. Let me twine  
 Mine arms about that body, where against  
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
 And scared<sup>6</sup> the moon with splinters ! Here I clip  
 The anvil of my sword<sup>7</sup> ; and do contest

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *disgraceful diminutions of territory.*

<sup>6</sup> In King Richard III. we have, "Amaze the welkin with your broken staves." The folios have *scarr'd*, the old orthography of the word we now write *scared* ; it occurs in this form again in *The Winter's Tale*, Act iii. Sc. 3. "They have *scarr'd* away two of my best sheep." See *Minshew's Guide to the Tongues*, 1611, v. to *scarre*.

<sup>7</sup> To *clip* is to *embrace*. He calls Coriolanus the *anvil of his sword*, because he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him as a smith strikes on his anvil. Thus in *Hamlet* :—

"And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
 On Mars's armour . . .  
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
 Now falls on Priam."

*Re-enter third Servant.*

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news ; news, you rascals.

1, 2 *Serv.* What, what, what ? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations ; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1, 2 *Serv.* Wherefore ? wherefore ?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general ?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general ; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends : he was ever too hard for him ; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't : before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado<sup>11</sup>.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled<sup>a</sup> and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news ?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars : set at upper end o' the table : no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him : Our general himself makes a mistress of him ; sanctifies himself with's hand<sup>12</sup>, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday ; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle<sup>13</sup>

<sup>11</sup> See vol. iii. p. 326, note 13.

<sup>a</sup> The old copies have *boiled*. Pope made the judicious correction, indicated by "a *carbonado*," or rasher on the coals.

<sup>12</sup> "Considers the touch of his hand as holy ; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress."

<sup>13</sup> To *sowle* is to *pull by the ears*. It is still provincially in use

*Enter a Troop of Citizens.*

*Men.* Here come the clusters.—  
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,  
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

*Cit.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,  
When I said, Banish him, I said, 'Twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did  
very many of us; That we did, we did for the best:  
and though we willingly consented to his banishment,  
yet it was against our will.

*Com.* You are goodly things, you voices!

*Men.* You have made  
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the Ca-  
pitol?

*Com.* O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;  
These are a side, that would be glad to have  
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,  
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters,  
let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when  
we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

lethargy ; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible ; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so : and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher ; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason ; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

*All.* In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him ; His remedies are tame i' the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well ; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

*Enter MENENIUS.*

*Bru.* We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius ?

*Sic.* 'Tis he, 'tis he : O, he is grown most kind Of late. Hail, sir !

*Men.* Hail to you both !

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus, is not much miss'd, But with his friends : the commonwealth doth stand ; And so would do, were he more angry at it.

speare puts this word into the mouth of this conceited servant to ridicule it, as he, in common with Ben Jonson, has done in *Twelfth Night*, Act iv. Sc. 1. See note there.

*Men.* All's well ; and might have been much better, if  
He could have temporiz'd.

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you ?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing ; his mother and his wife  
Hear nothing from him.

*Enter Three or Four Citizens.*

*Cit.* The gods preserve you both !

*Sic.* Good den, our neighbours.

*Bru.* Good den to you all, good den to you all.

*1 Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our  
knees,  
Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sic.* Live, and thrive !

*Bru.* Farewell, kind neighbours ; we wish'd Cori-  
olanus  
Had lov'd you as we did.

*Cit.* Now the gods keep you !

*Both Tri.* Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time,  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying, Confusion.

*Bru.* Caius Marcius was  
A worthy officer i' the war ; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,——

*Sic.* And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.

*Men.* I think not so.

*Sic.* We should by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so<sup>1</sup>.

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it, and Rome  
Sits safe and still without him.

<sup>1</sup> We should surely read, "have found it so:" without this word the construction of the sentence is imperfect.

<sup>4</sup> The old copies read *coming*.

That turns their countenances.

*Sic.* 'Tis this slave ;

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising !  
Nothing but his report !

*Mess.* Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,  
More fearful is deliver'd.

*Sic.* What more fearful ?

*Mess.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths  
(How probable, I do not know), that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome ;  
And vows revenge as spacious, as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

*Sic.* This is most likely !

*Br.* Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish  
Good Marcius home again.

*Sic.* The very trick on't.

*Men.* This is unlikely :  
He and Aufidius can no more atone<sup>5</sup>,  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* You are sent for to the senate :  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories ; and have already,  
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* O, you have made good work !

*Men.* What news ? what news ?

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own daughters,  
and

<sup>5</sup> i. e. at one accord, agree. At one and at onement are many times used by Shakespeare in this sense.



To melt the city leads upon your pates ;  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses :——

*Men.* What's the news ? what's the news ?

*Com.* Your temples burned in their cement ; and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an auger's bore<sup>6</sup>.

*Men.* Pray now, your news ?  
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your  
news ?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,——

*Com.* If !

He is their god ; he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better : and they follow him,  
Against us brats, with no less confidence,  
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You have made good work,  
You, and your apron men ; you that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation<sup>7</sup>, and  
The breath of garlick-eaters !

*Com.* He will shake  
Your Rome about your ears.

*Men.* As Hercules  
Did shake down mellow fruit<sup>8</sup> : You have made fair  
work !

*Bru.* But is this true, sir ?

*Com.* Ay ; and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions

<sup>6</sup> So in *Macbeth* :——

“Our fate hid in an *augre-hole*.”

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *mechanics*. See *Julius Cæsar*, Act i. Sc. 2, note 20. *Horace* uses *artes* for *artifices*. In a future passage he calls them *crafts*. To smell of *garlic* was a brand of vulgarity ; as to smell of leeks was no less so among the Roman people :——

“*Quis tecum sectile porrum*

*Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit ?*”

<sup>8</sup> A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the *Hesperides*.

Do smilingly revolt, and, who resist,  
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?  
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

*Men.* We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it?  
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people  
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf  
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they  
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him<sup>9</sup>  
even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein show'd like enemies.

*Men.* 'Tis true:  
If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face  
To say, *'Beseech you, cease.* You have made fair  
hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

*Com.* You have brought  
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*Tri.* Say not, we brought it.

*Men.* How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like  
beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

*Com.* But, I fear,  
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer: Desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

<sup>9</sup> "They charg'd, and therein show'd," has here the force of  
"they would charge, and therein show."

the porter of Rome gates by the ears : He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd<sup>14</sup>.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't : For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies : which friends, sir (as it were), durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude<sup>15</sup>.

1 *Serv.* Directitude ! what's that ?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood<sup>16</sup>, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward ?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow ; to-day ; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon : 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I ; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night ; it's sprightly, waking<sup>17</sup>, audible, and full of vent<sup>18</sup>. Peace is a very apoplexy,

for pulling, dragging, or lugging. Heywood uses it in his comedy, called *Love's Mistress*, 1636 :—

"Venus will *sowle* me by the ears for this."

And in a letter from Mr. Garrard to Lord Strafford, *Straff. Lett.* vol. ii. p. 149 :—"A lieutenant *soled* him well by the ears, and drew him by the hair about the room." The etymology has not been pointed out ; but as *sowle* or *sole* is a halter, from the A. S. *fæl*, its origin is pretty obvious.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. *bared, cleared*. To *poll* is to *crop close*, to *shear* ; and has all the figurative meanings of *tondeo* in Latin. To *pill* and *poll* was to *plunder* and *strip*.

<sup>15</sup> The servant's blunder is intentional on the part of the poet, and he mistakes *directitude* for *discredit*.

<sup>16</sup> See Act i. Sc. 1, note 12.

<sup>17</sup> The old copies have *walking*.

<sup>18</sup> *Full of vent* is *full of rumour, full of materials for talk*. Shak-

*Bru.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol: Would, half my wealth  
Would buy this for a lie!

*Sic.*

Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A Camp; at a small distance from  
Rome.*

*Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman?

*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but  
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,  
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;  
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it now;  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier  
Even to my person, than I thought he would,  
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature  
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, sir,  
(I mean for your particular), you had not  
Join'd in commission with him: but either  
Had borne the action of yourself, or else  
To him had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well; and be thou sure,  
When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,  
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state;  
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon

As draw his sword : yet he hath left undone  
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,  
Whene'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down ;  
And the nobility of Rome are his :  
The senators, and patricians, love him too :  
The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people  
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,  
As is the osprey<sup>1</sup> to the fish, who takes it  
By sovereignty of nature. First he was  
A noble servant to them ; but he could not  
Carry his honours even : whether 'twas pride,  
Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,  
To fail in the disposing of those chances  
Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,  
Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace  
Even with the same austerity and garb  
As he controll'd the war : but, one of these  
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,  
For I dare so far free him), made him fear'd,  
So hated, and so banish'd : but he has a merit,  
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues  
Lie in the interpretation of the time :  
And power, unto itself most commendable,

<sup>1</sup> The following account of the *osprey* in "The Battle of Alcazar," 1594, shows the justness and beauty of this simile:—

"I will provide thee with a princely *osprey*,  
That as she flieth over fish in pools,  
The fish shall turn their glitt'ring bellies up,  
And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all."

Drayton mentions the same fascinating power of the *osprey* in *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. The bird is described in Pennant's *British Zoology*.

Hath not a tomb so evident as a hair  
 To extol what it hath done<sup>2</sup>.  
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
 Rights by rights foil'd are<sup>3</sup>, strengths by strengths do  
 fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,  
 Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> "So our *virtue*

Lie in the interpretation of the time;  
 And power, unto itself most commendable,  
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a *chair*  
 To extol what it hath done."

Thus the old copy. Well Steevens might exclaim that the passage and the comments upon it were equally intelligible. The whole speech is very incorrectly printed in the folio. Thus we have *'was* for *'twas*; *detect* for *defect*; *virtue* for *virtues*; and, evidently, *chair* for *hair*. What is the meaning of—

"Hath not a tomb so evident as a *chair*?"

A *hair* has some propriety, as used for a thing almost invisible. As in *The Tempest*:—

"Not a *hair* perish'd."

I take the meaning of the passage to be, "So our virtues lie at the mercy of the time's interpretation; and power, which esteems itself while living so highly, hath not when defunct the least particle of praise allotted to it." Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight, in their editions, pass over this passage without remark: but Mr. Collier, in his supplemental notes, would substitute the improbable word *cheer* upon the authority of his corrected folio, which also reads *suffer* instead of *fouler* in a succeeding line.

<sup>3</sup> The folios have *fouler*, from which no sense can be extracted. Malone reads *founder*, with an unsatisfactory argument. It will be obvious that *foil'd are*, as it would be anciently written, would easily be mistaken for *fouler*.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Rome. *A publick Place.**Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS,  
and Others.**Menenius.*

**N**O, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said,  
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd  
him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:  
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,  
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee  
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd  
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.

*Men.* Do you hear?

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my name:  
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops  
That we have bled together. Coriolanus  
He would not answer to: forbad all names;  
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire  
Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why so: you have made good work  
A pair of tribunes that have wrack'd<sup>1</sup> for Rome,  
To make coals cheap; a noble memory!

*Com.* I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon  
When it was less expected. He replied,

<sup>1</sup> Thus the old copy. *Wrack'd* is the old form in which *rack'd* is frequently found. "A noble memory!" is here of course ironical; *memory* meaning *memorial*. There would be no want of coals when Rome was burning.

It was a bare<sup>2</sup> petition of a state  
To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.*

Very well :

Could he say less ?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard  
For his private friends : his answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
Of noisome, musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,  
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,  
And still to nose the offence.

*Men.*

For one poor grain or two ?

I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,  
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :  
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt  
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray, be patient : If you refuse your aid  
In this so never-needed help, yet do not  
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you  
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,  
More than the instant army we can make,  
Might stop our countryman.

*Men.*

No ; I'll not meddle.

*Sic.* Pray you, go to him.

*Men.*

What should I do ?

*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome, towards Marcius.

*Men.*

Well, and say that Marcius  
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,  
Unheard ; what then ?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness ? Say't be so ?

*Sic.*

Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure

<sup>2</sup> *Bare* may mean *palpable, evident* ; but I think we should read *base*.



As you intended well.

*Men.* I'll undertake it :  
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well ; he had not din'd :  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood  
With wine and feeding<sup>3</sup>, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I'll watch him  
Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*Men.* Good faith, I'll prove him,  
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge  
Of my success. [*Exit*

*Com.* He'll never hear him.

*Sic.* Not ?

*Com.* I tell you, he does sit in gold<sup>4</sup>, his eye  
Red as 'twould burn Rome ; and his injury  
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him ;  
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise* ; dismiss'd me  
Thus, with his speechless hand : What he would do,  
He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,

<sup>3</sup> "This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one who, in the beginning the play, had told us that he loved convivial doings."—*Warburton*.

The poet had the discipline of modern Rome in his thoughts ; by the discipline of whose church priests are forbid to break their fast before the celebration of mass, which must take place after sun-rise, and before mid-day.

<sup>4</sup> So in North's Plutarch :—"He was set in his chaire of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majesty." The idea expressed by Cominius occurs in the eighth Iliad. Pope was perhaps indebted to Shakespeare in the translation of the passage :—

"Th' eternal Thunderer sat throned in gold."

Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions<sup>5</sup>:  
 So, that all hope is vain,  
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife<sup>6</sup>;  
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
 For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,  
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *An advanced Post of the Volscian Camp  
 before Rome. The Guard at their Stations.*

*Enter to them, MENENIUS.*

1 *G.* Stay : Whence are you ?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

*Men.* You guard like men ; 'tis well : But, by your  
 leave,

I am an officer of state, and come  
 To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence ?

*Men.* From Rome

1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return : our  
 general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, be-  
 fore

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

<sup>5</sup> *Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions.*

None of the explanations or proposed emendations of this passage satisfy me. Perhaps we might read, "to yield to *no* conditions." The sense of the passage would then be, "What he would do he sent in writing after me; *the things* he would not *do*, he bound himself with an oath to yield to *no* conditions *that might be proposed.*" It afterwards appears what these were:—

"The things I have foresworn to grant may never

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me

*Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate*

*Again with Rome's mechanicks."*

<sup>6</sup> To satisfy modern notions of construction, this line must be read as if written—

"Unless *in* his noble mother and his wife."

*Men.* Good my friends,  
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks<sup>1</sup>,  
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name  
Is not here passable.

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is my lover<sup>2</sup>: I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;  
For I have ever notified<sup>3</sup> my friends  
(Of whom he's chief), with all the size that verity  
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,  
Like to a bowl upon a subtle<sup>4</sup> ground,  
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise  
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,  
I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his  
behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you  
should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous  
to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Me-  
nenius, always factionary<sup>5</sup> on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say

<sup>1</sup> *Lots to blanks* is *chances to nothing*. Equivalent to another phrase in King Richard III.—

"All the world to nothing."

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *friend*. See vol. ii. p. 461, note 2.

<sup>3</sup> The old copy has *verified*, which can hardly have been the poet's word, when we consider the context and the occurrence of *verity* in the next line. It was most probably a misprint for *notified*, which would easily occur in copying from either MS. or print, in this form: *uerified*.

<sup>4</sup> *Subtle* here means *smooth, level*. "Tityus's breast is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in all Tartary."—*Ben Jonson's Chlorida*, vol. viii. p. 105. It may however have also the sense of *craftily devised*.

<sup>5</sup> *Factionary* is *adherent, partisan*. See Sherwood in v. *faction*. Thus in King Henry VI. Part II.—

"Her *faction* will be full as strong as ours."

you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

*Men.* I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy<sup>6</sup> groans or old women, the virginal palms<sup>7</sup> of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

*Men.* Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

*Men.* I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

*Men.* Nay, but, fellow; fellow,——

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *slight, inconsiderable*. So in King Henry VI. Part II. Act v. Sc. 2:—

“These faults are *easy*, quickly answer'd.”

<sup>7</sup> Thus the old copies; but the passions of the several intercessors are evidently intended to be represented, and it is therefore possible that *palms* was misprinted for *qualms*, words easily confounded in old writing. Warburton made an unhappy proposal to substitute a non-existent word, *pasmes*. *Virginal* is used by Spenser in the same sense; and in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612, we have:—

“Lav'd in a bath of contrite *virginal* tears.”

*Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*Cor.* What's the matter?

*Men.* Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

*Cor.* Away!

*Men.* How! away?

*Cor.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs  
Are servanted to others: though I owe  
My revenge properly, my remission lies  
In Volscian breasts<sup>8</sup>. That we have been familiar,  
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather  
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.  
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than  
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,  
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

*[Gives a Paper.]*

<sup>8</sup> *Though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volscians are joined.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,  
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,  
Was my beloved in Rome : yet thou behold'st——

*Auf.* You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* COR. and *AUF.*]

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius ?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You  
know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping  
your greatness back ?

2 *G.* What cause do you think, I have to swoon ?

*Men.* I neither care for the world, nor your general :  
for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any,  
you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by him-  
self, fears it not from another. Let your general do  
his worst. For you, be that you are, long ; and your  
misery increase with your age ! I say to you, as I was  
said to, Away !

[*Exit.*]

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general : He is the  
rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The Tent of Coriolanus.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and *Others.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow  
Set down our host. My partner in this action,  
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly  
I have borne this business.

*Auf.*

Only their ends  
You have respected ; stopp'd your ears against  
The general suit of Rome ; never admitted  
A private whisper, no, not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you.

*Cor.*

This last old man,

Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
 Loved me above the measure of a father ;  
 Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge  
 Was to send him : for whose old love, I have  
 (Though I show'd sourly to him), once more offer'd  
 The first conditions, which they did refuse,  
 And cannot now accept ; to grace him only,  
 That thought he could do more, a very little  
 I have yielded to. Fresh embassies, and suits,  
 Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter  
 Will I lend ear to.—Ha ! what shout is this ?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
 In the same time 'tis made ? I will not.—

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,  
 leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost ; then the honour'd mould  
 Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
 The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection !  
 All bond and privilege of nature, break !  
 Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—  
 What is that curt'sy worth ? or those doves' eyes,  
 Which can make gods forsworn ? I melt, and am not  
 Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows ;  
 As if Olympus to a molehill should  
 In supplication nod : and my young boy  
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
 Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volsces  
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I'll never  
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct ; but stand,  
 As if a man were author of himself,  
 And knew no other kin.

*Vir.*

My lord and husband !

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,

Makes you think so<sup>1</sup>.

*Cor.* Like a dull actor now,  
I have forgot my part, and I am out<sup>2</sup>,  
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,  
For that, *Forgive our Romans*. O! a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!  
Now by the jealous queen<sup>3</sup> of heaven, that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate<sup>4</sup>,  
And the most noble mother of the world  
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth;  
[*Kneels*.

Of thy deep duty more impression show  
Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O, stand up bless'd!  
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
I kneel before thee; and unproperly  
Show duty, as mistaken all this while  
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels*.

*Cor.* What is this?  
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?  
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach<sup>5</sup>  
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds

<sup>1</sup> "Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, 'These eyes are not the same,' meaning that he saw things with *other eyes*, or *other dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance."—*Johnson*.

<sup>2</sup> "As an *unperfect actor* on the stage,  
Who with his fear is *put beside his part*."  
—*Shakespeare's twenty-third Sonnet*.

<sup>3</sup> *Juno*, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of conjugal perfidy.

<sup>4</sup> The old copy has *pray*. Theobald made the correction.

<sup>5</sup> The *hungry beach* is the *sterile beach*; *hungry soil*, and *hungry gravel*, are common phrases. If it be necessary to seek a more recondite meaning, the shore *hungry*, or *eager* or shipwrecks, *littus avarum*, will serve.



Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;  
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
 What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior ;  
 I holp<sup>6</sup> to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

*Cor.* The noble sister of Publicola,  
 The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,  
 That's curded by the frost from purest snow,  
 And hangs on Dian's temple : dear Valeria<sup>7</sup> !

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of yours,  
 Which by the interpretation of full time  
 May show like all yourself.

*Cor.* The god of soldiers,  
 With the consent of supreme Jove<sup>8</sup>, inform  
 Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st prove  
 To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
 Like a great seamark, standing every flaw<sup>9</sup>,  
 And saving those that eye thee !

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.

<sup>6</sup> Pope made the necessary correction of the old copy, which reads *hope*.

<sup>7</sup> Though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was originally proposed by Valeria, Plutarch has allotted her no address when she appears with his wife and mother on this occasion. The poet has followed him. Some lady of the name of Valeria was one of the great examples of chastity held out by the writers of the middle age. The following beautiful lines, from Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*, in praise of a lady's chastity, deserve to be cited :—

"Thou art chaste  
 As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play  
 Upon the wings of the cold winter's gale,  
 Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth."

Jupiter was the tutelary god of Rome.

<sup>9</sup> A *flaw* is a violent blast or sudden gust of wind. Carew thus describes it, in his *Survey of Cornwall*:—"One kind of these storms they call a *flaw*, or *flaugh*, which is a mighty gale of wind passing suddenly to the shore, and working strong effects upon whatsoever it encounters in its way." The word is not obsolete, as stated in Todd's *Johnson*: it will be found in the interesting *Journal of Captain Hall*, 1824, vol. i. p. 4, and in *Captain Lyon's Narrative of his attempt to reach Repulse Bay*, 1824. There is

*Cor.* That's my brave boy.

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace :  
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ;  
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanicks : tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges, with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* O ! no more, no more !  
You have said, you will not grant us any thing ;  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already : yet we will ask ;  
That, if you fail in our request, the blame  
May hang upon your hardness : therefore hear us.

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volscies, mark ; for we'll  
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our rai-  
ment<sup>10</sup>,  
And state of bodies would bewray what life  
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,  
How more unfortunate than all living women  
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should  
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-  
forts,  
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;  
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see

a corresponding thought in Shakespeare's hundred and sixteenth  
Sonnet :—

" O no ! it is an *ever-fixed mark*,  
*That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.*"

<sup>10</sup> This speech is very closely taken from North's Plutarch ; the  
poet has done little more than throw the very words into blank  
verse.

The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,  
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us  
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
That all but we enjoy : for how can we,  
Alas ! how can we for our country pray,  
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,  
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose  
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,  
Our comfort in the country. We must find  
An evident calamity, though we had  
Our wish, which side should win : for either thou  
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
With manacles through our streets, or else  
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;  
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till  
These wars determine : if I cannot persuade thee  
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,  
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy country, than to tread  
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,  
That brought thee to this world.

*Vir.*

Ay, and on mine,  
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
Living to time.

*Boy.*

He shall not tread on me ;  
I'll run away, till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*

*Vol.*

Nay, go not from us thus.  
If it were so, that our request did tend  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,

As poisonous of your honour : no ; our suit  
Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volscies  
May say, *This mercy we have show'd* ; the Romans,  
*This we receiv'd* ; and each in either side  
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*  
*For making up this peace* ! Thou know'st, great son,  
The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,  
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses :  
Whose chronicle thus writ,— *The man was noble,*  
*But with his last attempt he wip'd it out ;*  
*Destroy'd his country ; and his name remains*  
*To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son :  
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the gods ;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
And yet to charge<sup>11</sup> thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?  
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you :  
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy :  
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world  
More bound to's mother ; yet here he lets me prate  
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life  
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;  
When she (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,  
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,  
And spurn me back : but, if it be not so,  
Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,  
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :

<sup>11</sup> The old copy erroneously reads *change* ; Warburton corrected it. See Act ii. Sc. 1, note 18.

Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.  
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,  
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; an end :  
 This is the last.—So we will home to Rome,  
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :  
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,  
 Does reason our petition with more strength  
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go :  
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;  
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
 Like him by chance.—Yet give us our despatch ;  
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,  
 And then I'll speak a little.

*Cor.*

O mother, mother !

[*Holding VOLUMNIA by the Hands, silent*

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,  
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
 They laugh at. O my mother ! mother ! O !  
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :  
 But, for your son,—believe it, O ! believe it,  
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.—  
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,  
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard  
 A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

*Auf.* I was mov'd withal.

*Cor.*

I dare be sworn, you were :

And, sir, it is no little thing, to make  
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
 What peace you'll make, advise me. For my part,  
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray you,  
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

*Auf.* I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour  
 At difference in thee : out of that I'll work [*Aside.*

Myself a former fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.*

Ay, by and by ;

*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

But we will drink together<sup>12</sup>; and you shall bear

A better witness back than words, which we,

On like conditions, will have counterscal'd.

Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve

To have a temple built you<sup>13</sup>: all the swords

In Italy, and her confederate arms,

Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* See you yond' coign o' the Capitol : yond corner stone ?

*Sic.* Why, what of that ?

*Men.* If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't ; our throats are sentenced, and stay<sup>1</sup> upon execution.

*Sic.* Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man ?

*Men.* There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly ; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon ; he has wings ; he's more than a creeping thing.

<sup>12</sup> Farmer has suggested that we should perhaps read *think*. Shakespeare has however introduced *drinking* as a mark of confederation in King Henry IV. Part II.—

“Let's *drink together* friendly, and embrace.”

<sup>13</sup> Plutarch informs us that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies* was built on this occasion by order of the senate.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *stay but for it*. So in Macbeth :—

“Worthy Macbeth, we *stay upon* your leisure.”

*Sic.* He loved his mother dearly.

*Men.* So did he me : and he no more remembers his mother, now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye ; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*Sic.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*Men.* I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him : There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger ; that shall our poor city find : and all this is 'long of you.

*Sic.* The gods be good unto us !

*Men.* No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them : and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house ; The plebeians have got your fellow tribune, And hale him up and down ; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sic.* What's the news ?

*Mess.* Good news, good news ! The ladies have prevail'd,  
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone :  
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,

No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.*

Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is't most certain?

*Mess.* As certain as I know the sun is fire:

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide<sup>2</sup>,

As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

*[Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.]*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and lutes,

Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,

Make the sun dance. Hark you! *[Shouting again.]*

*Men.*

This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia

Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,

A city full; of tribunes, such as you,

A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day;

This morning, for ten thousand of your throats

I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

*[Shouting and Musick.]*

*Sic.* First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,  
Accept my thankfulness.

*Mess.*

Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.*

They are near the city?

*Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.*

We'll meet them,

And help the joy.

*[Going.]*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians,  
and People. They pass over the Stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!  
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,

<sup>2</sup> "As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
Ontruns the eye that doth behold his haste."

*Rape of Lucrece.*



And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them;  
 Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,  
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;  
 Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!

*All.*

Welcome, ladies!

Welcome! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Corioli<sup>a</sup>. *A publick Place.*

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:  
 Deliver them this paper: having read it,  
 Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,  
 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,  
 Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,  
 The city ports<sup>1</sup> by this hath enter'd, and  
 Intends t'appear before the people, hoping  
 To purge himself with words:—Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

*Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aufidius' Faction.*

Most welcome!

*1 Con.* How is it with our general?

*Auf.*

Even so,

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,  
 And with his charity slain.

*2 Con.*

Most noble sir,

If you do hold the same intent wherein  
 You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
 Of your great danger.

*Auf.*

Sir, I cannot tell;

<sup>a</sup> The place of this Scene is not marked in the old copies; it has been hitherto made at Antium, but from what Aufidius says at p. 446, it must have been at *Corioli*.

<sup>1</sup> *Ports* are *gates*. See Act i. Sc. 7, note 1.

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst  
Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either  
Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.* I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits  
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,  
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,——

*Auf.* That I would have spoke of:  
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;  
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;  
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way  
In all his own desires: nay, let him choose  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments  
In mine own person; help to ear the fame,  
Which he did reap all his<sup>2</sup>; and took some pride

<sup>2</sup> The old copy has:—

“In mine own person help to *reap* the fame  
That he did *end* all his.”

The whole of this speech is most wretchedly given in both folios. The second has increased the errors of the first. We have *dsignments*, *hope* for *help*, *wadg'd* for *wag'd*, and finally *end* for *ear*. These are all corrected, as well as an error in pointing, in my copy of the second folio. Shakespeare in *King Richard II.* and elsewhere uses the verb to *ear* for to *plough*, to *cultivate*:—

“To *ear* the land that hath some hope to grow.”

But it is also evident that *ear* and *reap* ought to change places, or Aufidius is made to complain that he had a share in the harvest while Coriolanus took all the ploughing to himself, which is just contrary to what the poet intended. This is suggested by a correspondent in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. p. 378.

To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and  
He wag'd me with his countenance<sup>3</sup>, as if  
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord :  
The army marvell'd at it ; and, in the last,  
When he had carried Rome ; and that we look'd  
For no less spoil, than glory,—

*Auf.* There was it ;  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action : therefore shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great  
Shouts of the People.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear  
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*Auf.* Say no more ;  
Here come the lords.

<sup>3</sup> The verb *to wage* was formerly in general use for *to stipend*,  
*to reward*. The meaning is "the countenance he gave me was a  
kind of *wages* :"—

"For his defence great store of men I wag'd."

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

"I receive thee gladly to my house,  
And *wage* thy stay."

*Heywood's Wise Woman of Hogsdon*

*Enter the Lords of the City.*

*Lords.* You are most welcome home.

*Auf.* I have not deserv'd it.  
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you?

*Lords.* We have.

*1 Lord.* And grieve to hear't.  
What faults he made before the last, I think,  
Might have found easy fines : but there to end  
Where he was to begin ; and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own charge ; making a treaty, where  
There was a yielding ; This admits no excuse.  
*Auf.* He approaches : you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours ; a  
Crowd of Citizens with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords ! I am returned your soldier ;  
No more infected with my country's love,  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
Under your great command. You are to know,  
That prosperously I have attempted, and  
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to  
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,  
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
The charges of the action. We have made peace  
With no less honour to the Antiates,  
Than shame to the Romans : And we here deliver,  
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o' the senate, what  
We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords ;  
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree  
He hath abus'd your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor ! How now !—

*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius.

*Cor.* Marcius !

*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name Coriolanus in Corioli ?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,—  
I say, your city,—to his wife and mot<sup>1</sup> :  
Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting  
Counsel o' the war ; but at his nurse's tears  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other.

*Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars ?

*Auf.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears.—

*Cor.* Ha !

*Auf.* No more<sup>4</sup>.

*Cor.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it. Boy ! O slave !—  
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever  
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,  
Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion  
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him ; that must  
bear

My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust  
The lie unto him.

<sup>1</sup> *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volsces ; men and lads,  
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy ! False hound !  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I

<sup>4</sup> This must be considered as continuing the former speech of Aufidius ; he means to tell Coriolanus that he was “no more than boy of tears.”

Flutter'd your Volscies in Corioli :  
Alone I did it.—Boy !

*Auf.* Why, noble lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears ?

*All Cons.* Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*

*All Cit.* [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to  
pieces, do it presently. He kill'd my son ;—my daugh-  
ter ;—He kill'd my cousin Marcus ;—He kill'd my  
father.

*2 Lord.* Peace, ho !—no outrage ;—peace.  
The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o' the earth. His last offence to us  
Shall have judicious<sup>5</sup> hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,  
And trouble not the peace.

*Cor.* O, that I had him.  
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword !

*Auf.* Insolent villain !

*Cons.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him !

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill  
CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands  
on him.*

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold !

*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

*1 Lord.* O Tullus !—

*2 Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will  
weep.

*3 Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet ;  
Put up your swords.

*Auf.* My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,  
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger

<sup>5</sup> It appears from Bullokar's *Expositor* that the words *judi-  
cious* and *judicial* were convertible ; the same meaning is assigned  
to both, viz. " belonging to judgment."

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice  
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours  
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded  
As the most noble corse, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn<sup>6</sup>.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*Auf.* My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :  
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—  
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully :  
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory<sup>7</sup>.—  
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.*  
*A dead March sounded.*

<sup>6</sup> This allusion is to a custom which was most probably unknown to the ancients, but which was observed in the public funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *memorial*. See vol. iii. p. 31, note 1.

END OF VOL. VII.

